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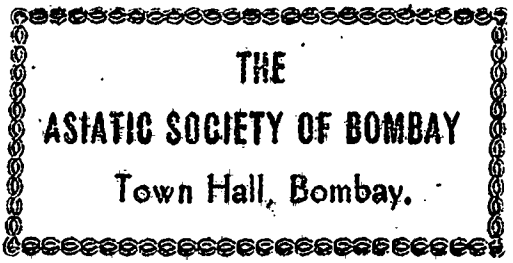

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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. I.

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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

52969

Literary of Society's

of Bombay

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST;

CONTAINING,

PREFACES;
COMMENDATORY POEMS;
MAID'S TRAGEDY;
PHILASTER;
KING AND NO KING;
SCORNFUL LADY.

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

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MDCCLXXVIII.

1778

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PREFACE.

CONSIDERING the acknowledged excellence of our Authors, loudly acknowledged by the moſt eminent of their contemporaries and ſucceſſors, it appears at firſt ſight rather wonderful, that in the ſpace of a hundred and fifty years, which have elapſed ſince the death of theſe Poets, no more than three complete editions of their Works have been publiſhed; we ſay *three*, becauſe the firſt folio profeſſedly included no more of their Plays, than thoſe which had not before been *ſingly* printed in quarto.

To what cauſes are we to attribute this amazing diſparity between the reputation of the Writers, and the publick demand for their productions? Are libraries furniſhed with books, as apartments with furniture, according to the faſhion? or is it neceſſary, becauſe plays were originally written to be acted, that they muſt continue to be perpetually repreſented, or ceaſe to be read?

Truth, we fear, obliges us to confeſs that theſe queſtions muſt, without much qualification, be anſwered in the affirmative. Shakeſpeare, admirable as he is, certainly owes ſome part of his preſent popularity, and the extraordinary preference given to his plays beyond thoſe of all our other dramatiſts, to the mode adopted by the literary world to extol him. By the changes of faſhion, Nature and right reaſon ſometimes come into vogue; but the multitude take them, like coin, becauſe they are in currency, while men of ſenſe and letters alone appreciate them according to their intrinſick value, and receive merit, wherever they find it, as bullion, though it has not the ſtamp of faſhion impreſſed on it. To ſuch men, the genius of Shakeſpeare, inſtead of obſcuring, illuſtrates the kindred talents of Beaumont and Fletcher: Yet ſuch men are but rare; and one of the moſt acute and learned editors of Shakeſpeare ſpeaking of his own notes "concerned in a critical explanation of the "author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his "*beauties*, whether in ſtile, thought, ſentiment, "character, or compoſition," adds, that "the "public judgment hath leſs need to be aſſiſted "in what it ſhall *reject*, than in what it ought to "PRIZE: Nor is the value they ſet upon a work, "a certain proof that they underſtand it. *For* "*it is ever ſeen*, THAT HALF A DOZEN VOICES "OF CREDIT GIVE THE LEAD, *and if the pub-* "*lick chance to be in good humour, or the author*

"*much*

"*much in their favour*, THE PEOPLE ARE SURE
"TO FOLLOW."

To the popularity of a dramatick writer, nothing more immediately contributes than the frequency of theatrical repreſentation. Common readers, like barren ſpectators, know little more of an author than what the actor, not always his happieſt commentator, preſents to them. Mutilations of Shakeſpeare have been recited, and even quoted, as his genuine text; and many of his dramas, not in the courſe of exhibition, are by the multitude not honoured with a peruſal. On the ſtage, indeed, our Authors formerly took the lead, Dryden having informed us, that in his day two of their plays were performed to one of Shakeſpeare. The ſtage, however, owes its attraction to the actor as well as author; and if the able performer will not contribute to give a poliſh and brilliancy to the work, it will lie, like the rough diamond, obſcured and diſregarded. The artiſts of former days worked the rich mine of Beaumont and Fletcher; and Betterton, the Roſcius of his age, enriched his catalogue of characters from their dramas, as well as thoſe of Shakeſpeare. Unfortunately for our Authors, the Roſcius of our day confined his round of characters in old plays, too cloſely to Shakeſpeare. We may almoſt ſay of him indeed, in this reſpect, as Dryden ſays of Shakeſpeare's ſcenes of magick,

Within that circle none durſt walk but he;

but ſurely we muſt lament, that thoſe extraordinary powers, which have ſo ſucceſsfully been exerted in the illuſtration of Shakeſpeare, and ſometimes proſtituted to the ſupport of the meaneſt writers, ſhould not more frequently have been employed to throw a light upon Beaumont and Fletcher. Their Plays, we will be bold to ſay, have the ſame excellencies, as well as the ſame defects, each perhaps in an inferior degree, with the dramas of their great maſter. Like his, they are built on hiſtories or novels, purſuing in the ſame manner the ſtory through its various circumſtances; like his, but not always with equal truth and nature, their characters are boldly drawn and warmly coloured; like his, their dialogue, containing every beauty of ſtile, and licentiouſneſs of conſtruction, is thick ſown with moral ſentiments, interchanged with ludicrous and ſerious, ribaldry and ſublime, and ſometimes enlivened with *wit* in a richer vein than even the immortal dramas of Shakeſpeare. In Comedy, the criticks of their own days, and thoſe immediately ſucceeding, gave Beaumont and Fletcher the preference to Shakeſpeare; and although the ſlow award of time has at length juſtly decreed the ſuperior excellence of the glorious father of our drama beyond all further appeal, yet theſe his illuſtrious followers ought not ſurely to be caſt ſo far behind him, as to fall

into

into contemptuous neglect, while the moſt careleſs works of Shakeſpeare are ſtudiouſly brought forward. The Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Love's Pilgrimage, Monſieur Thomas, &c. &c. &c. would hardly diſgrace that ſtage which has exhibited The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Mr. Seward has employed great part of his Preface in citing ſimilar paſſages from Shakeſpeare and our Authors; and though we do not entirely agree with him in the compariſons he has drawn, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of adducing one inſtance, in our opinion, more to the advantage of our Authors than any mentioned in that Preface. It is the entire character of the boy HENGO, in the Tragedy of Bonduca; a character which is, we think (taken altogether) better ſuſtained, and more beautifully natural and pathetick, than the Prince Arthur of Shakeſpeare. The ſcene in King John between Arthur and Hubert, excellent as it is, almoſt paſſes the bounds of pity and terror, and becomes horrible; beſides which, Shakeſpeare, to whom "a quibble," as Dr. Johnſon ſays, "was "the fatal Cleopatra for which he loſt the world, "and was content to loſe it," has enervated the dialogue with many frigid conceits, which he has, with more than uſual impropriety, put into the mouth of the innocent Arthur, while he is pleading moſt affectingly for mercy.

As for example:

———Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. *Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!*
The iron of itself, tho' heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
Oh, if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

And again:

———Go to! hold your tongue!
Arth. *Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues*
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;
Tho' to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; *the fire is dead with grief,*
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth.

Arth. *And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,*
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

The Reader, we imagine, will concur in our diſapprobation of the paſſages printed in Italicks. Between Caratach and Hengo we do not remember that a line occurs, affected or unnatural; and nothing can be more exquiſitely tender than the ſeveral ſcenes between them. The whole play abounds with dramatick and poetick excellence.

Allowing, however, freely allowing, the general ſuperiority of Shakeſpeare to Beaumont and Fletcher (and indeed to all other poets, Homer perhaps only excepted) yet we cannot ſo far degrade our Authors, as to reduce the moſt excellent of their pieces to a level with the meaneſt effuſions of Shakeſpeare; nor can we believe that there are not many of their long-neglected dramas that might not, with very inconſiderable variations, be accommodated to the taſte of a modern audience. The publick have been long habituated to the phraſeology of Shakeſpeare, whoſe language, in the opinion of Dryden, is a little obſolete in compariſon of that of our Au-

thors; and irregularities of fable have been not only pardoned, but defended. When the great Engliſh actor, of whom we have been ſpeaking, firſt undertook the direction of the ſtage, his friend (the preſent Laureat) boldly told him,

A nation's taſte depends on you.

The national taſte, under his happy influence, acquired from day to day, from year to year, an encreaſed reliſh for Shakeſpeare; and it is almoſt matter of amazement, as well as concern, that ſo little of his attention was directed to thoſe dramatick writers, whoſe poetical character bore ſo great an affinity to the juſt object of his admiration. A deceaſed actor, of great merit, and ſtill greater promiſe, very ſucceſsfully opened his theatrical career by appearing in the tragedy of Philaſter. At the ſame time, the ſame tragedy contributed not a little to the growing fame of one of our principal actreſſes. That play, the Two Noble Kinſmen, and ſome other pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, beſides thoſe we have already enumerated, would undoubtedly become favourite entertainments of the ſtage, if the theatrical talents of the performers bore any kind of proportion to the dramatick abilities of the writers. Since the directors of our theatres in ſome ſort hold the keys of the temple of dramatick fame, let them do honour to themſelves by throwing

throwing open their doors to Beaumont and Fletcher! Seeing there are at preſent but ſmall hopes of emulating the tranſcendent actor, who ſo long and ſo effectually impreſſed on our minds the excellence of Shakeſpeare, let them at leaſt reſcue their performers from an immediate compariſon, ſo much to their diſadvantage, by trying their force on the characters of our Authors! The Two Noble Kinſmen indeed has been aſcribed (falſely, as we think) to Shakeſpeare. "The Two "Noble Kinſmen, (ſays Pope) if that play be his, "*as there goes a tradition* it was, and indeed *it* "*has little reſemblance of Fletcher*, and more of our "author, than ſome of thoſe which have been "received as genuine." Unhappy Poets! whoſe very excellence is turned againſt them. Shakeſpeare's claim to any ſhare in the Two Noble Kinſmen we have conſidered at the end of that piece, to which we refer the Reader. In this place we ſhall only enter our proteſt againſt the authority of Pope, who appears to have felt himſelf mortified and aſhamed, when he "diſcharged the dull "duty of an Editor." He ſurely muſt be allowed to diſcharge his duty with reluctance, and moſt probably with neglect, who ſpeaks of it in ſuch terms. In his Preface indeed he has, with a moſt maſterly hand, drawn the outline of the poetical character of Shakeſpeare; but in that very Preface, by a ſtrange perverſion of taſte, he propoſes to throw out of the liſt of Shakeſpeare's plays *The Winter's*

Winter's Tale, which he conſiders as ſpurious! On no better foundation, we think, has he aſſerted, that the play of the Two Noble Kinſmen *has little reſemblance of Fletcher*. "There goes a tradition," that *Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary*; "there "goes a tradition," that the admirable tranſlator of Homer, like Shakeſpeare himſelf, had *little Latin, and leſs Greek*; but what candid critick would countenance ſuch a tradition? And is ſuch a vague, blind, playhouſe tradition a ſufficient warrant for one great poet to tear the laurel from the brows of another?

The modern editors of Shakeſpeare contemplate with admiration that indifference to future fame, which ſuffered him to behold with uncommon apathy ſome of his pieces incorrectly printed during his life, without attempting to reſcue them from the hands of barbarous editors, or preparing for poſterity a genuine collection of his Works, ſuperviſed and corrected by himſelf. In our opinion, the Dedication and Preface of Heminge and Condell more than inſinuate the intention of Shakeſpeare, had he ſurvived, to have publiſhed ſuch a collection *. But, be that as it

* "We hope, that they outliving him, and he not having the "fate common with ſome, to be exequutor to his own writings, &c."
[*Dedication of Shakeſpeare's Works by Heminge and Condell.*
"It had been a thing, we confeſſe, worthy to have been wiſhed, "*that the Author himſelf had lived to have ſet forth, and over-*"*ſeene his own writings; but ſince it has been ordained otherwiſe,*
"*and*

may, his ſuppoſed careleſſneſs concerning the fate of his pieces after they had been repreſented, is not ſo very ſingular; many of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher alſo having been inaccurately printed from ſtolen copies during the lives of the Authors, and the remainder collected ſome years after their deaths, like the Works of Shakeſpeare, by the players. Ben Jonſon appears to have been the only dramatick poet of that age, who paid any attention to the publication of his Works.

The old quarto copies of Beaumont and Fletcher have come down to us exactly in the ſame ſtate with the old quartos of Shakeſpeare. The printers of thoſe times not only copied, but multiplied the errors of the tranſcriber. An Editor, nay even a corrector of the preſs, ſeems to have been a character of which they had not the ſmalleſt conception. Even the title-pages appear to exhibit the very names of the Authors at random, ſometimes announcing the play as the work of one Poet, ſometimes of another, and ſometimes as the joint production of both. A Bookſeller is ſomewhere introduced as reprehending *the ſaving ways of an Ode-writer*, who, he ſuppoſed, merely to lengthen his work, would often put no more than three or four

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" *and be by death departed from that right*, we pray you doe not " envy his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have " collected and publiſhed them."

[*Preface of Heminge and Condell.*

words

words into a line. The old printers ſeem to have conceived the ſame idea of the parſimony of Poets, and therefore often without ſcruple run verſe into proſe, not adverting to meaſure or harmony, but ſolely governed by the dimenſions of the page, whether divided into columns, or carried all acroſs from one ſcanty margin to another. Their orthography * is ſo generally vicious and

* *Their orthography*, &c.] To this article our anceſtors ſeem to have afforded very little attention: *Ingenious* for *ingenuous*, *alter* for *altar*, *cozen* for *couſin*, *deſert* for *deſart*, *talents* for *talons*, *then* for *than*, &c. &c. continually occur in the old books. Nor does there ſeem to have been any greater regard paid to proper names; one of our Poets, for inſtance, we find called *Fleatcher*, *Flecher*, and *Fletcher*; and the other, *Beamont*, *Beamount*, and *Beaumont*. The name of *Shakeſpeare* is ſpelt at leaſt a dozen ways. We are told, in the firſt note on the Dunciad of "an *autograph* of "*Shakſpeare* himſelf, whereby it appeared that he ſpelt his own "name without the firſt *e*." Yet even this *autograph* is not deciſive. In the Regiſter-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered *Shakſpere*. In the Poet's own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-Office, Doctor's Commons, his name is ſpelt THREE different ways. In the body of the will it is always written *Shackſpeare*: This, however, may be aſcribed to the Lawyer. The will conſiſts of three ſheets, the firſt of which is legibly ſubſcribed *Shackſpere*; the two others *Shakſpeare*. It muſt be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as ſituation of the firſt ſignature, is different from that of the two following; but it appears extraordinary that a ſtranger ſhould attempt to falſify a ſignature, which is uſually ſubſcribed to each ſheet for the ſake of giving authenticity to ſo ſolemn an inſtrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the teſtator. Mr. Garrick, however, has now in his poſſeſſion the leaſe of a houſe formerly ſituated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that Poet. As a party to that leaſe he ſigns his name *Shakſpeare*; and the firſt ſyllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickſhire, with the ſhort *a*, *Shăk-* and not *Shāke-ſpeare*. On the other hand, it muſt be confeſſed, that the dialect of that county is more

unſettled, and their punctuation ſo totally defective, that the regulation of either rarely merits the triumphs that have ſo often been derived from it. On the whole, however, theſe old copies of our Poets may by an intelligent Reader be peruſed with ſatisfaction. The typographical errors are indeed groſs and numerous; but their very number and groſſneſs keeps the reader awake to the genuine text, and commonly renders ſuch palpable inaccuracies not prejudicial. The genuine work of the Author is there extant, though the lines are often, like a confuſed multitude, huddled on one another, and not marſhalled and arrayed by the diſcipline of a modern Editor.

The Firſt Folio, containing thirty-four of our Authors' pieces, never till then collected or printed, was publiſhed by the Players, obviouſly tranſcribed from the prompter's books, commonly the moſt inaccurate and barbarous of all manuſcripts, or made out piecemeal from the detached parts copied for the uſe of the performers. Hence it happens, that the ſtage-direction has ſometimes crept into the text, and the name of the actor is now and then ſubſtituted for that of the character. The

more provincial than claſſical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the Poet's name, both ſpell and pronounce it *Shâkeſpeare*; which indeed ſeems moſt reconcilable to etimology, if etimology be at all concerned in ſo capricious a circumſtance. Every thing, however trivial, intereſts an Engliſh reader, from the relation it bears to that GreatPoet; which is the only excuſe we have to offer for ſo long a note on a point of ſo little importance.

tranſcribers,

tranſcribers, knowing perhaps no language perfectly, corrupted all languages; and vitiated the dialogue with falſe Latin, falſe French, falſe Italian, and falſe Spaniſh; nay, as Pope ſays of the old copies of Shakeſpeare, "their very Welch is falſe."

The Players, however, notwithſtanding the cenſure of Pope, "yet from *Cibber* ſore," ſeem to have been, at leaſt with regard to our Poets, as faithful and able editors as others of that period. It is moſt natural to ſuppoſe that the playhouſe manuſcript contained the real work of the Author, though perhaps ignorantly copied, and accommodated to the uſe of the theatre. A writer in his cloſet often ſilently acquieſces in the excellence of a continued declamation; but if at any time the audience, like Polonius, cry out, "This is too long," ſuch paſſages are afterwards naturally curtailed or omitted in the repreſentation; but the curious Reader, "being leſs *faſtidious* "than the *proud* ſpectator" (for in ſuch terms Horace ſpeaks of the ſpectator) is pleaſed with the reſtoration of thoſe paſſages in print. "Players, ſays Pope, "are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, "as tailors are of what is *graceful*." The compariſon is more ludicrous and ſarcaſtick than it is juſt. The Poet himſelf, who makes the cloaths, may rather be called the tailor; actors are at moſt but the empty beaux that wear them, and the ſpectators cenſure or admire them. A tailor, however, if

players

players muſt be the tailors, though not equal in ſcience to a ſtatuary or an anatomiſt, muſt yet be conceived to have a more intimate knowledge of the human form than a blackſmith or a carpenter; and if many of the actors know but little of the drama, they would probably have known ſtill leſs of it, had they not been retainers to the ſtage. Some improvements, as well as corruptions of the drama, may undoubtedly be derived from the theatre. Cibber, *idle Cibber*, wrote for the ſtage with more ſucceſs than Pope. Æſchylus, Sophocles, Plautus, and Terence, were ſoldiers and freedmen; Shakeſpeare and Moliere were actors.

The Second Folio contained the firſt complete collection of the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Concerning that edition we have nothing to add to what has been ſaid by other Editors, whoſe Prefaces we have annexed to our own.

The Octavo Editors of 1711 ſeemed to aim at little more than reprinting our Authors' Plays, and giving a collection of them more portable and convenient than the Folios. Their text, however, is more corrupt than that of either the quartos or folios, the errors of which they religiouſly preſerved, adding many vicious readings of their own, ſome of which have been combated in very long notes by their ſucceſſors.

In

In the year 1742, Theobald, on the ſucceſs and reputation of his Shakeſpeare, projected an edition of the Works of Ben Jonſon. What he had executed of it, fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and is inſerted in that learned and ingenious gentleman's edition. At the ſame time he exhibited propoſals for a publication of the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; in which he was afterwards aſſiſted by Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympſon: but Theobald dying before he had committed more than the firſt and about half the ſecond volume to the preſs, the undertaking was continued by the two laſt-mentioned gentlemen; and the edition thus jointly, or rather ſeverally, executed by Theobald, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Sympſon, at length appeared in the year 1750. Theſe gentlemen were the firſt Editors of our Poets who profeſſed to collate the old copies, to reform the punctuation, and to amend the corruptions of the text. Some attempts alſo were made to elucidate the obſcurities, and enforce the excellencies of their Authors. How far we diſagree or coincide with them will appear on inſpection of the particular paſſages to which their ſeveral obſervations refer. At preſent it will be ſufficient to declare, that we ſhould have been inclined to entertain a more reſpectful opinion of their labours, if they had not very early betrayed that confidence which every Reader is tempted to repoſe in an Editor, not only by their careleſſneſs, but by the more unpardonable faults of

faithleſſneſs

faithleſſneſs and miſrepreſentation. Their reports of the ſtate of the old copies can never ſafely be taken on truſt, and on examination many of thoſe copies will appear to be both negligently collated, and untruly quoted. Their punctuation alſo, notwithſtanding their occaſional ſelf-approbation, is almoſt as inaccurate as that of the moſt antient and rude editions; and their critical remarks have, in our opinion, oftener been well intended, than conceived. Their work, however, has in the main conduced to the illuſtration of our Authors, and we have ſeized every fair occaſion to applaud the diſplay of their diligence, as well as the efforts of their critical acuteneſs and ſagacity. Such of their notes as appeared inconteſtible, or even plauſible, we have adopted without remark; to thoſe more dubious we have ſubjoined additional annotations; thoſe of leſs conſequence we have abridged; and thoſe of no importance we have omitted.

In the preſent Edition, it has been our chief aim to give the old text as it lies in the old books, with no other variations, but ſuch as the Writers themſelves, had they ſuperintended an impreſſion of their Works, or even a corrector of the preſs, would have made. Yet even theſe variations, if at all important, have not been made in ſilence. Notes, however, have been ſubjoined to the text as briefly and as ſparingly as poſſible;

but the lapſe of time, and fluctuation of language, have rendered ſome Notes neceſſary for the purpoſe of explaining obſolete words, unuſual phraſes, old cuſtoms, and obſcure or diſtant alluſions. Critical remarks, and conjectural emendations, have been ſeldom hazarded, nor has any ridicule been wantonly thrown on former Editors, who have only ſometimes been reprehended for pompous affectation, and more frequently for want of care and fidelity. Every material comment on theſe Plays has been retained in this Edition, though often without the long and oſtentatious notes that firſt introduced thoſe comments to the publick. At the ſame time, we have religiouſly attributed every obſervation, critical or philological, to its due author, not wiſhing to claim any praiſe as Editors, but by induſtriouſly endeavouring, as an act of duty, to collect from all quarters every thing that might contribute to illuſtrate the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

To conclude, we have beheld with pity and indignation the mean parade of many modern Editors, and we have endeavoured to fulfil their duties without imbibing their arrogance. We are perhaps too proud to indulge ſo poor a vanity; at leaſt, we are too much occupied to litigate readings we think of ſmall importance, and too honeſt to claim reſtorations not our own, or to propoſe readings as corrections that are no more

than

than reſtorations. The Stationer has not diſgraced our Authors with Tobacco-Paper; the Preſs, we truſt, has done its duty; and the Rolling-Preſs, at a very conſiderable expence, has added its aſſiſtance. The Cuts, if we are not deceived, are for the moſt part happily deſigned, and well executed, and will probably be deemed an agreeable addition to the Work: At leaſt, we may with truth aſſert, that no authors in the Engliſh language, publiſhed at the ſame price, have ſo many and ſo valuable Engravings.

The province of a Painter and an Editor are directly oppoſite. In the firſt inſtance the canvas receives its chief value from the artiſt, and in the ſecond the artiſt derives almoſt all his conſequence from the canvas. The Editor, if he lives, is carried down the ſtream of time by his Author; and if the Author be excellent, and his commentary judicious,

> Still ſhall his little bark attendant ſail,
> Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale.

For our parts, we have been incited to this undertaking from a real admiration of theſe Poets, grounded, as we apprehend, on their genuine excellencies, and a thorough perſuaſion that the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher may proudly claim a ſecond place in the Engliſh Drama, nearer to the

firſt than the third, to thoſe of Shakeſpeare; ſome of their Plays being ſo much in his manner, that they can ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed to be the work of another hand.

EXTRACT.

EXTRACT.

THE following Paſſage, extracted from Mr. Capell's Notes on Shakeſpeare's Antony and Cleopatra, is particularly worthy the attention of the Readers of all the Dramatick Performances produced in that age. Without adverting to the form of the Stage, and the nature of its Decorations at that period, ſeveral paſſages in old Plays are rather obſcure, and ſometimes ſcarcely intelligible.—It were to be wiſhed, indeed, that the ingenious and elaborate Commentator had quoted ſome Authorities; but, from his known fidelity and diligence, there is no doubt but that the information here given may be depended on, as genuine and authentick.

"BUT this [*the cuſtom of Shakeſpeare's ſtage, of having womens' parts acted by boys*] was not the "only defect of the ſtage that theſe plays were "brought out upon; another, and more conſider-"able, was it's fittings out: Scenes were unknown "to it; all its decorations were—certain arras or "tapeſtries in front, and ſome on the ſides, with "ſlips between: The platform was double, the "hinder or back part of it riſing ſome little matter "above that in the front; and this ſerved them for "chambers or galleries; for Juliet to hold diſcourſe "from with Romeo, and for Cleopatra in this play

"to

" to draw up Antony dying *; and this upper ſtage
" too, it is probable, was the place of performance
" for thoſe little engrafted pieces that Shakeſpeare
" has given us, as—the Play in Hamlet, Maſque in
" the Tempeſt, &c.—the perſons to whom they
" were preſented, ſitting upon the lower. That
" this was their ſtage's conſtruction, and continued
" to be ſo, (perhaps, as low down as the general
" reform of it at the Reſtoration, the æra of ſcenes
" and of actreſſes) is evinced beyond doubting, from
" entries that are found in ſome plays of rather a
" later date than the Poet's; in which are ſeen the
" terms—*upper*, and *lower*; and dialogues paſs be-
" tween perſons, ſtanding ſome on the one and ſome
" on the other ſtage: And this form it received from
" the earlieſt pieces produced on it,—the Myſteries:
" For the exhibition of which, the platform had yet
" another diviſion; a part beyond the two we are
" ſpeaking of, and riſing higher than them; upon
" which appeared their *Pater Cæleſtis*, attended by
" angels; patriarchs and glorified perſons upon that
" in the middle; and mere men on the lowermoſt:
" And Hell (a moſt neceſſary member of theſe cu-
" rious productions, for without it there had been
" no entertainment for ſome of their auditors) was
" repreſented by a great gaping hole on the ſide of
" that platform, that vomited ſomething like flames;
" out of which their greateſt jokers, the devils,
" aſcended at times, and mixed with the men; and
" into which, they were commonly driven in heaps
" at the drama's concluſion: But this Hell, and the
" higher diviſion, vaniſhed with the Myſteries; and
" the ſtage's form, after that, was as above. The
" poverty of this apparatus had one very conſider-

* This Upper Stage muſt have been alſo made uſe of in ſeveral of the Plays of our Poets; particularly in Bonduca, Maid's Tragedy, Cuſtom of the Country, Loyal Subject, Chances, Propheteſs, Double Marriage, Knight of Malta, Love's Cure, Woman's Prize, Iſland Princeſs, Night-Walker, Noble Kinſmen, Maſque, Four Plays; and probably in ſome others.

" able

"able effect upon the perſons that wrote for it; the "ſetting of which in its due light being of ſome "conſequence to the Poet's reputation, in a matter "that has been objected to him, it is upon that "account chiefly that this detail of his ſtage is "entered into: Naked as it was, and quite motion-"leſs; without ſcenes, or machinery, not ſo much "as a trap-door for a ghoſt to riſe out of; the ſpec-"tator had nothing to aid him, or contribute to his "deception: Fancy pieced out all theſe defects, as "well as it could; and its powers were called out "upon,—to imagine the ſame unchangeable ſpot to "be a hall, a chamber, a palace, a cottage, a ſhip, "lawn, field of battle, &c. This call upon their "auditors' fancy, to which the poets were driven by "their ſtage's penuriouſneſs, made them hardy to "go a ſtep farther, and bring things upon it that "cannot be repreſented on any ſtage; not even upon "the preſent, under all its improvements, or under "any other that can be imagined: But they thought, "and thought rightly,—that it was but a ſtrain or "two more, and the ſame active power in their au-"dience that could make them ſee places and actions "of which there was not even the ſhadow, could "picture others out to them of greater difficulty; "ſuch as—Pompey's entertainment on ſhipboard, "and the monument ſcenes in this act."

PLAYERS' DEDICATION.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, *earl of* PEMBROKE *and* MONTGOMERY; *baron Herbert of Cardiff and Sherland; lord Parr and Roſs of Kendall; lord Fitz-Hugh, Marmyon, and Saint Quintin; knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter; and one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council: And our Singular Good Lord.*

MY LORD,

THERE is none among all the names of Honour, that hath more encouraged the legitimate Muſes of this latter age, than that which is owing to your family; whoſe coronet ſhines bright with the native luſtre of its own jewels, which, with the acceſs of ſome beams of Sidney, twiſted with their flame, preſents a conſtellation, from whoſe influence all good may be ſtill expected upon wit and learning.

At this truth we rejoice, but yet aloof, and in our own valley; for we dare not approach with any capacity in ourſelves to apply your ſmile, ſince we have only preſerved, as truſtees to the aſhes of the Authors, what we exhibit to your Honour, it being no more our own, than thoſe imperial crowns and garlands were the ſoldiers', who were honourably deſigned for their conveyance before the triumpher to the capitol.

But directed by the example of ſome, who once ſteered in our quality, and ſo fortunately aſpired to

chooſe your Honour, joined with your (now glorified) brother, patrons to the flowing compoſitions of the then expired ſweet ſwan of Avon Shakeſpeare[1]; and ſince, more particularly bound to your Lordſhip's moſt conſtant and diffuſive goodneſs, from which we find for many calm years derive a ſubſiſtence to ourſelves, and protection to the ſcene (now withered, and condemn'd, as we fear, to a long winter and ſterility) we have preſumed to offer to yourſelf, what before was never printed of theſe Authors.

Had they been leſs than all the treaſure we had contracted in the whole age of poeſy (ſome few Poems of their own excepted, which, already publiſhed, command their entertainment with all lovers of art and language) or were they not the moſt juſtly admired and beloved pieces of wit and the world, we ſhould have taught ourſelves a leſs ambition.

Be pleaſed to accept this humble tender of our duties; and, 'till we fail in our obedience to all your commands, vouchſafe we may be known by the cognizance and character of,

MY LORD,

Your Honour's moſt bounden,

JOHN LOWIN, JOSEPH TAYLOR,
RICHARD ROBINSON, ROBERT BENFEILD,
EYLÆRD SWANSTON, THOMAS POLLARD,
HUGH CLEARKE, WILLIAM ALLEN,
STEPHEN HAMMERTON, THEOPHILUS BYRD.

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[1] *The example of ſome*, &c.] *i. e.* Heminge and Condell; who in 1623 publiſhed the firſt edition of Shakeſpeare's Works. They dedicated them to this ſame nobleman, then earl of Montgomery, and his elder brother, William earl of Pembroke.

MR.

MR. SHIRLEY'S PREFACE.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

POETRY is the child of Nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by Art, preſenteth the moſt harmonious of all other compoſitions; among which (if we rightly conſider) the dramatical is the moſt abſolute, in regard of thoſe tranſcendent abilities which ſhould wait upon the Compoſer; who muſt have more than the inſtruction of libraries (which of itſelf is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a ſoul miraculouſly knowing and converſing with all mankind, enabling him to expreſs not only the phlegm and folly of thick-ſkinned men, but the ſtrength and maturity of the wiſe, the air and inſinuations of the court, the diſcipline and reſolution of the ſoldier, the virtues and paſſions of every noble condition, nay the counſels and characters of the greateſt princes.

This, you will ſay, is a vaſt comprehenſion, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all theſe are demonſtrative and met in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight Poſterity; this book being, without flattery, the greateſt monument of the ſcene that Time and Humanity have produced, and muſt live, not only the crown and ſole reputation of our own, but the ſtain of all other nations and languages: For it may be boldly averred, not one indiſcretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being

the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' ſpectacle, while BEAUMONT and FLETCHER were preſented, was uſually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir, than a coſtly dangerous, foreign travel, with the aſſiſtance of a governing monſieur or ſignor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young ſpirits of the time, whoſe birth and quality made them impatient of the ſourer ways of education, have from the attentive hearing theſe pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the moſt ſeverely-employed ſtudents, while theſe recreations were digeſted into rules, and the very pleaſure did edify. How many paſſable diſcourſing dining wits ſtand yet in good credit, upon the bare ſtock of two or three of theſe ſingle ſcenes!

And now, Reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been ſo much out-acted, congratulate thy own happineſs, that, in this ſilence of the ſtage, thou haſt a liberty to read theſe inimitable Plays, to dwell and converſe in theſe immortal groves, which were only ſhew'd our fathers in a conjuring-glaſs, as ſuddenly removed as repreſented; the landſcape is now brought home by this optick, and the preſs, thought too pregnant before, ſhall be now look'd upon as greateſt benefactor to Engliſhmen, that muſt acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find paſſions raiſed to that excellent pitch, and by ſuch inſinuating degrees, that you ſhall not chuſe but conſent, and go along with them, finding yourſelf at laſt grown inſenſibly the very ſame perſon you read; and then ſtand, admiring the ſubtil tracks of your engagement. Fall on a ſcene of love, and you will never believe the Writers could have the leaſt room left in their ſouls for another paſſion; peruſe a ſcene of manly rage, and you would ſwear they cannot be expreſſed by the ſame hands; but both are ſo excellently wrought, you muſt confeſs none, but the ſame hands, could work them.

Would

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou ſhalt laugh at Democritus himſelf; and but reading one piece of this comick variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elizium; and when thou art ſick of this cure, (for the exceſs of delight may too much dilate thy ſoul) thou ſhalt meet almoſt in every leaf a ſoft purling paſſion or ſpring of ſorrow, ſo powerfully wrought high by the tears of Innocence, and wronged lovers, it ſhall perſuade thy eyes to weep into the ſtream, and yet ſmile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be ſaid of theſe rare copies; but let the ingenuous Reader[1] peruſe them, and he will find them ſo able to ſpeak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, ſince any one of theſe incomparable pieces, well underſtood, will prove a Preface to the reſt; and if the Reader can taſte the beſt wit ever trod our Engliſh ſtage, he will be forced himſelf to become a breathing panegyrick to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and ſick-brained as Ignorance and Malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honeſt heart, learning, and temper can ſtate thy diſpoſition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not ſo remote in time, but very many gentlemen may remember theſe Authors; and ſome, familiar in their converſation, deliver them upon every pleaſant occaſion ſo fluent, to talk a comedy. He muſt be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: What I have to ſay is, we have the precious remains; and as the wiſeſt contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more ſpecially concerns theſe Authors and their Works is told thee by another hand, in the following epiſtle of the Stationer to the Readers.

[1] Ingenuous *Reader*.] In Coles's Dict. 1677, it is remarked, 'Ingenuous and *ingenious* are too often confounded.'

Farewell: Read, and fear not thine own underſtanding; this Book will create a clear one in thee: And when thou haſt conſidered thy purchaſe, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyſelf; and at the ſame time forgive

Thy friend,

And theſe Authors humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY[a].

[a] *James Shirley.*] It is much to be regretted, that this ingenious gentleman did nothing more to the Firſt Folio than writing the Preface; we ſhould not then ſo juſtly lament the incorrectneſs of that Edition.

STATIONER'S ADDRESS.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

GENTLEMEN,

BEFORE you engage further, be pleaſed to take notice of theſe particulars. You have here a *new book*; I can ſpeak it clearly; for of all this large volume of Comedies and Tragedies, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A Collection of Plays is commonly but a *new impreſſion*, the ſcattered pieces which were printed ſingle, being then only republiſhed together: 'Tis otherwiſe here.

Next, as it is all *new*, ſo here is not any thing ſpurious or impoſed: I had the originals from ſuch as received them from the Authors themſelves; by thoſe, and none other, I publiſh this edition.

And as here is nothing but what is genuine and theirs, ſo you will find here are no *omiſſions*; you have not only *all* I could get, but *all* that you muſt ever expect. For (beſides thoſe which were formerly printed) there is not any Piece written by theſe Authors, either jointly or ſeverally, but what are now publiſhed to the world in this volume. One only play I muſt except (for I mean to deal openly); it is a Comedy called the Wild-Gooſe Chaſe[1], which hath been long loſt, and I fear irrecoverable; for a perſon of quality borrowed it from the actors many years ſince, and (by the negligence of a ſervant) it was

[1] *The Wild-Gooſe Chaſe.*] This Comedy, in the year 1652, was publiſhed in folio, by Lowin and Taylor, two of the Players, with a 'Dedication to the Honour'd, Few, Lovers of Dramatick Poeſie,' and ſeveral Commendatory Verſes annexed.

never returned; therefore now I put up this *si quis*, that whoſoever hereafter happily meets with it, ſhall be thankfully ſatisfied if he pleaſe to ſend it home.

Some Plays (you know) written by theſe Authors were heretofore printed: I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itſelf is entirely new. And indeed it would have rendered the book ſo voluminous, that ladies and gentlewomen would have found it ſcarce manageable, which in works of this nature muſt firſt be remembered. Beſides, I conſidered thoſe former pieces had been ſo long printed and reprinted, that many gentlemen were already furniſhed; and I would have none ſay, they pay twice for the ſame book.

One thing I muſt anſwer before it be objected; 'tis this: When theſe Comedies and Tragedies were preſented on the ſtage, the actors omitted ſome ſcenes and paſſages (with the Authors' conſent) as occaſion led them; and when private friends deſired a copy, they then (and juſtly too) tranſcribed what they acted: But now you have both *all* that *was acted*, and *all* that *was not*; even the perfect full originals, without the leaſt mutilation; ſo that were the Authors living, (and ſure they can never die) they themſelves would challenge neither more nor leſs than what is here publiſhed; this volume being now ſo complete and finiſhed, that the reader muſt expect no future alterations.

For literal errors committed by the printer, it is the faſhion to aſk pardon, and as much in faſhion to take no notice of him that aſks it; but in this alſo I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vain to mention the chargeableneſs of this work; for thoſe who owned the manuſcripts, too well knew their value to make a cheap eſtimate of any of theſe Pieces; and though another joined with me in the purchaſe and printing, yet the care and pains was wholly mine, which I found to be more than you will eaſily imagine, unleſs you knew into how many hands the originals were

were diſperſed: They are all now happily met in this book, having eſcaped theſe public troubles, free and unmangled. Heretofore, when gentlemen deſired but a copy of any of theſe Plays, the meaneſt piece here (if any may be called mean where every one is beſt) coſt them more than four times the price you pay for the whole volume.

I ſhould ſcarce have adventured in theſe ſlippery times on ſuch a work as this, if knowing perſons had not generally aſſured me that theſe Authors were the moſt unqueſtionable wits this kingdom hath afforded. Mr. Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man of a moſt ſtrong and ſearching brain; and (his years conſidered) the moſt judicious wit theſe later ages have produced; he died young, for (which was an invaluable loſs to this nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Mr. Fletcher ſurvived, and lived till almoſt fifty; whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's Works by themſelves [2], becauſe ſingle and alone he would make a juſt volume; but ſince never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to ſeparate their aſhes.

It becomes not me to ſay (though it be a known truth) that theſe Authors had not only high unexpreſſible gifts of Nature, but alſo excellent acquired parts, being furniſhed with arts and ſciences by that liberal education they had at the Univerſity, which ſure is the beſt place to make a great wit underſtand itſelf; this their works will ſoon make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. Beaumont's picture; but could not poſſibly, though I ſpared no enquiry in thoſe noble families whence he was deſcended, as alſo among thoſe gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the Inner-Temple: The beſt pictures, and thoſe moſt like him,

[2] *Fletcher's Works by themſelves.*] If Mr. Moſeley *could* have made this ſeparation, it is greatly to be regretted that he left us no intimation which plays were written by Fletcher alone.

you

you will find in this volume. This figure of Mr. Fletcher was cut by ſeveral original pieces, which his friends lent me; but withal they tell me, that his unimitable ſoul did ſhine through his countenance in ſuch air and ſpirit, that the painters confeſſed it was not eaſy to expreſs him: As much as could be, you have here, and the graver hath done his part.

Whatever I have ſeen of Mr. Fletcher's own hand, is free from interlining; and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice[3]: It ſeems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all firſt in his own brain; to ſhape and attire his notions, to add or lop off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to ſtand as firm and immutable as if engraven in braſs or marble. But I keep you too long from thoſe friends of his whom 'tis fitter for you to read; only accept of the honeſt endeavours of

One that is a Servant to you all,

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

At the Prince's Arms, in
St. Paul's Church-Yard,
Feb. the 14th, 1646.

[3] *He never writ any one thing twice.*] May we not ſuppoſe this to have been a ſort of common-place compliment? but ſurely it is a very injudicious one. A ſimilar aſſertion, applied to Shakeſpeare, has afforded much converſation in the literary world.

BOOKSELLERS' ADDRESS.

(FOLIO, 1679.)

COURTEOUS READER,

THE firſt edition of theſe Plays in this volume having found that acceptance as to give us encouragement to make a ſecond impreſſion, we were very deſirous they might come forth as correct as might be: And we were very opportunely informed of a copy which an ingenious and worthy gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleaſure) to read over; wherein he had all along corrected[4] ſeveral faults (ſome very groſs) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His corrections were the more to be valued, becauſe he had an intimacy with both our Authors, and had been a ſpectator of moſt of them when they were acted in their life-time. This therefore we reſolved to purchaſe at any rate; and accordingly with no ſmall coſt obtained it. From the ſame hand alſo we received ſeveral Prologues and Epilogues, with the Songs appertaining to each Play, which were not in the former edition, but are now inſerted in their proper places. Beſides, in this edition you have the addition of no fewer than ſeventeen Plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of quarto in this volume, which for diſtinction ſake are marked with a ſtar in the catalogue of them facing the firſt page

[4] *He had all along corrected*, &c.] Notwithſtanding this boaſt, in many plays, the Firſt Folio is more correct than the Second.

of

of the book. And whereas in ſeveral of the Plays there were wanting the names of the perſons repreſented therein, in this edition you have them all prefixed, with their qualities; which will be a great eaſe to the Reader. Thus every way perfect and complete have you, all both Tragedies and Comedies that were ever writ by our Authors, a pair of the greateſt Wits and moſt ingenious Poets of their age; from whoſe worth we ſhould but detract by our moſt ſtudied commendations.

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine edition of their Works) and thereby to gratify and oblige the reader, be but requited with a ſuitable entertainment, we ſhall be encouraged to bring Ben Jonſon's two volumes into one, and publiſh them in this form; and alſo to reprint Old Shakeſpeare: Both which are deſigned by

Yours,

Ready to ſerve you,

JOHN MARTYN,
HENRY HERRINGMAN,
RICHARD MARIOT.

PREFACE,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHORS AND THEIR WRITINGS.

(OCTAVO, 1711.)

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, Eſquire, was deſcended from the ancient family of that name, at Gracedieu in Leiceſterſhire, and brother to Sir Henry Beaumont, Knight, of the ſame place; his grandfather was John Beaumont, Maſter of the Rolls; and his father Francis Beaumont, judge of the Common-Pleas, who married Anne daughter of George Pierrepont of Home-Pierrepont, Nottinghamſhire. He was educated at Cambridge, and after at the Inner-Temple. He died before he was thirty years of age, and was buried the 9th of March, 1615, at the entrance into St. Benedict's Chapel in

[1] *Preface.*] To this *Preface*, Mr. Sympſon, in the Edition of 1750, prefixes the following INTRODUCTION.

'TIS really ſurpriſing that all we know of two ſuch illuſtrious Authors as Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher were is, That we know nothing. The Compoſer of the following Preface, and Editor of their Works in 1711, *calls* it 'An Account of the Lives, &c. of his 'Authors.' But he greatly *miſcalls* it, for that they were born in ſuch a year, and died in ſuch a one, is all he has given us of their hiſtory and actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a comedy, we ſhould not have known, but upon Mr. Shirley's word, that in converſation they ever had talked one.

Our Authors, 'tis true, take up articles in two Dictionaries, but theſe contain little more than Remarks on their Dramatic Performances. Believing therefore that the *no account*, of the following Preface, contains as *good an account* of our Authors as any can be given, I ſubmit it to the Reader pure and unmix'd, as it came out of the

Weſtminſter-Abbey. He left one daughter behind him, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who died in Leiceſterſhire ſince the year 1700: She had been poſſeſſed of ſeveral Poems of her father's writing, but they were loſt at ſea coming from Ireland, where ſhe had ſometime lived in the Duke of Ormond's family. There was publiſhed, after our Author's death, a ſmall book containing ſeveral Poems under his name, and among

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the Editor's hands, without any alteration or interpolation at all, only ſtriking out a long quotation from a very imperfect anſwer of Mr. Dryden's to the objections made againſt Shakeſpeare and our Authors by Mr. Rhymer.

But their Dramatic is no better known than their Civil Hiſtory; I mean, what part each ſuſtain'd in their poetical capacities. Did Beaumont plan, and Fletcher raiſe the ſuperſtructure? Then 'tis no wonder the Work ſhould be all of a piece.

But if each ſuſtain'd both characters (as I think is ſo plain as not to be doubted) 'tis ſtrange there ſhould appear no greater diverſity in their writings, when the ſeparate parts came to be put together.

For, unleſs I be greatly miſtaken, we can't ſay that *here* one laid down the pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can ſay of any two contiguous colours in the rainbow, here *this* ends and there *that* begins, ſo fine is the tranſition, that

——*Spectantia lumina fallit,*
Uſque adeo quod tangit idem eſt.——

Mr. Seward will lay before the Reader what *internal evidence* he thinks he has diſcover'd of a diſtinction of their hands; but in general Beaumont's accuracy, and Fletcher's wit, are ſo undiſtinguiſhable, that were we not ſure, to a demonſtration, that the Maſque was the former's, and the Shepherdeſs the latter's ſole production, they might each have paſſed for the concurrent labour of both, or have changed hands, and the *laſt* been taken for Beaumont's and the *former* for Fletcher's.

And where is the wonder, that Fletcher's Works, which he wrote ſingly after Beaumont's death, ſhould carry the ſame ſtrength, wit, manner, and ſpirit in them, ſo as not to be diſcern'd from what both wrote in conjunction, when as Sir J. Berkenhead tells us,

'Beaumont died; yet left in legacy
'His rules and ſtandard-wit (Fletcher) to thee;
'Still the ſame planet, tho' not fill'd ſo ſoon,
'A two horn'd creſcent then, now one full-moon.
'Joint Love before, now Honour doth provoke;
'So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak.
'One ſlipp'd his footing, th' other ſees him fall,
'Graſp'd the whole tree and ſingle held up all.'

And ſince I have quoted one poetical authority, let me give another (with a little variation) from the immortal Spenſer, which may farther illuſtrate,

them the ſtory of Salmacis, from the Metamorphoſes of Ovid; and a tranſlation of the Remedy of Love, from the ſame Author. The Poem of Boſworth-Field, which has been univerſally eſteemed, was written by his brother John Beaumont.

JOHN FLETCHER, Eſquire (ſon of Dr. Richard Fletcher, who was created by Queen Elizabeth Biſhop of Briſtol, and after removed to Worceſter, and from thence, in the year 1593, to London), was educated at Cambridge, and probably at Bennet-College, to which his father was by his will a benefactor. He died of the plague in the firſt year of the reign of King Charles the Firſt, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church in Southwark, Auguſt the 19th, 1625, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Several of their Plays were printed in quarto while the Authors were living; and in the year 1645,

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illuſtrate, if not confirm our opinion. The Poet ſpeaking of Priamond, after he had died by Cambell's hand in ſingle combat, ſays,

' His weary ghoſt aſſoyl'd from fleſhly band
' Did not, as others wont, directly fly
' Unto her reſt in Pluto's grieſly land,
' Ne into air did vaniſh preſently,
' Ne chaunged was into a ſtar in ſky,
' But by traduction was eftſoon deriv'd
' Into his other *brother* that ſurviv'd,
' In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

The application of theſe lines to our Authors, is ſo *eaſy* that no Reader can *miſs* it, and the reaſon given for the ſameneſs of manner, ſpirit, &c. in their *joint* and *ſingle* performances, ſo clear for a *poetical one*, that no one can *diſpute* it.

And as to *external evidence*, though we have enough of it, 'tis ſo little to be depended on, that it has no weight with me, whatever it may have with the intelligent Reader. The teſtimony of the verſifiers, before our Authors Works, is ſo extravagant on the one ſide or on the other, that if we truſt *this* panegyriſt, Fletcher was the ſole Author, if *that* Beaumont wrote alone, and if a *third*, the whole was the united work and labour of both.

The printers of the quarto editions are no more concordant; for in different years and editions, you have ſometimes Beaumont's and Fletcher's name, and ſometimes the latter's ſingly before the ſame Play.

The Prologue and Epilogue Writers may perhaps be more depended upon, but they don't go quite through with their work: for neither the quarto copies, nor the thirty-four Plays in the 1647 edition hav-

(twenty years after the death of Fletcher, and thirty after that of Beaumont) there was publiſhed in fol. a collection of ſuch of their Plays as had not before been printed, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this Volume are inſerted a great many Commendatory Verſes, written in praiſe of the Authors by perſons of their acquaintance, and the moſt eminent of that age for wit and quality. This Collection was publiſhed by Mr. Shirley, after the ſhutting up of the Theatres, and dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, by ten of the moſt famous actors, who profeſs to have taken great care in the edition; they lament their not being able to procure any picture of Mr. Beaumont, from which to take his effigies, as they had done that of Mr. Fletcher: But, through the favour of the preſent Earl of Dorſet, that is now ſupplied; the head of Mr. Beaumont, and that of Mr. Fletcher, being taken from originals in the noble collection his lordſhip has at Knowles.

In the year 1679, there was an edition in folio of all their Plays publiſhed, containing thoſe formerly printed in quarto, and thoſe in the before-mentioned folio edition. Several of the Commendatory Verſes are left out before that impreſſion; but many of them relating to particulars of the Authors, or their Plays, they are prefixed to this; and a large omiſſion of part

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have all their full quotas of head and tail pieces; and of theſe we have, there are few that ſpeak out, and tell us from whoſe labours, their audiences were to expect either pleaſure or inſtruction.

However this evidence, ſuch as it is, I ſhall lay before the Reader, by way of notes to the alphabetical account of our Authors Pieces (as drawn up by Dr. Langbaine) towards the concluſion of the following Preface; and leave it to his judgment to determine, how far upon ſuch teſtimony, the Authors were ſingly or jointly concerned; only I muſt give this caution, that where the Prologue mentions Poet, or Author in the ſingular, there I ſuppoſe Fletcher is only deſigned, where in the plural, Beaumont is included.

[The *evidence* Mr. Sympſon here ſpeaks of, the Reader will find, with much additional information, in the title of each Play of the preſent Edition.]

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of the laſt act of the Tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret, is ſupplied in this.

The frequent and great audiences that ſeveral of their plays continue to bring, ſufficiently declares the value this age has for them is equal to that of the former; and three ſuch extraordinary writers as Mr. Waller, the duke of Buckingham, and John late earl of Rocheſter, ſelecting each of them one of their plays to alter for the ſtage, adds not a little to their reputation.

The Maid's Tragedy[2] was very frequently acted after the Reſtoration, and with the greateſt applauſe; Mr. Hart playing Amintor, Major Mohun, Melantius, and Mrs. Marſhal, Evadne, equal to any other parts for which they were deſervedly famous. But the latter ending of that play, where the king was killed, making it upon ſome particular occaſion not thought proper to be farther repreſented, it was by private order from the court ſilenced. This was the reaſon Mr. Waller undertook the altering the latter part of that play, as it is now printed in the laſt edition of his Works.—Upon which alteration, this following remark was made by an eminent hand:

'It is not to be doubted who ſat for the two bro-
'thers characters. 'Twas agreeable to Mr. Waller's
'temper to ſoften the rigour of the Tragedy, as he
'expreſſes it; but whether it be agreeable to the
'nature of Tragedy itſelf, to make every thing come
'off eaſily, I leave to the criticks.'

The duke of Buckingham, ſo celebrated for writing the Rehearſal, made the two laſt acts of the

[2] As our Authors were planning one of their plays *(this moſt probably)* in a tavern, Mr. Fletcher was over-heard, by ſome of the houſe, to ſay, *I'll undertake to kill the King.* Words in appearance ſo treaſonable as theſe were, could not long be kept concealed, and the diſcovery of 'em had like to have coſt our Poet dear: But it being demonſtrated that this deſign was only againſt the perſon of a *ſcenical ſovereign*, our Author was freed from any farther trouble, and the intended proceſs entirely dropp'd. *Vide Winſtanley's Engliſh Poets.* *Sympſon.*

Chances almoſt new. Mr. Hart play'd the part of Don John to the higheſt ſatisfaction of the audience; the play had a great run, and ever ſince has been followed as one of the beſt entertainments of the ſtage. His Grace, after that, beſtowed ſome time in altering another play of our Authors, called Philaſter, or Love Lies a-Bleeding: He made very conſiderable alterations in it, and took it with him, intending to finiſh it the laſt journey he made to Yorkſhire in the year 1686. I cannot learn what is become of the play with his Grace's alterations, but am very well informed it was ſince the Revolution in the hands of Mr. Nevil Payne, who was impriſoned at Edinburgh in the year 1689.

The alterations in Valentinian, by the earl of Rocheſter, amount to about a third part of the whole; but his lordſhip died before he had done all he intended to it. It was acted with very great applauſe, Mr. Goodman playing Valentinian, Mr. Betterton, Æcius, and Mrs. Barry, Lucina. My lord died in the year 1680, and the play was acted in the year 1684, and the ſame year publiſhed by Mr. Robert Wolſly, with a Preface, giving a large account of my lord, and his writings. This play, with the alterations, is printed at the end of his lordſhip's poems in octavo.

Mr. Dryden, in his Eſſay of Dramatic Poetry, page 17, (in the firſt volume of the folio edition of his Works) in a compariſon of the French and Engliſh Comedy, ſays, 'As for comedy, repartee 'is one of its chiefeſt graces. The greateſt pleaſure 'of an audience is a chaſe of wit kept up on both 'ſides, and ſwiftly managed: And this our fore-'fathers (if not we) have had in Fletcher's plays, 'to a much higher degree of perfection than the 'French poets can arrive at.'

And in the ſame Eſſay, page 19, he ſays, 'Beau-'mont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of 'Shakeſpeare's wit, which was their precedent, great

'natural

'natural gifts, improved by ſtudy. Beaumont 'eſpecially being ſo accurate a judge of plays, that 'Ben Jonſon, while he lived, ſubmitted all his 'writings to his cenſure, and 'tis thought uſed his 'judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his 'plots. What value he had for him appears by the 'verſes he wrote to him, and therefore I need ſpeak 'no farther of it. The firſt play that brought 'Fletcher and him in eſteem, was Philaſter; for 'before that, they had written two or three very 'unſucceſsfully; as the like is reported of Ben 'Jonſon, before he writ Every Man in his Humour: 'Their plots were generally more regular than 'Shakeſpeare's, eſpecially thoſe that were made before 'Beaumont's death: And they underſtood and imi-'tated the converſation of gentlemen much better; 'whoſe wild debaucheries, and quickneſs of wit in 'repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. 'Humour, which Ben Jonſon derived from par-'ticular perſons, they made it not their buſineſs to 'deſcribe; they repreſented all the paſſions very 'lively, but above all *love*. I am apt to believe 'the Engliſh language in them arrived to its higheſt 'perfection; what words have ſince been taken in, 'are rather ſuperfluous than neceſſary. Their plays 'are now the moſt pleaſant and frequent entertain-'ments of the ſtage, two of theirs being acted through 'the year, for one of Shakeſpeare's or Jonſon's; the 'reaſon is, becauſe there is a certain gaiety in their 'comedies, and pathos in their more ſerious plays, 'which ſuits generally with all mens humour. 'Shakeſpear's language is likewiſe a little obſolete, 'and Ben Jonſon's wit comes ſhort of theirs.'

This Eſſay of Mr. Dryden's was written in the year 1666[3].

Mr. Dryden ſaid he had been informed, that after Beaumont's death, Mr. James Shirley was conſulted

[3] ——— *in the year* 1666.] After this ſentence was inſerted Mr. Dryden's Remarks on Rymer, which Sympſon, in his Introduction,

by Fletcher in the plotting ſeveral of his plays. It does ſeem that Shirley did ſupply many that were

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p. xiv, mentions having rejected. They here follow, with the Prefacer's Obſervations.

" 'IN the year 1677, Mr. Rymer (now Hiſtoriographer Royal) publiſhed 'The Tragedies of the Laſt Age conſidered, in a Letter to 'Fleetwood Shepherd, Eſq.' In this Treatiſe he criticiſes upon Rollo Duke of Normandy, the Maid's Tragedy, and the King and No King; all three written by our Authors, and the moſt taking Plays then acted. He has there endeavoured to the utmoſt the expoſing their failings, without taking the leaſt notice of their beauties; Mr. Rymer ſent one of his books as a preſent to Mr. Dryden, who on the blank leaves, before the beginning, and after the end of the book, made ſeveral remarks, as if he deſigned an anſwer to Mr. Rymer's reflections; they are of Mr. Dryden's own hand-writing, and may be ſeen at the publiſher's of this book; 'tis to be wiſhed he had put his laſt hand to 'em, and made the connection cloſer, but juſt as he left them be pleaſed to take them here *verbatim* inſerted.

" He who undertakes to anſwer this excellent critick of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our Engliſh Poets againſt the Greek, ought to do it in this manner.

" Either by yielding to him the greateſt part of what he contends for, which conſiſts in this, that the *μυθος* (*i. e.*) the deſign and conduct of it is more conducing in the Greeks, to thoſe ends of tragedy which Ariſtotle and he propoſe, namely, to cauſe terror and pity; yet the granting this does not ſet the Greeks above the Engliſh Poets.

" But the anſwerer ought to prove two things; Firſt, That the fable is not the greateſt maſter-piece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

" Secondly, That other ends, as ſuitable to the nature of tragedy, may be found in the Engliſh, which were not in the Greek.

" Ariſtotle places the fable firſt; not *quoad dignitatem, ſed quoad fundamentum*; for a fable never ſo movingly contrived, to thoſe ends of his, pity and terror, will operate nothing on our affections, except the characters, manners, thoughts and words are ſuitable.

" So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, That in all thoſe, or the greateſt part of them, we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at in ſome meaſure, but, I think, a little partially to the ancients.

" To make a true judgment in this competition, between the Greek Poets and the Engliſh in tragedy, conſider,

" I. How Ariſtotle has defined a tragedy.

" II. What he aſſigns the end of it to be.

" III. What he thinks the beauties of it.

" IV. The means to attain the end propoſed. Compare the Greek and Engliſh tragic Poets juſtly and without partiality, according to thoſe rules.

" Then, Secondly, conſider, whether Ariſtotle has made a juſt de-

finition

left imperfect, and that the old players gave ſome remains, or imperfect plays of Fletcher's to Shirley

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finition of tragedy, of its parts, of its ends, of its beauties; and whether he having not ſeen any others but thoſe of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they conſiſt.

"Next ſhow in what ancient tragedy was deficient; for example, in the narrowneſs of its plots, and fewneſs of perſons, and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek Poets; and whether their excellency was ſo great, when the variety was viſibly ſo little; or whether what they did was not very eaſy to do.

"Then make a judgment on what the Engliſh have added to their beauties: As for example, not only more plot, but alſo new paſſions; as namely, that of love, ſcarce touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer, and in that how ſhort they were of Fletcher.

"Prove alſo that love, being an heroic paſſion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied; becauſe of the example alledged of Phædra: And how far Shakeſpeare has outdone them in friendſhip, &c.

"To return to the beginning of this enquiry, conſider if pity and terror be enough for tragedy to move, and I believe upon a true definition of Tragedy, it will be found that its work extends farther, and that it is to reform manners by delightful repreſentation of human life in great perſons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terror are to be moved as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice, by ſhewing the rewards of one, and puniſhments of the other; at leaſt by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be ſhown unfortunate; and vice deteſtable, though it be ſhown triumphant.

"If then the encouragement of virtue, and diſcouragement of vice, be the proper end of poetry in tragedy: Pity and terror, though good means, are not the only: For all the paſſions in their turns are to be ſet in a ferment; as joy, anger, love, fear, are to be uſed as the poets common places; and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be rais'd, by making them appear ſuch in their characters, their words and actions, as will intereſt the audience in their fortunes.

"And if after all, in a large ſenſe, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terror includes deteſtation for the bad; then let us conſider whether the Engliſh have not anſwered this end of tragedy, as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

"And here Mr. Rymer's objections againſt theſe plays are to be impartially weighed; that we may ſee whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance againſt our countrymen.

"It is evident thoſe plays which he arraigns have moved both thoſe paſſions in a high degree upon the ſtage.

"To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, ſeems unjuſt.

"One reaſon is, becauſe whatever actors they have found, the event

to make up: And it is from hence, that in the firſt act of Love's Pilgrimage, there is a ſcene of an

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has been the ſame, that is, the ſame paſſions have been always moved: Which ſhows, that there is ſomething of force and merit in the plays themſelves, conducing to the deſign of raiſing thoſe two paſſions: And ſuppoſe them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the ſtage, but cannot give it wholly where it is not firſt. But ſecondly, I dare appeal to thoſe who have never ſeen them acted, if they have not found thoſe two paſſions moved within them; and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his ſingle teſtimony.

"This being matter of fact, is reaſonably to be eſtabliſhed by this appeal: As if one man ſay it is night, when the reſt of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no further argument againſt him that it is ſo.

"If he urge, that the general taſte is depraved; his arguments to prove this can at beſt but evince, that our Poets took not the beſt way to raiſe thoſe paſſions; but experience proves againſt him, that thoſe means which they have uſed, have been ſucceſsful, and have produced them.

"And one reaſon of that ſucceſs is, in my opinion, this, that Shakeſpeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they liv'd: For though Nature, as he objects, is the ſame in all places, and Reaſon too the ſame; yet the climate, the age, the diſpoſitions of the people to whom a poet writes, may be ſo different, that what pleaſed the Greeks, would not ſatisfy an Engliſh audience.

"And if they proceeded upon a foundation of truer reaſon to pleaſe the Athenians, than Shakeſpeare and Fletcher to pleaſe the Engliſh, it only ſhows that the Athenians were a more judicious people: But the Poet's buſineſs is certainly to pleaſe the audience.

"Whether our Engliſh audience have been pleaſed hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next queſtion; that is, whether the means which Shakeſpeare and Fletcher have uſed in their Plays to raiſe thoſe paſſions before-named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek Poets than by them; and perhaps we ſhall not grant him this wholly. Let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the ſtream, or to pleaſe the people by their own uſual methods, but rather to reform their judgments: It ſtill remains to prove that our theatre needs this total reformation.

"The faults which he has found in their deſigns, are rather wittily aggravated in many places, than reaſonably urged; and as much may be returned on the Greeks, by one who were as witty as himſelf.

"Secondly, They deſtroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabrick, only take away from the beauty of the ſymmetry: For example: The faults in the character of the King and No King, are not, as he makes them, ſuch as render him deteſtable; but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and for the moſt part

excuſed

Oſtler, tranſcribed *verbatim* out of Ben Jonſon's New Inn, act iii. ſcene i. which play was written

excuſed by the violence of his love; ſo that they deſtroy not our pity or concernment for him. This anſwer may be applied to moſt of his objections of that kind.

" And Rollo committing many murders, when he is anſwerable but for one, is too ſeverely arraigned by him; for it adds to our horror and deteſtation of the criminal. And poetick juſtice is not neglected neither, for we ſtab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point which the poet is to gain upon the audience, is not ſo much in the death of an offender, as the raiſing an horror of his crimes.

" That the criminal ſhould neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but ſo participating of both, as to move both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule; but not perpetually to be obſerved, for that were to make all tragedies too much alike; which objection he foreſaw, but has not fully anſwered.

" To conclude therefore, if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written; and if we can raiſe paſſions as high on worſe foundations, it ſhows our genius in tragedy is greater, for in all other parts of it the Engliſh have manifeſtly excelled them.

" For the fable itſelf, 'tis in the Engliſh more adorned with epiſodes, and larger than in the Greek Poets, conſequently more diverting; for, if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of deſign or epiſode *(i. e.)* under-plot, how can it be ſo pleaſing as the Engliſh, which have both under-plot, and a turned deſign, which keeps the audience in expectation of the cataſtrophe? whereas in the Greek Poets we ſee through the whole deſign at firſt?

" For the characters, they are neither ſo many nor ſo various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakeſpeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to thoſe ends of tragedy which Ariſtotle commends to us; pity and terror.

" The manners flow from the characters, and conſequently muſt partake of their advantages and diſadvantages.

" The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the Engliſh than in the Greek, which muſt be proved by comparing them ſomewhat more equitable than Mr. Rymer has done.

" After all, we need not yield that the Engliſh way is leſs conducing to move pity and terror; becauſe they often ſhew virtue oppreſs'd, and vice puniſhed; where they do not both or either, they are not to be defended.

" That we may the leſs wonder why pity and terror are not now the only ſprings on which our tragedies move, and that Shakeſpeare may be more excuſed, Rapin confeſſes that the French tragedies now all run upon the *tendre*, and gives the reaſon, becauſe love is the paſſion which moſt predominates in our ſouls; and that therefore the

long after Fletcher died, and tranſplanted into Love's Pilgrimage after the printing the New-Inn, which

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paſſions repreſented become inſipid, unleſs they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience; but it is to be concluded, that this paſſion works not now among the French ſo ſtrongly, as the other two did amongſt the ancients: Amongſt us, who have a ſtronger genius for writing, the operations from the writing are much ſtronger; for the raiſing of Shakeſpeare's paſſions are more from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the juſtneſs of the occaſion; and if he has been able to pick ſingle occaſions, he has never founded the whole reaſonably, yet by the genius of poetry, in writing he has ſucceeded.

"The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

"I. The fable itſelf.

"II. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation of the parts to the whole.

"III. The manners, or decency of the characters in ſpeaking or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be ſhewn by the poet.

"IV. The thoughts which expreſs the manners.

"V. The words which expreſs thoſe thoughts.

"In the laſt of theſe Homer excels Virgil, Virgil all other ancient poets, and Shakeſpeare all modern poets.

"For the ſecond of theſe, the order; the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all juſt and natural, ſo that that part which is the middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and ſo of the reſt; all are depending one on another, like the links of a curious chain.

"If terror and pity are only to be rais'd; certainly this author follows Ariſtotle's rules, and Sophocles and Euripides's example; but joy may be rais'd too, and that doubly, either by ſeeing a wicked man puniſhed, or a good man at laſt fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to ſee wickedneſs proſperous, and goodneſs depreſſed: Both theſe may be profitable to the end of tragedy, reformation of manners; but the laſt improperly, only as it begets pity in the audience: tho' Ariſtotle, I confeſs, places tragedies of this kind in the ſecond form.

"And, if we ſhould grant that the Greeks performed this better; perhaps it may admit a diſpute whether pity and terror are either the prime, or at leaſt the only ends of tragedy.

"It is not enough that Ariſtotle has ſaid ſo, for Ariſtotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had ſeen ours, might have changed his mind.

"And chiefly we have to ſay (what I hinted on pity and terror in the laſt paragraph ſave one) that the puniſhment of vice, and reward of virtue, are the moſt adequate ends of tragedy, becauſe moſt conducing to good example of life; now pity is not ſo eaſily raiſed for a criminal (as the ancient tragedy always repreſents his chief perſon ſuch) as it is for an innocent man and the ſuffering of innocence and puniſhment of the offender, is of the nature of Engliſh Tragedy; contrary

was in the year 1630. And two of the plays printed under the name of Fletcher, *viz.* the Coronation,

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contrary in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender eſcapes.

" Then we are not touched with the ſufferings of any ſort of men ſo much as of lovers; and this was almoſt unknown to the ancients; ſo that they neither adminiſtred poetical juſtice (of which Mr. Rymer boaſts) ſo well as we, neither knew they the beſt common-place of pity, which is love.

" He therefore unjuſtly blames us for not building upon what the ancients left us, for it ſeems, upon conſideration of the premiſes, that we have wholly finiſhed what they begun.

" My judgment on this piece is this; that it is extremely learned; but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the Engliſh Poets; that all writers ought to ſtudy this critick as the beſt account I have ever ſeen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given, is excellent, and extreme correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy; becauſe it is too much circumſcribed in plot, characters, &c. and laſtly, that we may be taught here juſtly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

" Want of method, in this excellent treatiſe, makes the thoughts of the Author ſometimes obſcure.

" His meaning, that pity and terror are to be moved, is that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleaſure and inſtruction.

" And theſe two ends may be thus diſtinguiſhed. The chief ends of the poet is to pleaſe; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

" The great end of the poem is to inſtruct, which is performed by making pleaſure the vehicle of that inſtruction: For poetry is an art, and all arts are made to profit.

" The pity which the Poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for thoſe, or him, whom he has murdered, or who have been the occaſion of the tragedy: The terror is likewiſe in the puniſhment of the ſame criminal, who if he be repreſented too great an offender, will not be pitied; if altogether innocent, his puniſhment will be unjuſt.

" Another obſcurity is where he ſays, Sophocles perfected tragedy, by introducing the third actor; that is, he meant three kinds of action, one company ſinging, or ſpeaking, another playing on the muſick, a third dancing.

" Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and diſcourſes of a tragedy, than Ariſtotle has done, who places them in the laſt rank of beauties; perhaps only laſt in order, becauſe they are the laſt product of the deſign of the diſpoſition or connexion of its parts, of the characters, of the manners of thoſe characters, and of the thoughts of proceeding from thoſe manners.

" Rapin's words are remarkable:

" 'Tis

and the Little Thief, have been claimed by Shirley to be his; 'tis probable they were left imperfect by one, and finiſhed by the other.

Mr. Langbaine, in his account of the Dramatic Poets, printed in the year 1691, is very particular upon the ſeveral plays of our Authors, and therefore I ſhall conclude with tranſcribing from him, page 204. *viz.* 'Mr. Beaumont was a maſter of a good wit, 'and a better judgment, that Mr. Jonſon himſelf 'thought it no diſparagement to ſubmit his writings 'to his correction. Mr. Fletcher's wit was equal to 'Mr. Beaumont's judgment, and was ſo luxuriant, 'that like ſuperfluous branches it was frequently 'pruned by his judicious partner. Theſe Poets per-'fectly underſtood breeding, and therefore ſucceſs-'fully copied the converſation of gentlemen. They 'knew how to deſcribe the manners of the age; and 'Fletcher had a peculiar talent in expreſſing all his 'thoughts with life and briſkneſs. No man ever 'underſtood or drew the paſſions more lively than he; 'and his witty raillery was ſo dreſſed, that it rather 'pleaſed than diſguſted the modeſt part of his au-'dience. In a word, Fletcher's fancy and Beaumont's 'judgment combined, produced ſuch Plays, as will 'remain monuments of their wit to all poſterity. 'Mr. Fletcher himſelf, after Mr. Beaumont's death, 'compoſed ſeveral Dramatic Pieces, which were 'worthy the pen of ſo great a maſter.' And this Mr. Cartwright alludes to, in his verſes before the book.

" 'Tis not the admirable intrigue, the ſurprizing events, and extraordinary incidents that make the beauty of a tragedy, 'tis the diſcourſes, when they are natural and paſſionate.

" So are Shakeſpeare's.'

' Here Mr. Dryden breaks off.

' About a year after Mr. Rymer's publiſhing his criticiſm, he printed a tragedy written by himſelf in rhime, called Edgar; or, The Engliſh Monarch; an heroick tragedy, dedicated to King Charles the Second; this Play never appeared on the ſtage, the players not thinking it worth their while, nor ha- any one made any criticiſms upon that.'

The

The following verſes, put under his folio picture, were written by Sir John Berkenhead.

Felicis ævi, ac Præſulis natus; comes
BEAUMONTIO; *ſic, quippe Parnaſſus,* biceps;
FLETCHERUS *unam in pyramida furcas agens.*
Struxit chorum plus ſimplicem vates duplex;
Plus duplicem ſolus; nec ullum tranſtulit;
Nec transferrendus: Dramatum æterni ſales,
Anglo theatro, orbi, ſibi, ſuperſtitites.
FLETCHERE, *facies abſque vultu pingitur;*
Quantus! vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.

There are fifty-two plays written by theſe Authors, each of which I ſhall mention alphabetically.

Beggars' Buſh, a Comedy. This Play I have ſeen ſeveral times acted with applauſe.

Bonduca, a Tragedy. The plot of this Play is borrowed from Tacitus's Annals, lib. 14. See Milton's Hiſtory of England, book 2. *Ubaldino de Vita delle Donne Illuſtri del Regno d' Inghelterra & Scotia*, p. 7. *&c.*

Bloody Brother, or *Rollo Duke of Normandy*, a Tragedy much in requeſt; and notwithſtanding Mr. Rymer's criticiſms on it, has ſtill the good fortune to pleaſe; It being frequently acted by the preſent company of actors, at the Queen's Playhouſe in Dorſet-Garden. The deſign of this Play is hiſtory: See Herodian, lib. 4. *Xiphilini Epit. Dion. in Vit. Ant. Caracallæ.* Part of the language is copied from Seneca's Thebais.

Captain, a Comedy.

Chances, a Comedy, revived by the late Duke of Buckingham, and very much improved; being acted with extraordinary applauſe at the Theatre in Dorſet-Garden, and printed with the alterations, London, 4to, 1682. This Play is built on a Novel written by the famous Spaniard Miguel de Cervantes, called The Lady Cornelia; which the Reader may read at large in a folio volume called Six Exemplary Novels.

Coronation, a Tragi-Comedy.

Coxcomb, a Comedy, which was revived at the Theatre-Royal, the Prologue being ſpoken by Joe Haines.

Cupid's Revenge, a Tragedy.

Cuſtom of the Country, a Tragi-Comedy. This is accounted an excellent Play; the plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, is founded on one of Maleſpini's Novels, deca. 6. nov. 6.

Double

Double Marriage, a Tragedy, which has been revived ſome years ago; as I learn from a new Prologue printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 14.

Elder Brother, a Comedy, which has been acted with good applauſe.

Faithful Shepherdeſs, a Paſtoral, writ by Mr. Fletcher, and commended by two copies written by the judicious Beaumont, and the learned Jonſon, which are inſerted among the Commendatory Poems at the beginning of this Edition. When this Paſtoral was firſt acted before their Majeſties at Somerſet-Houſe on Twelfth-Night, 1633, inſtead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, ſung between a Prieſt and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir William D' Avenant; and an Epilogue was ſpoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the Reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86.

Fair Maid of the Inn, a Tragi-Comedy. Mariana's diſowning Cæſario for her ſon, and the Duke's injunction to marry him, is related by Cauſin in his Holy Court, and is tranſcribed by Wanley in his Hiſtory of Man, fol. book 3. chap. 26.

Falſe One, a Tragedy. This Play is founded on the adventures of Julius Cæſar in Ægypt, and his amours with Cleopatra. See Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Oroſius, *&c.*

Four Plays, or *Moral Repreſentations in One*; viz. *The Triumph of Honour*; *The Triumph of Love*; *The Triumph of Death*; *The Triumph of Time*. I know not whether ever theſe Repreſentations appeared on the ſtage, or no. *The Triumph of Honour* is founded on Boccace his Novels, day 10. nov. 5. *The Triumph of Love*, on the ſame Author, day 5. nov. 8. *The Triumph of Death*, on a Novel in The Fortunate, Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers, part 3. nov. 3. See beſides Palace of Pleaſure, nov. 40. Belleforeſt, &c. *The Triumph of Time*, as far as falls within my diſcovery, is wholly the Author's invention.

Honeſt Man's Fortune, a Tragi-Comedy. As to the plot of Montague's being preferred by Lamira to be her huſband, when he was in adverſity, and leaſt expected, the like ſtory is related by Heywood, Hiſtory of Women, b. 9. p. 641.

Humorous Lieutenant, a Tragi-Comedy, which I have often ſeen acted with applauſe. The character of the Humourous Lieutenant refuſing to fight after he was cured of his wounds, reſembles the ſtory of the ſoldier belonging to Lucullus, deſcribed in the Epiſtles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. but the very ſtory is related in Ford's Apothegms, p. 30. How near the Poet keeps to the hiſtorian I muſt leave to thoſe that

that will compare the Play with the writers of the lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the father and the ſon. See Plutarch's Life of Demetrius, Diodorus, Juſtin, Appian, &c.

Iſland Princeſs, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play about three years ago was revived with Alterations by Mr. Tate, being acted at the Theatre-Royal, printed in 4to. London, 1687, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Henry Lord Walgrave.

King and No King, a Tragi-Comedy, which notwithſtanding its errors diſcovered by Mr. Rymer in his criticiſms, has always been acted with applauſe, and has lately been revived on our preſent Theatre with ſo great ſucceſs, that we may juſtly ſay with Horace,

Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

Knight of the Burning Peſtle, a Comedy. This Play was in vogue ſome years ſince, it being revived by the King's Houſe, and a new Prologue (inſtead of the old one in proſe) being ſpoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. The bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the ſtage, was poſſibly in imitation of Ben Jonſon's Staple of News, who has introduced on the ſtage Four Goſſips, lady-like attired, who remain during the whole action, and criticiſe upon each ſcene.

Knight of Malta, a Tragi-Comedy.

Laws of Candy, a Tragi-Comedy.

Little French Lawyer, a Comedy. The plot is borrowed from Guſman, or the Spaniſh Rogue, part 2. chap. 4. The ſtory of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Caſtro, and Don Roderigo de Montalva. The like ſtory is in other novels; as in Scarron's Novel, called The Fruitleſs Precaution; and in The Complaiſant Companion, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the abovementioned original.

Love's Cure, or *The Martial Maid*, a Comedy.

Love's Pilgrimage, a Comedy. This I take to be an admirable Comedy. The foundation of it is built on a novel of Miguel de Cervantes, called The Two Damſels. The ſcene in the firſt act, between Diego the hoſt of Oſſuna, and Lazaro his oſtler, is ſtoln from Ben Jonſon's New Inn; which I may rather term borrowed, for that Play miſcarrying in the action, I ſuppoſe they made uſe of it with Ben's conſent.

Lovers' Progreſs, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is built on a French Romance written by Mr. Daudiguier, called Lyſander and Caliſta.

Loyal Subject, a Tragi-Comedy.

Mad Lover, a Tragi-Comedy. The deſign of Cleanthe's ſuborning the Prieſtleſs to give a falſe oracle in favour of her brother

brother Syphax, is borrowed from the ſtory of Mundus and Paulina, deſcribed at large by Joſephus, lib. 18. cap. 4. This Play Sir Aſton Cokain has chiefly commended in his Copy of Verſes on Mr. Fletcher's Plays. See the Verſes before this Edition; and Cokain's Poems, p. 101.

Maid in the Mill, a Comedy. This Play amongſt others, has likewiſe been revived by the Duke's Houſe. The plot of Antonio, Iſmenia, and Aminta, is borrowed from Gerardo, a Romance tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Don Gonzalo de Ceſpides, and Moneces; ſee the Story of Don Jayme, p. 350. As to the plot of Otrante's ſeizing Florimel the miller's ſuppoſed daughter, and attempting her chaſtity: 'Tis borrowed from an Italian novel writ by Bandello; a tranſlation of which into French, the Reader may find in *Les Hiſtoires Tragiques, par* M. Belleforeſt, *tom.* 1. *hiſt.* 12. The ſame ſtory is related by M. Goulart; ſee *Les Hiſtoires admirables de nôtre tems*, 8vo. *tom.* 1. p. 212.

Maid's Tragedy, a Play which has always been acted with great applauſe at the King's Theatre; and which had ſtill continued on the Engliſh ſtage, had not King Charles the Second, for ſome particular reaſons, forbid its further appearance during his reign. It has ſince been revived by Mr. Waller, the laſt act having been wholly altered to pleaſe the court. This laſt act is publiſhed in Mr. Waller's Poems, printed in 8vo. London, 1711.

Maſque of Grays-Inn Gentlemen, and the Inner-Temple. This Maſque was written by Mr. Beaumont alone, and preſented before the King and Queen in the Banqueting-Houſe of Whitehall, at the marriage of the Illuſtrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Prince and Princeſs Palatine of the Rhine.

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy, which not long ſince appeared on the preſent ſtage under the name of Trick for Trick.

Nice Valour, or *The Paſſionate Mad-man*, a Comedy.

Night-Walker, or *The Little Thief*, a Comedy, which I have ſeen acted by the King's Servants, with great applauſe, both in the city and country.

Noble Gentleman, a Comedy which was lately revived by Mr. Durfey, under the title of The Fools Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunſtable.

Philaſter, or *Love Lies a-Bleeding*, a Tragi-Comedy which has always been acted with ſucceſs, and has been the diverſion of the ſtage, even in theſe days. This was the firſt Play that brought theſe excellent Authors in eſteem; and this Play was one of thoſe that were repreſented at the old Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields, when the women acted alone. The Prologue and

and Epilogue were ſpoken by Mrs. Marſhal, and printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 18. About this time there was a Prologue written on purpoſe for the women by Mr. Dryden, and is printed in his Miſcellany Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

Pilgrim, a Comedy which was revived ſome years ſince, and a Prologue ſpoke, which the Reader may find in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 12.

Propheteſs, a Tragical Hiſtory, which has lately been revived by Mr. Dryden, under the title of The Propheteſs, or The Hiſtory of Dioclefian, with Alterations and Additions after the manner of an Opera, repreſented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed 4to. London, 1690. For the plot conſult Euſebius lib. 8. Nicephorus lib. 6. and 7. Vopiſc. Car. & Carin. Aur. Victoris Epitome. Eutropius lib. 9. Baronius An. 204. *&c.* Oroſius, l. 7. c. 16. Coeffeteau, l. 20, *&c.*

Queen of Corinth, a Tragi-Comedy.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, a Tragi-Comedy which within theſe few years has been acted with applauſe, at the Queen's Theatre in Dorſet-Garden.

Scornful Lady, a Comedy acted with good applauſe, even in theſe times, at the Theatre in Dorſet-Garden. Mr. Dryden has condemned the concluſion of this Play, in reference to the converſion of Moorcraft the uſurer; but whether this cataſtrophe be excuſable, I muſt leave to the critics.

Sea-Voyage, a Comedy lately revived by Mr. Durfey, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women. This Play is ſuppoſed by Mr. Dryden, (as I have obſerved) to be copied from Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt.

'The ſtorm which vaniſh'd on the neighbouring ſhore,
'Was taught by Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt firſt to roar;
'That innocence and beauty which did ſmile
'In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted iſle.'

Spaniſh Curate, a Comedy frequently revived with general applauſe. The plot of Don Henrique, Aſcanio, Violante, and Jacintha, is borrowed from Gerardo's Hiſtory of Don John, p. 202. and that of Leandro, Bartolus, Amarantha, and Lopez, from The Spaniſh Curate of the ſame Author, p. 214, *&c.*

Thierry and Theodoret, a Tragedy. This Play is accounted by ſome an excellent old Play; the plot of it is founded on hiſtory. See the French Chronicles in the reign of Clotaire the Second. See Fredegarius Scholaſticus, Aimoinus Monachus Floriacenſis, De Serres, Mezeray, Criſpin, &c.

Two Noble Kinſmen, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play was written by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Shakeſpeare. The ſtory is taken from Chaucer's Knight's Tale, which Mr. Dryden

has admirably put into modern Engliſh; it is the firſt Poem in his Fables.

Valentinian, a Tragedy revived not long ago by that great wit, the earl of Rocheſter; acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in 4to. 1685, with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. For the plot ſee the writers of thoſe times; as Caſſidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hiſt. Evagrius, lib. 2. Procopius, &c.

Wife for a Month, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is in my poor judgment well worth reviving, and with the alteration of a judicious pen, would be an excellent drama. The character and ſtory of Alphonſo, and his brother Frederick's carriage to him much reſembles the hiſtory of Sancho the Eighth, King of Leon. I leave the Reader to the peruſal of his ſtory in Mariana, and Louis de Mayerne Turquet.

Wild-Gooſe Chaſe, a Comedy valued by the beſt judges of poetry.

Wit at Several Weapons, a Comedy which by ſome is thought very diverting; and poſſibly was the model on which the characters of the Elder Palatine and Sir Morglay Thwack were built by Sir William D' Avenant, in his Comedy called The Wits.

Wit without Money, a Comedy which I have ſeen acted at the Old Houſe in Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields with very great applauſe; the part of Valentine being played by that complete actor Major Mohun deceaſed. This was the firſt Play that was acted after the burning the King's Houſe in Drury-Lane; a new Prologue being writ for them by Mr. Dryden, printed in his Miſcellany Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

Woman-Hater, a Comedy. This Play was revived by Sir William D' Avenant, and a new Prologue (inſtead of the old one writ in proſe) was ſpoken, which the Reader may peruſe in Sir William's Works in folio, p. 249. This Play was one of thoſe writ by Fletcher alone.

Women Pleas'd, a Tragi-Comedy. The comical parts of this Play throughout between Bartello, Lopez, Iſabella, and Claudio, are founded on ſeveral of Boccace's Novels: See day 7. nov. 6. and 8. day 8. nov. 8.

Woman's Prize, or *The Tamer Tam'd*, a Comedy, written on the ſame foundation with Shakeſpeare's Taming of the Shrew; or which we may better call a Second Part or Counterpart to that admirable comedy. This was writ by Mr. Fletcher's pen likewiſe.

Mr.

MR. SEWARD'S PREFACE.

(OCTAVO, 1750.)

THE public at length receives a new edition of the two great Poets, who, with a fate in each caſe alike unjuſt, were extolled for near a century after their deaths, as *equals*, *rivals*, nay, *ſuperiors* to the immortal Shakeſpeare; but in the preſent age have been depreſſed beneath the ſmooth-poliſhed enervate iſſue of the *modern drama*. And as their fame has been ſo different with reſpect to other poets, ſo has it varied alſo between themſelves. Fletcher was a while ſuppoſed unable to riſe to any height of eminence, had not Beaumont's ſtronger arm bore him upwards. Yet no ſooner had he loſt that aid, and demonſtrated that it was delight and love, not neceſſity, which made him *ſoar abreaſt* with his amiable friend; but the ſtill injurious world began to ſtrip the plumes from Beaumont, and to dreſs Fletcher in the whole fame, leaving to the former nothing but the mere *pruning* of Fletcher's luxuriant wit, the *limæ labor*, the *plummet*, and the *rule*, but neither the *plan*, *materials*, *compoſition*, or *ornaments*. This is directly aſſerted in Mr. Cartwright's Commendatory Poem on Fletcher.

Who therefore wiſely did ſubmit each birth
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,
Working again until he ſaid, *'twas fit*,
And made him the *ſobriety* of his wit.

Tho' thus he call'd his *judge* into his *fame*,
And for that aid allow'd him *half the name*, &c.
See Cartwright's Poem below.

Mr. Harris, in his Commendatory Poem, makes Beaumont a mere dead weight hanging on the boughs of Fletcher's palm.

——— When thou didſt ſit
But as a joint commiſſioner in wit;
When it had *plummets* hung on to ſuppreſs
Its too-luxuriant growing mightineſs.
'Till as that tree which ſcorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'ſt to govern the whole ſtage alone.

I believe this extremely injurious to Beaumont; but as the opinion, or ſomething like it, has lived for ages, and is frequent at this day, it is time at length to reſtore Beaumont to the full rank of fellowſhip which he poſſeſſed when living, and to fix the ſtandard of their reſpective merits, before we ſhew the degree in which their united fame ought to be placed on the Britiſh Theatre.

Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Harris wrote thirty years after Beaumont's death, and twenty after Fletcher's; and none of the numerous contemporary poems, publiſhed with theirs before the firſt folio edition of our Authors, degrade Beaumont ſo very low as theſe. Sir John Berkenhead allows him a full *moiety* of the fame, but ſeems to think his genius more turned to *grave ſublimity* than to ſprightlineſs of imagination.

Fletcher's keen *treble*, and deep Beaumont's *baſe*.

Thus has this line of Sir John's been hitherto read and underſtood, but its authenticity in this light will be diſputed when we come to that poem, and the juſtneſs of the character at preſent. We have among the Commendatory Poems, one of Mr. Earle's, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, and ten years before Fletcher's: He ſeems to have been an acquaintance

acquaintance as well as contemporary, and his teſtimony ought to have much more weight than all the traditional opinions of thoſe who wrote thirty years after. He aſcribes to Beaumont three firſt-rate plays; The Maid's Tragedy, Philaſter, and The King and No King. The firſt of theſe has a *grave ſublimity* mingled with more *horror and fury* than are frequently ſeen among the *gay-ſpirited* ſcenes of Fletcher, and probably gave riſe to the report of Beaumont's deep baſe. But there is ſcarce a more lively-ſpirited character in all their plays than Philaſter, and I believe Beaumont aimed at drawing a Hamlet racked with Othello's love and jealouſy. The King and No King too is extremely ſpirited in all its characters; Arbaces holds up a mirror to all men of *virtuous principles* but *violent paſſions:* Hence he is as it were at once *magnanimity* and *pride, patience* and *fury, gentleneſs* and *rigor, chaſtity* and *inceſt,* and is one of the fineſt mixture of virtues and vices that any poet has drawn, except the Hotſpur of Shakeſpeare, and the *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis Acer,* of Homer. (For a defence of this character againſt Mr. Rymer's cavils, ſee the concluding note on King and No King.) Beſſus and his two Swordſmen in this play are infinitely the livelieſt comic characters of mere bragging cowards which we have in our language; and if they do not upon the whole equal the extenſive and inimitable humours of Falſtaff and his *companions,* they leave all other characters of the ſame ſpecies, even Shakeſpeare's own Parolles far behind them.

Our excellent Congreve has conſolidated the two Swordſmen to form his Captain Bluff. And be it his honour to have imitated ſo well, though he is far from reaching the originals. Beaumont lived in the age of *duelling* upon every ſlight punctilio. Congreve wrote his Bluff in the Flanders war: Times when a braggart was the moſt ridiculous of all characters; and ſo far was Beaumont from the ſuppoſed

grave ſolemn tragic poet only, that *comic humour*, particularly in drawing *cowardiſe*, ſeems his peculiar talent. For the ſpirit of Beſſus *paulum mutatus*, changed only ſo as to give a proper novelty of character, appears again in The Nice Valour; or, Paſſionate Madman. The traces of the ſame hand, ſo ſtrongly marked in this play, ſtrike a new light upon Beaumont's character. For in a letter to Jonſon, printed at the end of The Nice Valour, vol. x. he ſpeaks of himſelf not as a mere *corrector* of others works, but as a Poet of acknowledged eminence, and of The Nice Valour, and ſome other comedy, (which the publiſher of the ſecond folio[*] took for the Woman-Hater) as his plays (which muſt be underſtood indeed as chiefly his, not excluding Fletcher's aſſiſtance.) Now theſe two plays totally differ in their *manner* from all that Fletcher wrote alone: They conſiſt not of characters from real life, as Fletcher and Shakeſpeare draw theirs, but of *paſſions* and *humours perſoniz'd*, as *cowardiſe* in Lapet, *nice honour* in Shamont, the madneſs of different paſſions in the Madman, the love of *nice eating* in Lazarillo, the *hate of women* in Gonderino. This is Jonſon's *manner*, to whom in the letter quoted above, Beaumont indeed acknowledges that he owed it.

[*] The publiſhers of the ſecond folio added ſeveral genuine Songs, Prologues, Epilogues, and ſome lines in particular plays not contained in any former edition, which, by the account given, they perhaps got from either an old actor, or a playhouſe-prompter; they ſay, from a gentleman who had been intimate with both the Authors, they probably were directed by lights received from him to place The Woman-Hater directly before The Nice Valour, and to make this the other play which Beaumont claims. The Little French Lawyer, and The Knight of the Burning Peſtle, are moſt certainly two plays which Beaumont had a large ſhare in, for his hand is very viſible in the extreme droll character of The French Lawyer who runs *duello-mad*; the Prologue talks of the Authors in the plural number, and the ſtrain of high burleſque appears very ſimilar in the two characters of Lazarillo in The Woman-Hater, and Ralpho in The Burning Peſtle. Beaumont's name too is put firſt in the title-page of the firſt quarto of this laſt play, publiſhed a few years after Fletcher's death.

——— Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt comfort be
T' acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when theſe ſcenes are perfect we'll taſte wine:
I'll drink thy *muſe's* health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.

Does Jonſon (who is ſaid conſtantly to have conſulted Beaumont, and to have paid the greateſt deference to his judgment) does he, I ſay, treat him in his anſwer as a mere *critic*, and *judge* of others works only? No, but as an *eminent poet*, whom he loved with a zeal enough to kindle a love to his memory, as long as poetry delights the underſtanding, or friendſhip warms the heart.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muſe,
That unto me doſt ſuch religion uſe!
How I do fear myſelf, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!

See the remainder of this Poem III. of the Commendatory Verſes; ſee alſo the *firſt* of theſe Poems by Beaumont himſelf, the cloſe of which will ſufficiently confirm both his vigour of *imagination* and *ſprightlineſs* of *humour*. Having thus, we hope, diſperſed the cloud that for ages has darkened Beaumont's fame, let it again ſhine in full luſtre *Britanniæ ſidus alterum et decus gemellum*. And let us now examine the order and magnitude of this *poetic conſtellation*, and view the joint characters of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Theſe Authors are in a direct *mean* between Shakeſpeare and Jonſon, they do not reach the *amazing rapidity* and *immortal flights* of the former, but they ſoar with *more eaſe* and to *nobler heights* than the latter; they have leſs of the *os magna ſonans*, the *vivida vis animi*, the *noble enthuſiaſm*, the *muſe of fire*, the *terrible graces* of Shakeſpeare, but they have much more of

all theſe than Jonſon. On the other hand, in *literature* they much excel the former, and are excelled by the latter; and therefore they are more *regular* in their *plots* and more *correct* in their *ſentiments* and *diction* than Shakeſpeare, but leſs ſo than Jonſon. Thus far Beaumont and Fletcher are *one*, but as hinted above in this they differ; Beaumont ſtudied and followed Jonſon's manner, *perſonized* the *paſſions* and drew *Nature* in her *extremes*; Fletcher followed Shakeſpeare and *Nature* in her *uſual dreſs* (this *diſtinction* only holds with regard to their *comic works*, for in tragedies they all chiefly paint from *real life.*) Which of theſe *manners* is moſt excellent may be difficult to ſay; the former ſeems moſt *ſtriking*, the latter more *pleaſing*, the *former* ſhews *vice* and *folly* in the moſt ridiculous lights, the *latter* more fully ſhews each man himſelf, and unlocks the inmoſt receſſes of the heart.

Great are the names of the various *maſters* who followed the one and the other *manner*. Jonſon, Beaumont and Moliere liſt on one ſide; Terence, Shakeſpeare and Fletcher on the other.

But to return to our *duumvirate*, between whom two other ſmall differences are obſervable. Beaumont, as appears by various *teſtimonies* and chiefly by his own *letter* prefixed to the old folio edition of Chaucer, was a hard ſtudent; and for one whom the world loſt before he was *thirty*, had a ſurpriſing compaſs of literature: Fletcher was a *polite* rather than a *deep ſcholar*, and converſed with *men* at leaſt as much as with *books*. Hence the *gay ſprightlineſs* and natural *eaſe* of his young gentleman are allowed to be inimitable; in theſe he has been preferred by judges of candour even to Shakeſpeare himſelf. If Beaumont does not equal him in this, yet being by his *fortune* converſant alſo in high life (the ſon of a judge, as the other of a biſhop) he is in this too *alter ab illo*, a good *ſecond*, and almoſt a *ſecond ſelf*, as Philaſter, Amintor, Bacurius in the three firſt

plays,

plays, Count Valore, Oriana, Clerimont, Valentine, and others evidently ſhew.

This ſmall difference obſerved, another appears by no means ſimilar to it: Beaumont, we ſaid, chiefly ſtudied *books* and Jonſon; Fletcher, *Nature* and Shakeſpeare, yet ſo far was the *firſt* from following his *friend* and *maſter* in his frequent cloſe and almoſt ſervile imitations of the ancient *claſſics*, that he ſeems to have had a much greater confidence in the *fertility* and *richneſs* of his own imagination than even Fletcher himſelf: The *latter* in his *maſterpiece*, The Faithful Shepherdeſs, frequently imitates Theocritus and Virgil; in Rollo has taken whole ſcenes from Seneca, and almoſt whole acts from Lucan in The Falſe One. I do not blame him for this, his imitations have not the *ſtiffneſs*, which ſometimes appears (though not often) in Jonſon, but breathe the free and full air of *originals*; and accordingly Rollo [a] and The Falſe One are two of Fletcher's firſt-rate plays. But Beaumont, I believe, never condeſcended to *tranſlate* and rarely to *imitate*; however largely he was ſupplied with claſſic ſtreams, from his own *urn* all flows *pure* and *untinctured*. Here the two friends change places: Beaumont *riſes* in merit towards Shakeſpeare, and Fletcher deſcends towards Jonſon.

Having thus ſeen the features of theſe *twins* of poetry greatly *reſembling* yet ſtill diſtinct from each other, let us conclude that all reports which ſeparate and leſſen the fame of either of them are ill-grounded and falſe, that they were as Sir John Berkenhead calls them, *two full congenial ſouls*, or, as either Fletcher himſelf, or his ſtill greater *colleague*

[a] Rollo is in the firſt edition in quarto aſcribed to Fletcher alone, The Falſe One is one of thoſe plays that is more dubious as to its Authors. The Prologue ſpeaks of them in the plural number and 'tis probable that Beaumont aſſiſted in the latter part of it, but I believe not much in the two firſt acts, as theſe are ſo very much taken from Lucan, and the obſervation of Beaumont's not indulging himſelf in ſuch liberties holds good in all the plays in which he is known to have had the largeſt ſhare.

Shakeſpeare expreſſes it in their Two Noble Kinſmen. Vol. x. p. 32.

> They were an endleſs *mine* to one another;
> They were each others *wife*, ever begetting
> New births of wit.

They were both extremely remarkable for their *ready flow* of wit in *converſation* as well as *compoſition*, and *gentlemen* that remembered them, ſays Shirley, declare that on every occaſion they *talked a comedy*. As therefore they were ſo *twinned* in *genius, worth and wit, ſo lovely and pleaſant in their lives*, after death, let not their fame be ever again *divided*.

And now, Reader, when thou art fired into rage or melted into pity by their *tragic ſcenes*, charmed with the genteel elegance or burſting into laughter at their *comic humour*, canſt thou not drop the intervening ages, ſteal into Jonſon, Beaumont and Fletcher's *club-room* at the Mermaid, on a night when Shakeſpeare, Donn and others viſited them, and there join in ſociety with as great *wits* as ever this *nation*, or perhaps ever Greece or Rome could at one time boaſt? where animated each by the other's preſence, they even excelled themſelves;

> ——————— For *wit* is like a *reſt*,
> Held up at *tennis*, which men do the beſt
> With the beſt gameſters. What things have we ſeen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and ſo full of ſubtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole *wit* in a *jeſt*,
> And had reſolv'd to live a fool the reſt
> Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
> Wit able' enough to juſtify the *town*
> For three days paſt; *wit* that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk fooliſhly
> 'Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty; tho' but downright *fools*, *mere wiſe*.
>
> *Beaumont's Letter to Jonſon, vol. x.*

Hitherto

Hitherto the Reader has received only the *portraits* of our Authors without any proof of the ſimilitude and juſtice of the *draught*; nor can we hope that it will appear juſt from a mere curſory view of the originals. Many people read plays chiefly for the ſake of the *plot*, hurrying ſtill on for that diſcovery. The happy contrivance of ſurpriſing but natural incidents is certainly a very great beauty in the *drama*, and little writers have often made their advantages of it; they could contrive *incidents* to embarraſs and perplex the *plot*, and by that alone have ſucceeded and pleaſed, without perhaps a ſingle line of *nervous poetry*, a ſingle *ſentiment* worthy of memory, without a *paſſion* worked up with natural vigour, or a character of any diſtinguiſhed marks. The beſt *poets* have rarely made this *dramatic mechaniſm* their point. Neither Sophocles, Euripides, Terence, Shakeſpeare, Beaumont, Fletcher or Jonſon, are at all remarkable for forming a *labyrinth* of *incidents* and entangling their readers in a *pleaſing perplexity*: Our late dramatic poets learnt this from the French, and they from *romance-writers* and *noveliſts*. We could almoſt wiſh the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher to drop the expectation of the event of each ſtory, to attend with more care to the beauty and energy of the *ſentiments*, *diction*, *paſſions* and *characters*. Every good author pleaſes more, the more he is examined; (hence perhaps that *partiality* of *editors* to their *own authors*; by a more intimate acquaintance, they diſcover more of their beauties than they do of others) eſpecially when the *ſtile* and *manner* are quite *old-faſhioned*, and the beauties hid under the uncouthneſs of the dreſs. The *taſte* and *faſhion* of poetry varies in every age, and though our old dramatic writers are as preferable to the modern as Vandyke and Rubens to our modern painters, yet moſt eyes muſt be accuſtomed to their *manner* before they can diſcern their *excellencies*. Thus the very beſt plays of Shakeſpeare were forced

to

to be dreſſed *faſhionably* by the *poetic taylors* of the late ages before they could be admitted upon the ſtage, and a very few years ſince his *comedies* in general were under the higheſt contempt. Few very few durſt ſpeak of them with any ſort of regard, till the many excellent *criticiſms* upon that author made people ſtudy him, and ſome excellent *actors* revived theſe comedies, which completely opened mens eyes; and it is now become as *faſhionable* to admire as it had been to decry them.

Shakeſpeare therefore even in his *ſecond-beſt manner* being now generally admired, we ſhall endeavour to prove that his *ſecond-rate* and our Author's *firſt-rate beauties* are ſo near upon a par that they are ſcarce diſtinguiſhable. A Preface allows not room for ſufficient proofs of this, but we will produce at leaſt ſome parallels of poetic *diction* and *ſentiments*, and refer to ſome of the *characters* and *paſſions*.

The inſtances ſhall be divided into three claſſes: The firſt of paſſages where our Authors fall ſhort in compariſon of Shakeſpeare; the ſecond of ſuch as are not eaſily diſcerned from him; the third of thoſe where Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage.

In The Maid's Tragedy there is a ſimilar paſſage to one of Shakeſpeare, the compariſon of which alone will be no bad ſcale to judge of their different excellencies. Melantius the general thus ſpeaks of his friend Amintor.

> His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
> And one that never thinks his life his own
> If his friend need it: When he was a boy
> As oft as I returned (as, without boaſt
> I brought home conqueſt) he would gaze upon me,
> And view me round, to find in what one limb
> The virtue lay to do theſe things he heard;
> Then would he wiſh to ſee my ſword, and feel
> The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand
> Weigh it.—He oft would make me ſmile at this;
> His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe years
> Will ſee it all performed. *Vol. i. page 7.*

A youth

A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his ſword, feeling its edge, and poiſing it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expreſſive of the inward ardor and ecſtacy of ſoul: But what is moſt obſervable is,

——————— And in his hand
Weigh it——He oft, *&c.*

By this beautiful pauſe or break, the *action* and *picture* continue in view, and the Poet, like Homer, is *eloquent in ſilence.* It is a ſpecies of beauty that ſhews an intimacy with that *father of poetry*, in whom it occurs extremely often [3]. Milton has an exceeding fine one in the deſcription of his Lazar-Houſe.

——————— Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook,—but delay'd to ſtrike, *&c.*
Paradiſe Loſt, book xi. line 489.

As Shakeſpeare did not ſtudy *verſification* ſo much as thoſe poets who were converſant in Homer and Virgil, I don't remember in him any ſtriking inſtance of this ſpecies of beauty. But he even wanted it not, his *ſentiments* are ſo amazingly ſtriking, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the *beauty* and *nerves* adorning and invigorating the *thoughts* of other poets, to him are but like the *bodies of angels, azure vehicles*, through which the whole *ſoul* ſhines tranſparent. Of this take the following inſtance. The old Belarius in Cymbeline is deſcribing the in-born royalty of the two *princes* whom he had bred up as peaſants in his cave.

——————— This Paladour, (whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!

[3] See two noble inſtances at l. 141. of the 13th Book of the Iliad, and in the application of the ſame ſimile a few lines below.

When

When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: Say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foot on's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words.—

Cymbeline, act iii. ſcene iii.

Much the ſame difference as between theſe two paſſages occurs likewiſe in the following pictures of *rural melancholy*, the firſt of *innocence forlorn*, the ſecond of *philoſophic tenderneſs*.

——————I have a boy
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him ſitting by a fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himſelf
Of many ſeveral flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtic order that the rareneſs
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the cryſtal ſprings
Which did not ſtop their courſes; and the ſun
Which ſtill he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, order'd thus,
Expreſt his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The pretticſt lecture of his country art
That could be wiſh'd, ſo that methought I could
Have ſtudied it.— *Philaſter, vol. i. p.* 120.

Jaques in As You Like It is *moralizing* upon the fate of the deer goared by the hunters in their native confines.

The

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,

To day my lord of Amiens and myſelf
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtered ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much; then being alone
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company: Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion, *&c.*

As You Like It, act ii. ſcene i.

Shakeſpeare is certainly much preferable, but 'tis only as a Raphael is preferable to a Guido—Philaſter alone would afford numbers of paſſages ſimilar to ſome of Shakeſpeare's, upon which the ſame obſervation will hold true, they are not equal to his very *beſt manner*, but they approach near it. As I have mentioned Jonſon being in poetic energy about the ſame diſtance below our Authors, as Shakeſpeare is above them, I ſhall quote three paſſages which ſeem to me in this very *ſcale*. Jonſon tranſlates *verbatim* from

from Saluſt great part of Catiline's ſpeech to his ſoldiers, but adds in the cloſe:

> Methinks, I ſee Death and the Furies waiting
> What we will do; and all the Heaven at leiſure
> For the great ſpectacle. Draw then your ſwords:
> And if our Deſtiny envy our Virtue
> The honour of the day, yet let us care
> To ſell ourſelves at ſuch a price, as may
> Undo the world to buy us; and make Fate
> While ſhe tempts ours, fear for her own eſtate.
>
> *Catiline, act v.*

Jonſon has here added greatly to the *ferocity*, *terror* and *deſpair* of Catiline's ſpeech, but it is conſonant to his character both in his life and death. The image in the three firſt lines is extremely noble, and may be ſaid to emulate though not quite to reach the poetic exſtacy of the following paſſage in Bonduca. Suetonius the Roman general having his ſmall army hemmed round by multitudes, tells his ſoldiers that the number of the foes,

> Is but to ſtick more honour on your actions,
> Load you with virtuous names, and to your memories
> Tie never-dying Time and Fortune conſtant.
> Go on in full aſſurance, draw your ſwords
> As daring and as confident as Juſtice.
> The Gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye
> Pitch'd on the topleſs Apennine, and blows
> To all the under world, all nations, ſeas,
> And unfrequented deſarts where the ſnow dwells;
> Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
> Informs again the dead bones with your virtues*.

The four firſt lines are extremely nervous, but the image which appears to excel the noble one of Jonſon above, is Fame pitch'd on mount Apennine (whoſe top is ſuppoſed viewleſs from its ſtupendous

[* Is but to ſtick, &c.—*Mr. Seward has in this paſſage amended the punctuation, which in the former copies materially injured the ſenſe. The Reader is deſired to conſult the lection of the preſent Edition, and the Note, vol. vi. p.* 323-4.]

height)

height) and from thence ſounding their *virtues* ſo loud that the dead awake and are re-animated to hear them. The cloſe of the ſentiment is extremely in the ſpirit of Shakeſpeare and Milton, the former ſays of a ſtorm——

That with the hurly Death itſelf awakes;

Milton in Comus, deſcribing a lady's ſinging, ſays;

He took in ſounds that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of Death.

To return to Shakeſpeare—With him we muſt ſoar far above the *topleſs* Apennine, and there behold an image much nobler than our Author's Fame.

For now ſits *Expectation* in the air [4],
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial.——
Chorus in Henry V. act ii. ſcene i.

As we ſhall now go on to the ſecond claſs, and quote paſſages where the hand of Shakeſpeare is not ſo eaſily diſcerned from our Author's, if the reader happens to remember neither, it may be entertaining to be left to gueſs at the different hands. Thus each of them deſcribing a beautiful boy.

——————— Dear lad, believe it,
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years

[4] *For now ſits Expectation*, &c.] See Mr. Warburton's juſt obſervation on the beauty of the imagery here. But, as *ſimilar beauties* do not always ſtrike the ſame taſte alike, another paſſage in this play that ſeems to deſerve the ſame admiration is rejected by this great man as not Shakeſpeare's. The French King ſpeaking of the Black Prince's victory at Creſſy, ſays,

'While that his *mountain Sire*, on *mountain* ſtanding,
"Up in the air crown'd with the golden ſun,
'Saw his heroic *ſeed*, and ſmil'd to ſee him
'Mangle the work of Nature.' Henry V. act ii. ſcene 4.

I have marked the line rejected, "and which ſeems to breathe the full ſoul of Shakeſpeare. The reader will find a defence and explanation of the whole paſſage at vol. x. p. 178. of this edition.

That

That ſay thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.

The other is

Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?

Thy brows and cheeks are ſmooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care ſeeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelf caves to abide in them.

The one is in Philaſter, page 131. The other in Twelfth-Night, act i. ſcene 4.—In the ſame page of Philaſter, there is a deſcription of *love*, which the reader, if he pleaſes, may compare to two deſcriptions of *love* in As You Like It—both by Silvia, but neither preferable to our Author's. I cannot quote half of thoſe which occur in the play of Philaſter alone, which bear the ſame degree of likeneſs as the laſt quoted paſſages, *i. e.* where the hands are ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed; but I will give one parallel more from thence, becauſe the paſſages are both extremely fine, though the hands from one ſingle expreſſion of Shakeſpeare's are more viſible, a prince deprived of his throne and betrayed as he thought in *love*, thus mourns his melancholy ſtate.

Oh! that I had been nouriſh'd in theſe woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The *right of crowns*, nor the diſſembling trains
Of *womens looks*; but dig'd myſelf a cave,
Where I [5], my fire, my cattle and my bed,
Might have been ſhut together in one ſhed;
And then had taken me ſome mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaſte as the harden'd rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the ſkins of beaſts
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breaſts
My large coarſe iſſue!

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[5] Juvenal, Sat. vi.

In

In the other, a king thus compares the ſtate of royalty to that of a private life.

No not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,
Not all theſe laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid Night, the child of hell:
But, like a lackey *, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave.
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king.

The inſtances of theſe two claſſes, particularly the former, where the exquiſite beauties of Shakeſpeare are not quite reach'd, are moſt numerous; and though the deſign of the notes in this edition was in general only to ſettle the text, yet in three of the plays, The Faithful Shepherdeſs, The Falſe One, and The Two Noble Kinſmen, that deſign is much enlarged, for reaſons there aſſigned. And if the Reader pleaſes to turn to theſe, he will find ſeveral parallels between Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Milton, that are moſt of them to be ranged under one of theſe claſſes: But there is a third claſs of thoſe inſtances where our Authors have been ſo happy as to ſoar above Shakeſpeare, and even where Shakeſpeare is not greatly beneath himſelf.

[* But like *a* lackey, &c.—*Seward propoſes altering* A *to* HIS; *for* A lackey *being* 'the idleſt of all ſervants,' 'the ſimile is abſurd;' *but* HIS lackey '(i. e. the lackey of Phœbus)' *means* 'one who follows 'the motions of the ſun as conſtant as a lackey does thoſe of his 'maſter.' *Is not this a diſtinction without a difference? or does Apollo keep but* one lackey?—*In ſupporting the variation, he makes ſome remarks (which we think unintereſting) on* remote antecedents, *and digreſſes on the ſubject of Richard mentioning* the formal Vice, Iniquity, *with which every Reader of Shakeſpeare's Commentators muſt be already ſurfeited.*]

In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, the forlorn Julia, diſguiſed as a boy, being aſked of Silvia how tall Julia was, anſwers:

> About my ſtature: For at Pentecoſt,
> When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
> Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
> And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown.
> And at that time I made her weep a-good,
> For I did play a lamentable part.
> Madam, 'twas Ariadne paſſioning
> For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight;
> Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
> That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
> Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
> If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow [6].
>
> *Act iv. ſcene the laſt.*

There is ſomething extremely tender, innocent, and delicate, in theſe lines of Shakeſpeare, but our Authors are far beyond this praiſe in their alluſion to the ſame ſtory. In the Maid's Tragedy, Aſpatia in like manner forſaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne; and after ſeveral fine reflexions upon Theſeus, ſays;

> But where's the lady?
> *Ant.* There, madam.
> *Aſp.* Fy, you have miſs'd it here, Antiphila,
> Theſe colours are not dull and pale enough,

[6] *If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.*] Whoever fully catches the tender melancholy of theſe lines, will know that Julia under ſuch diſtreſs could not feign a caſe ſo exactly the parallel of her own, without ſuch emotions as would ſpeak themſelves in every feature, and flow in tears from her eyes. She adds the laſt line therefore to take off the ſuſpicion of her being the real Julia; But would ſhe only ſay, that ſhe *felt* Julia's ſorrow formerly, when ſhe ſaw her weep? No! She muſt excuſe the preſent perturbation of her countenance, and the true reading moſt probably is:

> 'And would I might be dead,
> 'If I in thought feel not her very ſorrow.

This better agrees with the double meaning intended, and with Silvia's reply, who ſays,

> 'She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
> 'I *weep myſelf* to think upon thy words.'

[*The text is ſurely unexceptionable, and the alteration a needleſs refinement.*]

To

To ſhew a ſoul ſo full of miſery
As this ſad lady's was; do it by me;
Do it again by me the loſt Aſpatia,
And you ſhall find all true.—Put me' on th' wild iſland [7].

[7] *Put me' on th' wild iſland.*] I have given theſe lines as I think we ought to read them, but very different from what are printed in this edition. Four of the old *quarto's*, the *folio*, and the late *octavo* read,

And you ſhall find all true but *the wild iſland.*
I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now, and think, &c.

I obſerved to Mr. Theobald, that here was a glaring *poetical contradiction.* She ſays, you'll find all true except the *wild iſland,* and inſtantly ſhe is upon the iſland.

I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now, &c.

The wild iſland therefore in her imagination is as true as the reſt. The enthuſiaſm is noble, but wants a proper introduction, which the change only of a *b* for a *p* will tolerably give.

And you ſhall find all true.—Put the wild iſland;
I ſtand, &c.

But as there are numberleſs inſtances of many words, and particularly monoſyllables, being dropt from the text (of which there is one in the ſame page with theſe lines, and another in the ſame play, vol. i. p. 59. very remarkable) I ſuppoſe this to have happened here; for by reading *Put me on the wild iſland;—I ſtand upon,* &c. how nobly does ſhe ſtart as it were from *fancy* to *reality,* from the *picture* into the *life? Me' on th'* by eliſions common to all our old poets, may become one ſyllable in the pronunciation; but if we ſpeak them full, and make a twelve ſyllable verſe, it will have a hundred fellows in our Authors, and ſhould have had one but three lines below the paſſage here quoted.

Make a dull ſilence, till you feel a ſudden *ſadneſs*
Give us new ſouls.

As Aſpatia's grief had been of long continuance, *ſudden* was evidently corrupt, and I therefore propoſed to Mr. Theobald to read *ſullen,* which is an epithet perfectly proper and extremely nervous; but as he could by no means be perſuaded to mention the former conjecture, and the only objection he urged was, that it made a twelve-ſyllable verſe, he would not let one of twelve ſyllables remain ſo near it; and therefore without authority of any prior edition, diſcarded the epithet intirely from the text, and adopted the reading of the firſt quarto in the former paſſage.

Suppoſe *I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now,* &c.

As this is much the moſt unpoetical of all the readings, and the firſt introducers of the text in the intermediate editions claim their corrections from the original manuſcript, I can by no means approve the choice he has made.

[*We cannot perceive any neceſſity for theſe variations; the oldeſt quarto is therefore followed in this Edition.*—But *is certainly preferable*

I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown by the wind,
Wild as that deſart, and let all about me
Be teachers of my ſtory; do my face
(If thou hadſt ever feeling of a ſorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila; ſtrive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leafleſs; let the rocks
Groan with continual ſurges, and behind me
Make all a deſolation; ſee, ſee, wenches,
A miſerable *life* of this poor picture. *Vol. i. p.* 38.

Whoever has ſeen either the original or print of Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne will have the beſt *comment* on theſe lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughneſs of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafleſs trees, and in both ſhe looks like *Sorrow's monument*. So that exactly *ut pictura poeſis*; and hard it is to ſay, whether our Authors or Guido *painted beſt*. I ſhall refer to the note below for a farther comment, and proceed to another inſtance of ſuperior excellence in our Authors, and where they have more evidently built on Shakeſpeare's foundation. At the latter-end of King John the King has received a *burning poiſon*; and being aſked,

How fares your majeſty?
K. John. Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To truſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Thro' my burnt boſom; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not aſk you much,
I beg cold comfort.

The firſt and laſt lines are to be ranged among

able to put, *with Seward's* eliſions; *and* ſuppoſe, *at the beginning of the line, ſeems much better than* and think *at the end, as it continues the dialogue more eaſily. As to* ſudden, *Theobald's ſilent omiſſion is very faulty; the expreſſion is dark, but we cannot find that* ſullen *at all aſſiſts it.*]

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the *faults* that ſo much diſgrace Shakeſpeare, which he committed to pleaſe the corrupt taſte of the age he liv'd in, but to which Beaumont and Fletcher's learning and fortune made them ſuperior. The intermediate lines are extremely beautiful, and marked as ſuch by the late great editor, but yet are much improved in two plays of our Authors, the firſt in Valentinian, where the Emperor poiſoned in the ſame manner, dies with more *violence*, *fury*, and *horror*, than King John; but the paſſage which I ſhall quote is from A Wife for a Month, a play which does not upon the whole equal the poetic ſublimity of Valentinian, though it rather excels it in the poiſoning ſcene. The prince Alphonſo, who had been long in a phrenzy of melancholy, is poiſoned with a hot fiery potion; under the agonies of which he thus raves.

Give me more air, more air, air; blow, blow, blow,
Open thou Eaſtern gate, and blow upon me;
Diſtil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run thro' my afflicted ſpirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire; the raging Dog-ſtar
Reigns in my blood; oh, which way ſhall I turn me?
Ætna and all her flames burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean or I periſh.
Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the ſprings fly up,
The cold, cold ſprings, that I may leap into them,
And bathe my ſcorch'd limbs in their *purling pleaſures*;
Or ſhoot me into the higher region,
Where treaſures of delicious ſnow are nouriſh'd,
And banquets of ſweet hail.
Rug. Hold him faſt, friar,
Oh, how he burns!
Alph. What, will ye ſacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incenſe;
And, as I turn me, you ſhall ſee all flame,
Conſuming flame. Stand off me, or you're aſhes.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Mart. To bed, good Sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me;

Like Phaeton, in all-conſuming flaſhes
Am I enclos'd; let me fly, let me fly, give room;
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
Lies my ſafe way; oh, for a cake of ice now
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my ſhoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen iſicles,
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me.
My eyes burn out and ſink into their ſockets,
And my infected brain like brimſtone boils;
I live in hell and ſeveral furies vex me.
Oh, carry me where never ſun e'er ſhew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is cryſtal,
Never to be diſſolv'd, where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping froſts and winds,
That cut the ſtubborn rocks, and make them ſhiver;
Set me there, friends.———

Every reader of taſte will ſee how ſuperior this is to the quotation from Shakeſpeare. The images are vaſtly more numerous, more judicious, more nervous, and the paſſions are wrought up to the higheſt pitch; ſo that it may be fairly preferred to every thing of its kind in all Shakeſpeare, except one ſcene of Lear's madneſs, which it would emulate too, could we ſee ſuch an excellent comment on it as Lear receives from his repreſentative on the ſtage.

As theſe laſt quotations are not only ſpecimens of *diction* and *ſentiment*, but of *paſſions* inflamed into *poetic enthuſiaſm*; I ſhall refer the reader to ſome other parallels of *paſſions* and *characters* that greatly reſemble, and ſometimes rival the ſpirit and ſublimity of Shakeſpeare. He will pleaſe therefore to compare the *phrenzy* and the whole ſweet *character* of the Jailor's Daughter in the Two Noble Kinſmen to Ophelia in Hamlet, where the *copy* is ſo extremely like the *original* that either the ſame *hand* drew both, or Fletcher's is not to be diſtinguiſhed from Shakeſpeare's:—To compare the deaths of Pontius and Æcius in Valentinian with that of Caſſius, Brutus and their friends in Julius Cæſar, and if he *admires* a little leſs, he will *weep* much more; it more excels

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in the *pathetic* than it falls ſhort in *dignity*:—To compare the *character* and *paſſions* of Cleopatra in the Falſe One, to thoſe of Shakeſpeare's Cleopatra:—To compare the pious deprecations and grief-mingled fury of Edith (upon the murder of her father by Rollo, in the Bloody Brother) to the *grief* and *fury* of Macduff, upon his wife and children's murder. Our Authors will not, we hope, be found *light* in the *ſcale* in any of theſe inſtances, though their *beam* in general fly ſome little *upwards*, it will ſometimes at leaſt tug hard for a *poiſe*. But be it allowed, that, as in *diction* and *ſentiment*, ſo in *characters* and *paſſions*, Shakeſpeare in general excels, yet here too a very ſtrong inſtance occurs of preeminence in our Authors. It is Juliana in the Double Marriage, who, through her whole *character*, in conjugal fidelity, unſhaken conſtancy and amiable tenderneſs, even more than rivals the Portia of Shakeſpeare, and her *death* not only far excels the others, but even the moſt *pathetic deaths* that Shakeſpeare has any where deſcribed or exhibited; King Lear's with Cordelia dead in his arms, moſt reſembles, but by no means equals it; the grief, in this caſe, only puſhes an *old man* into the *grave*, already *half buried* with age and misfortunes; in the other, it is ſuch *conſummate horror*, as in a few minutes *freezes youth and beauty* into a *monumental ſtatue*. The laſt parallel I ſhall mention, ſhall give Shakeſpeare his due preference, where our Authors very viſibly emulate but cannot reach him. It is the quarrel of Amintor and Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy compared to that of Brutus and Caſſius. The beginning of the quarrel is upon as juſt grounds, and the paſſions are wrought up to as great violence, but there is not ſuch extreme *dignity* of character, nor ſuch noble ſentiments of *morality* in either Amintor or Melantius as in Brutus [8].

[8] One *key* to Amintor's heroiſm and diſtreſs, will, I believe, ſolve all the objections that have been raiſed to this ſcene; which will vaniſh at once by only an *occaſional conformity* to our Authors *ethical* and *political*

Having thus given, we hope, pretty ſtrong proofs of our Authors excellence in the *ſublime*, and ſhewn how near they approach in ſplendor to the *great ſun* of the Britiſh Theatre; let us now juſt touch on their *comedies* and draw one parallel of a very different kind. Horace makes a doubt whether *comedy* ſhould be called *poetry* or not, *i. e.* whether the comedies of Terence, Plautus, Menander, &c. ſhould be eſteemed ſuch, for in its own nature there is a *comic poetic diction* as well as a *tragic* one; a diction which Horace himſelf was a great maſter of, though it had not then been uſed in the *drama*; for even the ſublimeſt ſentiments of Terence, when his *comedy raiſes its voice* to the greateſt dignity, are ſtill not cloathed in *poetic diction*. The Britiſh *drama* which before Jonſon received only ſome little improvement from the *models* of Greece and Rome, but ſprung chiefly from their own *moralities*, and *religious farces*; and had a birth extremely ſimilar to what the Grecian *drama* originally ſprung from; differed in its growth from the Greeks chiefly in two particulars. The latter ſeparated the *ſolemn* parts of their religious ſhews from the *ſatiric farcical* parts of them, and ſo formed the diſtinct ſpecies of *tragedy* and *comedy*; the Britons

political principles. They held *paſſive obedience* and *non-reſiſtance to princes* an indiſpenſable duty; a doctrine which Queen Elizabeth's goodneſs made her ſubjects fond of imbibing, and which her *ſucceſſor's king-craft* with far different views, carried to its higheſt pitch. In this period, our Authors wrote, and we may as well quarrel with Taſſo for Popery, or with Homer and Virgil for Heatheniſm, as with our Authors for this principle. It is therefore the violent ſhocks of the higheſt provocations ſtruggling with what Amintor thought his eternal duty; of *nature* rebelling againſt *principle* (as a famous Partiſan for this doctrine in Queen Ann's reign expreſſed it, when he happened not to be in the miniſtry) which drive the *heroic youth* into that *phrenzy*, which makes him challenge his deareſt friend for eſpouſing too revengefully his own quarrel againſt the *ſacred majeſty* of the moſt *abandonedly wicked king*. The ſame *key* is neceſſary to the heroiſm of Ætius, Aubrey, Archas, and many others of our Author's characters; in all which the reader will perhaps think, there is ſomething unnaturally abſurd; but the abſurdity is wholly chargeable on the doctrine not on the Poets.

were

were not ſo happy, but ſuffered them to continue united, even in hands of as great or greater poets than Sophocles and Euripides. But they had far better ſucceſs in the ſecond inſtance. The Greeks appropriated the ſpirit and nerves of poetry to *tragedy* only, and though they did not wholly deprive the *comedy* of metre, they left it not the ſhadow of *poetic diction* and *ſentiment*;

Idcirco quidam, comœdia necne poema
Eſſet, quæſivêre: Quod acer ſpiritus ac vis
Nec verbis nec rebus ineſt.

The Britons not only retained metre in their comedies, but alſo all the *acer ſpiritus*, all the ſtrength and nerves of poetry, which was in a good meaſure owing to the happineſs of our blank verſe, which at the ſame time that it is capable of the higheſt *ſublimity*, the moſt extenſive and nobleſt *harmony* of the *tragic* and *epic*; yet when uſed familiarly is ſo near the *ſermo pedeſtris*, ſo eaſy and natural as to be well adapted even to the drolleſt *comic dialogue*. The French common metre is the very reverſe of this; it is much too ſtiff and formal either for *tragedy* or *comedy*, unable to riſe with proper dignity to the ſublimity of the one, or to deſcend with eaſe to the jocoſe familiarity of the other. Beſides the cramp of rhime every line is cut aſunder by ſo ſtrong a *cæſure*, that in Engliſh we ſhould divide it into the *three-foot ſtanza*, as

When Fanny blooming fair
  Firſt caught my raviſh'd ſight,
Struck with her ſhape and air
  I felt a ſtrange delight*.

Take one of the rhimes from theſe, and write them in two lines, they are exactly the ſame with the French *tragic* and *epic* metre.

When Fanny blooming fair, firſt caught my raviſh'd ſight,
Struck with her air and ſhape, I felt a ſtrange delight.

[* *This is the firſt ſtanza of a ſong by Lord Cheſterfield.* R.]

In

In a language where this is their ſublimeſt meaſure, no wonder that their greateſt poet ſhould write his *Telemaque* an Epic Poem in proſe. Every one muſt know that the *genteel parts of comedy*, deſcriptions of polite life, moral ſentences, paternal fondneſs, filial duty, generous friendſhip, and particularly the delicacy and tenderneſs of lovers' ſentiments are equally proper to poetry in *comedy* as *tragedy*; in theſe things there is no ſort of real difference between the two, and what the Greeks and Latins formed had no foundation in nature; our old poets therefore made no ſuch difference, and their comedies in this reſpect vaſtly excel the Latins and Greeks. Jonſon who reformed many faults of our *drama*, and followed the plans of Greece and Rome very cloſely in moſt inſtances, yet preſerved the poetic fire and diction of comedy as a great excellence. How many inſtances of inimitable *poetic beauties* might one produce from Shakeſpeare's *comedies?* Not ſo many yet extremely numerous are thoſe of our Authors, and ſuch as in an ancient claſſic would be thought *beauties* of the firſt magnitude. Theſe lie before me in ſuch variety, that I ſcarce know where to fix. But I'll confine myſelf chiefly to *moral ſentiments*. In the Elder Brother, Charles the ſcholar thus ſpeaks of the joys of *literature*; being aſked by his father——

——————Nor will you
Take care of my eſtate?
Char. But in my wiſhes;
For know, Sir, that the wings on which my ſoul
Is mounted, have long ſince borne her too high
To ſtoop to any prey that ſoars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,
In that groſs element fix all their happineſs;
But purer ſpirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
T' enjoy myſelf; that place that does contain
My *books*, the beſt companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converſe
With the old *ſages* and *philoſophers*;

And

And ſometimes, for variety, I confer
With *kings* and *emperors*, and weigh their counſels;
Calling their *victories*, if unjuſtly got,
Unto a ſtrict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd *ſtatues*. *Vol. ii. p.* 123.

In Monſieur Thomas, a youth in love with his *friend*'s intended wife, after reſiſting the greateſt temptations of *paſſion*, is thus encouraged by the young *lady* to perſevere in his integrity.

Francis. Whither do you drive me?
Cellide. Back to your *honeſty*, make that good ever,
'Tis like a ſtrong-built *caſtle* ſeated high,
That draws on all *ambitions*; ſtill repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thouſand *foes*,
Beſide the tyrant *beauty* will aſſail it.
Look to your *centinels* that watch it hourly,
Your *eyes*, let them not wander,———
———Keep your *ears*,
The two main *ports* that may betray ye, ſtrongly
From *light belief* firſt, then from *flattery*,
Eſpecially where *woman* beats the *parley*;
The *body* of your *ſtrength*, your noble *heart*
From ever yielding to diſhoneſt ends,
Ridg'd round about with *virtue*, that no *breaches*,
No ſubtle *mines* may find you[9].

[9] Our Authors, in carrying the metaphor of a *citadel* compared to the *mind* through ſo many diviſions, ſeem to have built on the foundation of St. Paul, who in like manner carries on a metaphor from *armour* through its ſeveral parts. Epheſians vi. 11.

Put on the whole armour of God—having your *loins* girt about with *Truth*, and having on the *Breaſt-plate of Righteouſneſs*.—Above all, taking the *Shield* of *Faith*, wherewith ye ſhall be able to quench all the *fiery Darts* of the wicked; and take the *Helmet* of *Salvation*, and the ſword of the *Spirit* which is the *Word of God*. See alſo the ſame metaphor in Iſaiah lix. 17. from whom St. Paul took his. Were I to quote our Author's frequent reſemblance to the ſtile and ſentiments of the *Scriptures*, another very large field would open to us; and this would help us to the ſolution of two queſtions, which they who have a juſt taſte of the excellencies of our old Engliſh Poets naturally aſk: 1. How came the Britiſh muſe in the very infancy of literature, when but juſt ſprung from the dark womb of monkiſh ſuperſtition, to riſe at once to ſuch maturity, as ſhe did in Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonſon and Maſſenger? 2. What ſpirit is it that has animated the *frozen foggy genius of Britain* into a nobler

As Cellide had before uſed a *light behaviour* in trial of his virtue, upon finding it only a *trial*, and receiving from her this virtuous lecture, he rejoins;

> ——————How like the ſun
> Labouring in his *eclipſe*, *dark* and *prodigious*
> She ſhew'd till now? when having won his way,
> How full of wonder he *breaks out* again
> And ſheds his *virtuous beams?*

Such paſſages as theſe are frequent in our Authors *comedies*; were they expreſt only in genteel proſe, they would rank with the very nobleſt paſſages of

a nobler and fiercer flame of *poetry* than was ever yet kindled in the bright invigorating climes of France and modern Italy; inſomuch, that a Gallic and Italian eye is dazzled and offended at the brightneſs of the nobleſt expreſſions of Milton, and the Authors above-mentioned? We anſwer. It was no leſs a Spirit than the *Spirit of God*, it was the *Sun of Righteouſneſs*, the *hallowed Light of the Scriptures* that was juſt then riſen on the Britiſh clime, but is ſtill hid in clouds and darkneſs to France and Italy. A *light* to which the brighteſt ſtrokes of Milton and Shakeſpeare are but as the rays of the mid-day *ſun*, when compared to that *ineffable inconceivable luſtre* which ſurrounds the *throne* of *God*. When the zeal of religion ran high, and a collection of far the *nobleſt poems* that were ever wrote in the world, thoſe of Job, David, Iſaiah and all the Prophets were daily read, and publicly, ſolemnly and learnedly commented upon, in almoſt every town in the kingdom; when every man thought it a diſgrace not to ſtudy them in private, and not to treaſure the nobleſt parts of them in his memory, what wonder was it that our Poets ſhould catch ſo much of the ſacred fire, or that the Britiſh *genius* ſhould be arrayed with the beams of the Eaſt? But when the love of the *ſcriptures* waxed faint, the *nerves* of our *poetry* grew in the ſame proportion weak and languid. One of the beſt means therefore to gain a true taſte of the extreme poetic ſublimity of the ſacred *Scriptures*, is to converſe with thoſe *poets* whoſe ſtile and ſentiments moſt reſemble them. And the very beſt means to reſtore the Britiſh *genius* to its priſtin vigour, and to create other Shakeſpeares and other Miltons, is to promote the ſtudy, love and admiration of thoſe Scriptures.

A concurrent cauſe, which raiſed the ſpirit of *poetry* to ſuch a height in *Queen* Elizabeth's *reign*, was the encouragement and influence of the *Queen* herſelf; to whom *polite literature* was the moſt courtly accompliſhment. Look into Spenſer's Deſcription of her Lords and Favourites, and you'll find a *learned Queen* made a whole court of Poets, juſt as an *amorous monarch* afterwards made every flowery courtier write romance; and martial princes have turned intimidated armies into heroes.

Terence,

Terence, but what reaſon upon earth can be aſſigned, *but mere faſhion*, why, becauſe they are parts of *comedies*, they ſhould be weakened and flattened into proſe [10] by drawing the *ſinews* of their *ſtrength* and *eclipſing* thoſe *poetic beams* that ſhed vigour, life and luſtre on every ſentiment?——

Such *poetic* excellence therefore will the Reader find in the genteel parts of our Author's *comedies*, but, as before hinted, there is a *poetic ſtile* often equally proper and excellent even in the loweſt *drollery of comedy*. Thus when the jocoſe old Miramont in the Elder Brother catches auſtere ſolemn *magiſtrate* Briſac endeavouring to debauch his *ſervant's wife*—Before he breaks in upon him, he ſays;

> Oh, th' infinite frights that will aſſail this gentleman!
> The *quartans*, *tertians*, and *quotidians*,
> That'll hang, like *ſergeants*, on his *worſhip's* ſhoulders!
> How will thoſe ſolemn looks appear to me,
> And that *ſevere face* that *ſpake chains and ſhackles!*

How ſmall a change of the comic words would turn this into the ſublime? ſuppoſe it ſpoke of Nero by one who knew he would be at once deſerted by the *ſenate* and *army*, and given up to the fury of the *people*.

> What infinite frights will ſoon aſſail the tyrant?
> What *terrors* like ſtern *lictors* will arreſt him?
> How will that fierce terrific eye appear,
> Whoſe ſlighteſt bend ſpake dungeons, chains, and death?

Such as the former, is the general ſtile of our Author's drollery, particularly of Fletcher's; Beaumont deals chiefly in another ſpecies, the *burleſque epic*.

[10] There is much leſs *proſe* left in this edition than there was in all the former; in which the *meaſure* was often moſt miſerably neglected. Wit Without Money, the very firſt Play which fell to my lot to prepare for the preſs after Mr. Theobald's death, was all printed as proſe, except about twenty lines towards the end; but the Reader will now find it as true meaſure as almoſt any *comedy* of our Authors.

Thus

Thus when the Little comic French Lawyer is run *fighting-mad*, and his *antagoniſt* excepts againſt his ſhirt for not being *laced* (as gentlemen's ſhirts of that age uſed to be) he anſwers,

> Baſe and degenerate couſin, doſt not know
> An old and tatter'd colours to an enemy,
> Is of more honour, and ſhews more ominous?
> This ſhirt five times victorious I've fought under,
> And cut thro' ſquadrons of your curious *cut-works*,
> As I will do thro' thine; ſhake and be ſatisfy'd.

This *ſtile* runs thro' many of Beaumont's characters, beſide La-Writ's, as Lazarillo, the Knight of the Burning-Peſtle, Beſſus's two Swordſmen, *&c.* and he has frequent alluſions to and even parodies of the ſublimeſt parts of Shakeſpeare; which both Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald look upon as *ſneers* upon a poet of greater eminence than the ſuppoſed *ſneerer* (a very great [11] crime if true) but I believe it an entire *miſtake*. The nature of this *burleſque epic* requires the frequent uſe of the moſt known and moſt acknowledged expreſſions of ſublimity, which applied to low objects render *them*, not the *author* of thoſe expreſſions, ridiculous. Almoſt all men of wit make the ſame uſe of Shakeſpeare and Milton's expreſſions in common converſation without the leaſt thought of ſneering either; and indeed if every quotation from Shakeſpeare thus jocularly applied is a real *ſneer* upon him, then all *burleſque ſublime* is a *ſneer* upon the *real ſublime*, and Beaumont ſneered himſelf as well as Shakeſpeare.

From theſe three ſhort ſpecimens the reader will form, we hope, a juſt idea of the three ſtiles

[11] For a further defence of our Authors from this imputation, ſee note 43 of The Little French Lawyer, and note 32 of The Woman-Hater. In both which there is a miſtake with regard to the Author of thoſe Plays. When I wrote the notes, I ſuppoſed it Fletcher, till Beaumont's letter at the end of The Nice Valour, gave me a key, which is given to the Reader in the firſt ſection of the Preface, and which explains the difference of *manner* between Beaumont and Fletcher.

uſed

uſed in our Author's *Comedies*, the *ſublime*, the *droll poetic*, and the *burleſque ſublime*. There is indeed a ſmall mixture of *proſe*, which is the only part of our old dramatic poets ſtile that moderns have vouchſafed to imitate. Did they acknowledge the truth, and confeſs their inability to riſe to the *ſpirit*, *vigour*, and *dignity* of the other *ſtiles*, they were pardonable. But far from it, our reform'd taſte calls for *proſe* only, and before Beaumont and Fletcher's plays can be endur'd by ſuch *Attic ears*, they muſt be *corrected* into *proſe*, as if, becauſe well-brew'd *porter* is a wholeſome draught, therefore *claret* and *burgundy* muſt be daſhed with *porter* before they were drinkable. For a true ſpecimen of our *modern taſte*, we will give the reader one cup of our Author's *wine* thus *porteriz'd*, and that by *one* who perfectly knew the *palate* of the *age*, who pleaſed it greatly in this very inſtance, and ſome of whoſe *comedies* have as much or more merit than any moderns except Congreve. Mr. Cibber has conſolidated two of our Author's plays, the Elder Brother, and the Cuſtom of the Country, to form his Love makes a Man; or, the Fop's Fortune. In the former there are two old French noblemen, Lewis and Briſac, the firſt proud of his family and fortune, the other of his magiſterial power and dignity; neither men of learning, and therefore both preferring courtly accompliſhments, and the knowledge of the world, to the deepeſt knowledge of books, and the moſt extenſive literature. Such characters exclude not good ſenſe in general, but in that part of their characters only where their foibles lie; (as Polonius in Hamlet is a fool in his pedantic foibles, and a man of ſenſe in all other inſtances) accordingly Fletcher makes Briſac and Lewis thus treat of a marriage between their children.

Bri. Good monſieur Lewis, I eſteem myſelf
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our ancient families, and make them one;

And

"And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in act;
Of which your viſit at this preſent is
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my ſons; I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldom proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict peruſal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May faſhion her affection.
Lew. Monſieur Briſac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the ſame line of honour; and, I hope,
Being bleſt but with one daughter, I ſhall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy,
I labour to beſtow her to her worth:
Let others ſpeak her form, and future fortune
From me deſcending to her, I in that
Sit down with ſilence.
Bri. You may, my lord, ſecurely,
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes.

I quote not this as an inſtance of the *ſublime*, but of our Authors *genteel dialogue* enliven'd by a few *poetic figures*, as in the laſt lines Fame is *perſonis'd* and commands the tongues of men. Now let us ſee this dialogue *modernis'd:* The names of the old gentlemen being chang'd to Antonio and Charino, they thus confer.

Ant. Without compliment, my old friend, I ſhall think myſelf much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to ſupport 'em; and I think the ſooner we ſet 'em to work the better.

Cha. Sir, *you offer fair and nobly*, and ſhall find I dare meet you in the *ſame line of honour*; and I hope, ſince I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troubleſome old fool, if I endeavour to beſtow her to her worth; therefore, if you pleaſe, before we

ſhake

ſhake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have ſome conſiderable queſtions to aſk you.

Ant. Aſk 'em.

Cha. Well, in the firſt place, you ſay you have two ſons.

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em ſhall marry my daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter Angelina?

Ant. Angelina.

Cha. And you are likewiſe content that the ſaid Angelina ſhall ſurvey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful huſband, which of 'em ſhe pleaſes?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promiſe, that the perſon by her (and me) ſo choſen (be it elder or younger) ſhall be your ſole heir; that is to ſay, ſhall be in a conditional poſſeſſion, of at leaſt three parts of your eſtate. You know the conditions, and this you poſitively promiſe?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the laſt token of my full conſent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done!——that's enough———

Strike out an expreſſion or two of Fletcher's, and a couple of graſiers would have put more ſenſe into an *ox-bargain*. I blame not the *Author*, if a man's cuſtomers reſolve to pay the price of *Champaign*, and yet inſiſt upon *mild and ſtale*, who would refuſe it them? This is only a ſpecimen of the *taſte* of the late *wonderfully enlightned age*. But as Shakeſpeare and Milton have already in a good meaſure diſperſed the clouds of *prejudice* which had long obſcured their excellencies; 'tis to be hoped that our eyes are now inured to bear the luſtre of ſuch *poets*, who moſt reſemble theſe *ſuns of Britain*. To ſuch readers therefore who are deſirous of becoming acquainted with the excellencies

of Beaumont and Fletcher, I ſhall beg leave to recommend their plays to be read in the following order, beginning with which ſpecies they like beſt *.

CLASS I.

Tragedies and Tragi-Comedies.	Paſtoral.	Comedies.
Maid's Tragedy vol. 1	Faithful Shepherdeſs vol. 3	Elder Brother vol. 2
Philaſter vol. 1		Rule a Wife and have a Wife vol. 3
King and no King vol. 1		Little French Lawyer vol. 4
The Two Noble Kinſmen vol. 10		Wit without Money vol. 2
The Double Marriage vol. 7		Spaniſh Curate vol. 2
The Bloody Brother, or Rollo vol. 5		Nice Valour, or Paſſionate Mad-Man vol. 10
The Falſe One vol. 4		
The Knight of Malta vol. 7		
Valentinian vol. 4		

CLASS II.

	Burleſque Sublime.	
Laws of Candy vol. 4		Fair Maid of the Mill.
Loyal Subject vol. 3		Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Iſland Princeſs vol. 8		Wild-gooſe Chaſe.
Thierry and Theodoret vol. 10		Monſieur Thomas.
		The Chances.
Wife for a Month vol. 5		Honeſt Man's Fortune.
Bonduca vol. 6		Cuſtom of the Country.
		Beggar's Buſh.
		The Captain.
		The Sea-Voyage.
		Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid.
		Coxcomb.
	The Knight of the Burning Peſtle vol. 6	Woman-Hater.
		Wit at ſeveral Weapons.
		Women pleas'd.
		Tamer tam'd.
		Scornful Lady.

CLASS III.

The Coronation vol. 9	Mask vol. 10	Pilgrim vol. 5
The Queen of Corinth vol. 6	Moral Repreſentations vol. 10	Love's Pilgrimage vol. 7
The Lover's Progreſs vol. 5		Night-Walker vol. 8
The Propheteſs vol. 6		Noble Gentleman vol. 8
Cupid's Revenge vol. 9		

[* *Whimſical as this* claſſing *of our Authors' plays muſt appear, it is ſurely more whimſical that Mr. Seward could not find a place in either* claſs *for thoſe excellent comedies,* The Mad Lover, *and* The Humorous Lieutenant.]

The

The Reader will find many excellent things in this laſt claſs, for the plays of our Authors do not differ from each other near ſo much as thoſe of Shakeſpeare. The three laſt tragedies are detruded ſo low on account of their *magick* and *machinery*, in which our Authors fall ſhorter of Shakeſpeare than in any other of their attempts to imitate him. What is the reaſon of this? Is it that their *genius* improved by literature and polite converſation, could well deſcribe *men* and *manners*, but had not that *poetick* that *creative power* to form new beings and new worlds,

> ———and give to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name———

as Shakeſpeare excellently deſcribes his own genius? I believe not. The *enthuſiaſm* of *paſſions* which Beaumont and Fletcher are ſo frequently rapt into, and the vaſt variety of diſtinguiſh'd characters which they have ſo admirably drawn, ſhew as ſtrong powers of invention as the creation of *witches* and *raiſing* of ghoſts. Their deficiency therefore in *magick* is accountable from a cauſe far different from a *poverty of imagination*; it was the accidental *diſadvantage of a liberal and learned education: Sorcery, witchcraft, aſtrology, ghoſts*, and *apparitions*, were then the univerſal belief of both the *great vulgar and the ſmall*, nay they were even the *parliamentary*, the *national creed*; only ſome *early-enlightned minds* ſaw and contemned the whole ſuperſtitious trumpery: Among theſe our *Authors* were probably initiated from their ſchool-days into a deep-grounded contempt of it, which breaks out in many parts of their Works, and particularly in The Bloody Brother and The Fair Maid of the Inn, where they began that admirable banter which the excellent Butler carried on exactly in the ſame ſtrain, and which, with ſuch a *ſecond*, has at laſt drove the *bugbears* from the minds of almoſt all men of common underſtanding. But here was our Authors diſadvantage; the taſte of their age called aloud for the aſſiſtance of *ghoſts* and

ſorcery to heighten the horror of *Tragedy*; this horror they had never felt, never heard of but with contempt, and conſequently they had no *archè-types* in their own breaſts of what they were called on to deſcribe. Whereas Shakeſpeare from his low education [12] had believed and felt all the horrors he painted; for though the univerſities and inns of court were in ſome degree

[12] *Shakeſpeare from his low education*, &c.] The gentleman who is moſt obliged to Shakeſpeare, and to whom Shakeſpeare is moſt obliged of any man living, happening to ſee the ſheet of the Preface where Shakeſpeare's peculiar ſuperiority over our *Authors* in his *magick*, is aſcribed to the accidental advantage of a low education, he could not well brook a paſſage which ſeemed to derogate from his favourite. As Shakeſpeare had as good ſenſe as our Authors, he thought, he would be as free from real ſuperſtition. This does not always follow. Education will tincture even the brighteſt parts. There is proof that our *Authors* held all ſorcery, witchcraft, *&c.* as mere juggler's tricks, but not the leaſt room to doubt of Shakeſpeare's having believed them in his youth, whatever he did afterwards; and this is all that is aſſerted. Is this therefore a derogation? No, it only ſhews the amazing power of his genius; a genius which could turn the bugbears of his former credulity into the nobleſt poetic machines. Juſt as Homer built his machinery on the ſuperſtitions which he had been bred up to. Both indeed give great diſtinction of characters, and great poetic dignity to the dæmons they introduce; nay, they form ſome new ones; but the ſyſtem they build on is the vulgar creed. And here (after giving due praiſe to the gentleman above, for reſtoring Shakeſpeare's magick to its genuine horror, out of that low buffoonery which former actors and managers of theatres had flung it into) I ſhall ſhew in what light Shakeſpeare's low education always appeared to me by the following epitaph wrote many years ſince, and publiſhed in Mr. Dodſley's Miſcellany.

Upon SHAKESPEARE's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

'Great Homer's birth ſev'n rival cities claim,
'Too mighty ſuch *monopoly* of Fame:
'Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
'His wondrous worth; what Ægypt could beſtow,
'With all the ſchools of Greece and Aſia join'd,
'Enlarg'd th' immenſe expanſion of his mind.
'Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian ſtrain,
'The Britiſh *eagle** and the Mantuan *ſwan*, [* Milton.
'Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou
'With inconteſted laurels deck thy brow;
'Thy *bard* was thine *unſchool'd*, and from thee fought
'More than all Ægypt, Greece, or Aſia, taught;
'Not Homer's ſelf ſuch matchleſs laurels won,
'The Greek has *rivals*, but thy Shakeſpeare none.'

[*The above* Note *was inſerted as a* Poſtſcript *to Seward's Preface.*]

freed

freed from theſe dreams of ſuperſtition, the banks of the Avon were then *haunted* on every ſide.

> There tript with printleſs foot the elves of hills,
> Brooks, lakes, and groves; there Sorcery bedimn'd
> The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
> And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
> Set roaring War, *&c.* *Tempeſt.*

So that Shakeſpeare can ſcarcely be ſaid to create a new world in his *magick*; he went but back to his native country, and only dreſſed their *goblins* in poetic weeds; hence even Theſeus is not attended by his own deities *, Minerva, Venus, the *fauns*, *ſatyrs*, &c. but by Oberon and his *fairies:* Whereas our *Authors* however aukwardly they treat of *ghoſts* and *ſorcerers*, yet when they get back to Greece (which was as it were their *native ſoil*) they introduce the *claſſic deities* with eaſe and dignity, as Fletcher in particular does in his Faithful Shepherdeſs, and both of them in their Maſques; the laſt of which is put in the third claſs not from any deficiency in the compoſition, but from the nature of the allegorical Maſque which, when no real characters are intermixed, ought in general to rank below Tragedy and Comedy. Our Authors, who wrote them becauſe they were in faſhion, have themſelves ſhewed how light they held them.

> They muſt commend their king, and ſpeak in praiſe
> Of the aſſembly; bleſs the bride and bridegroom
> In perſon of ſome god; they're tied to rules
> Of flattery.—— *Maid's Tragedy, act i. ſcene i.*

This was probably wrote by Beaumont with an eye to the Maſque at Gray's Inn, as well as maſques in general. The Reader will find a farther account of our Authors' Plays, and what ſhare Mr. Shirley is ſuppoſed to have had in the completion of ſome that

[* *Mr. Seward does not ſeem to have recollected, that in the* Two Noble Kinſmen *there is an equal mixture of Gothick and Grecian manners. It was the common error of all our old Engliſh writers from Chaucer to Milton, who has introduced* chivalry *even into Paradiſe Loſt.*]

were left imperfect in Mr. Sympſon's Lives of the Authors. But before I finiſh my account of them, it is neceſſary to apologiſe for a fault which muſt ſhock every modeſt reader: It is their frequent uſe of *groſs* and *indecent* expreſſions. They have this fault in common with Shakeſpeare, who is ſometimes more groſs than they ever are; but I think groſſneſs does not occur quite ſo often in him. In the ſecond claſs of parallel paſſages where the hands of Shakeſpeare and our Authors were not diſtinguiſhable, I omitted one inſtance for decency ſake, but I will inſert it here as proper to the ſubject we are now upon. Philaſter being violently agitated by jealouſy, and firmly believing his miſtreſs to have been looſe, thus ſpeaks of a letter which he has juſt received from her,

> ———Oh, let all women
> That love black deeds learn to diſſemble here!
> Here, by this paper, ſhe doth write to me,
> As if her heart were mines of adamant
> To all the world beſide; but unto me,
> A maiden ſnow that melted with my looks.
> *Vol. i. page* 144, *of this Edition.*

Strength and delicacy are here in perfect union. In like manner Poſthumus in Cymbeline, act ii. agitated by as violent a jealouſy of his wife, thus deſcribes her ſeeming modeſty:

> ———Oh, vengeance! vengeance!
> Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
> And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with
> A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet look on't
> Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
> As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow.——

This is a moſt amiable picture of conjugal delicacy, but it may be juſtly objected that it draws the curtains of the marriage-bed, and expoſes it to the view of the world; and if the Reader turns to the ſpeech of which it is a part, he will find much groſſer expreſſions in the ſequel. But theſe were ſo far from offending the ears of our anceſtors, that Beaumont and Fletcher, though

though ſo often guilty of them, are perpetually celebrated by the writers of their own and of the following age, as the great *reformers* of the *drama* from *bawdry* and *ribaldry*. Thus when Fletcher's charming Paſtoral, The Faithful Shepherdeſs, had been damned by its firſt night's audience, Jonſon ſays that they damned it for want of the vicious and bawdy ſcenes which they had been accuſtomed to, and then breaks out in a rapture worthy of Jonſon, worthy of Fletcher.

> I that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
> And wiſh that all the *muſes blood* was ſpilt
> In ſuch a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes
> Do crown thy murder'd poem, *&c.*

Yet even this pattern of chaſtity is not free from expreſſions which would now be juſtly deemed too groſs for the ſtage. Sir John Berkenhead, ſpeaking of Fletcher's Works in general, ſays,

> And as thy thoughts were clear, ſo innocent,
> Thy *fancy* gave no unſwept language vent,
> Slander'ſt no laws, prophan'ſt no holy page,
> As if thy [13] father's croſier rul'd the ſtage.

Our Poets frequently boaſt of this *chaſtity* of language themſelves. See the prologue to The Knight of the Burning Peſtle. Lovelace, a poet of no ſmall eminence, ſpeaks of the great delicacy of expreſſion even in the Cuſtom of the Country.

> View here a looſe thought ſaid with ſuch a grace,
> Minerva might have ſpoke in Venus' face,
> So well diſguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
> But Cupid had Diana's linnen on.

Yet of this play Dryden aſſerts that it contains more bawdry than all his plays together. What muſt we ſay of theſe different accounts? Why 'tis clear as day, that the ſtile of the age was ſo changed, that what was formerly not eſteemed in the leaſt degree indecent, was now become very much ſo; juſt as in

[13] Fletcher biſhop of London.

Chaucer, the very filthieſt words are uſed without diſguiſe, and ſays Beaumont in excuſe for him, he gave thoſe expreſſions to low characters, with whom they were then in common uſe, and whom he could not therefore draw naturally without them. The ſame plea is now neceſſary for Beaumont himſelf and all his contemporary Dramatic Poets; but there is this grand and eſſential difference between the groſs expreſſions of our old poets, and the more *delicate lewdneſs* of modern plays. In the former, groſs expreſſions are generally the language of low life, and are given to characters which are ſet in deſpicable lights: In the latter, *lewdneſs* is frequently the characteriſtic of the *hero* of the comedy, and ſo intended to inflame the paſſions and corrupt the heart. Thus much is neceſſary in defence, not only of our Authors, but of Mr. Sympſon and myſelf, for engaging in the publication of Works which contain a great many indecencies, which we could have wiſhed to have been omitted; and which, when I began to prepare my part of the work for the preſs, I had actually ſtruck off, as far as I could do it without injuring the connection of the context; but the bookſellers preſs'd, and indeed inſiſted upon their reſtoration: They very ſenſibly urged the laſt-mentioned plea, and thought that the bare notion of a curtailed edition would greatly prejudice the ſale of it. We hope therefore that the reader will not be too ſevere on the editors of works which have great excellencies, and which in general tend to promote virtue and chaſtity, though the cuſtom of the age made the Authors not entirely abſtain from expreſſions not then eſteemed groſs, but which now muſt offend every modeſt ear.

Hitherto we have treated of our Authors and their merit, ſomething muſt be added of the attempt of the preſent Editors to clear them from that maſs of confuſion and obſcurity flung upon them by the inaccuracy of former editors, or what was worſe, by the wilfulneſs and ignorance of our old players, who kept moſt of their plays many years in manuſcript

as

as mere play-houſe properties, to be changed and mangled by every new actor's humour and fancy. As this was the caſe of moſt of our old plays, the learned Mr. Upton ſeems ſtrangely miſtaken in aſſerting that no more liberty ought to be taken in the correction of the old [mangled] text of Shakeſpeare, than with the two firſt [accurate] editions of Paradiſe Loſt. Upon this groundleſs aſſertion are built thoſe very undeſerved reflections upon the eminent *Editors* of Shakeſpeare who are compared to the *Vice* of the old comedy beating their author's original text with their daggers of lath. Surely ſomething very different from ſuch ſarcaſm is due from every true lover of Shakeſpeare to thoſe editors whoſe emendations have cleared ſo many obſcurities, and made ſo many readers ſtudy and perceive innumerable excellencies which had otherwiſe been paſſed over unnoted and perhaps deſpiſed. For verbal criticiſm, when it means the reſtoring the true reading to the mangled text, very juſtly holds the palm from every other ſpecies of criticiſm, as it cannot be performed with ſucceſs without comprehending all the reſt; it muſt clearly perceive the ſtile, manner, characters, beauties and defects: And to this muſt be added ſome ſparks of that *original fire* that animated the *poet's own invention*. No ſooner therefore were *criticiſms* wrote on our Engliſh poets, but each deep-read ſcholar whoſe ſeverer ſtudies had made him frown with contempt on poems and plays, was taken in to read, to ſtudy, to be enamoured: He rejoiced to try his ſtrength with the editor, and to become a *critic* himſelf: Nay, even Dr. Bentley's ſtrange abſurdities in his notes on Milton, had this good effect, that they engaged a Pearce* to anſwer, and perhaps were the firſt motives to induce the greateſt *poet*, the moſt univerſal *genius* †, one of the greateſt *orators*, and one of

[* *Dr. Zachary Pearce, late Biſhop of Rocheſter.* R.]

[† *Mr. Seward here aſcribes to Bentley's notes on Milton conſequences which they did not produce: Mr. Pope's Edition of Shakeſpeare appeared ſeveral years before Bentley publiſhed his Edition of Milton; and, from the date and contents of the celebrated Letter of biſhop Warburton to Concanuen*

the moſt *induſtrious ſcholars* in the kingdom each to become editors of Shakeſpeare. A Pope, a Warburton, and a Hanmer did honour to the *ſcience* by engaging in criticiſm; but the worth of that *ſcience* is moſt apparent from the diſtinction Mr. Theobald gained in the learned world, who had no other claim to honour but as a *critic* on Shakeſpeare. In this light his fame remains freſh and unblaſted though the *lightning* of Mr. Pope and the thunder of Mr. Warburton have been both lanched at his head. Mr. Pope being far too great an *original* himſelf to ſubmit his own taſte to that of Shakeſpeare's was fairly driven out of the field of criticiſm by the plain force of reaſon and argument; but he ſoon retired to his *poetic citadel*, and from thence played ſuch a *volley* of *wit* and *humour* on his *antagoniſt*, as gave him a very groteſque *profile* on his left; but he never drove him from his *hold* on Shakeſpeare, and his countenance on that ſide is ſtill clear and unſpotted. Mr. Warburton's attack was more dangerous, but though he was angry from the apprehenſion of perſonal injuries, yet his juſtice has ſtill left Mr. Theobald in poſſeſſion of great numbers of excellent emendations, which will always render his name reſpectable. The mention of the merit of *criticiſm* in eſtabliſhing the taſte of the age, in raiſing reſpect in the contemptuous, and attention in the careleſs readers of our old poets, naturally leads us to an enquiry, Whence it comes to paſs, that whilſt almoſt every one buys and reads the works of our late critical editors, nay almoſt every man of learning aims at imitating them and making emendations himſelf, yet it is ſtill the faſhion to flurt at the names of *critic* and *commentator*, and almoſt to treat the very ſcience with deriſion. The enquiry has been often made by

Coucannen (which, although it has not yet found its way to the preſs, Dr. Akenſide ſays, 'will probably be remembered as long as any of 'this prelate's writings,') *it manifeſtly appears, that the notes of that learned Editor were, what he aſſerts them in his Preface to have been,* 'among his younger amuſements,' *and conſequently prior to the publication of Bentley's Milton.* R.]

critics

critics themſelves, and all have ſaid, that it was owing to the ſtrange miſtakes and blunders of former critics, to mens engaging in a *ſcience* which they had neither learning nor talents to manage and adorn. Each thinking himſelf exempt from the cenſure, and each having it retorted upon him in his turn. If this is the caſe, I am afraid all remedy is hopeleſs; if the great names above-mentioned did really want abilities for the province they undertook, who ſhall dare to hope that he poſſeſſes them? If frequent miſtakes in an editor are totally to ſink his merit, who can eſcape the common wreck?—But I am far from thinking this to be the ſole or even the principal cauſe; and the two, which I ſhall aſſign as much greater inlets to this diſgrace on the art of criticiſm, are ſuch as admit of the eaſieſt remedy in the world, a remedy in the power of *critics* themſelves, and which their own intereſt loudly calls on them all to apply. The firſt cauſe is; that in a ſcience the moſt fallible of all others, depending in a great meaſure on the tottering bottom of mere *conjecture*, almoſt every critic aſſumes the air of *certainty*, *poſitiveneſs* and *infallibility*; he ſeems ſure never to miſs his way, though in a wilderneſs of confuſion, never to ſtumble in a path always gloomy, and ſometimes as dark as midnight. Hence he *dogmatizes*, when he ſhould only *propoſe*, and dictates his *gueſſes* in the *deſpotic ſtile*. The reader, and every rival editor, catches the ſame ſpirit, all his faults become unpardonable, and the demerit of a few miſtakes ſhall overwhelm the merit of all his juſt emendations: He deems himſelf perfect, and perfection is demanded at his hands; and this being no where elſe found but by each writer in his own works, every *putter-forth* of two or three emendations ſwells as big, and flings his ſpittle as liberally on a Warburton, a Hanmer, or a Theobald, as if he were the *giant* and they the *dwarfs* of criticiſm; and he has, upon the ſuppoſition of perfection being neceſſary, this evident advantage of them, that an editor of three or four emendations

has

has a much better chance to avoid miſtakes than the editors of three or four thouſand; though it has generally happened, that they who were very obſcure in merit have had their demerits as glaring as the moſt voluminous editors.

From the ſame ſource ariſes the ſecond ſtill more remarkable cauſe of *critical diſgrace*, it is the *ill language* and *ungentleman-like treatment* which *critics* have ſo frequently given their rivals. If the profeſſors of the ſame *ſcience* are continually cuffing and buffeting each other, the world will ſet them on, laugh at, and enjoy the ridiculous ſcuffle. Is it not amazing, that *ignorant*, *abſurd*, *blundering dunces* and *blockheads* ſhould be the common epithets and titles, that gentlemen of learning and liberal education beſtow on each other, for ſuch miſtakes as they know that all their *brother critics* have been conſtantly guilty of, and which nothing but the vaineſt ſelf-ſufficiency can make them ſuppoſe themſelves exempt from?

——————————— *eheu*
Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam!

If we ourſelves are guilty of the very ſame ſort of miſtakes for which we ſtigmatize others as blunderers and blockheads, we brand our own foreheads by our own *verdict*, *obloquy* upon us is bare *juſtice*, and we become *blunderers* and *blockheads* upon *record*. The firſt remarkable introducer * of critical editions of our Engliſh Poets thought his ſuperior learning gave him a right to tyranniſe and trample upon all his rival editors; but having none to exerciſe his fury upon, in his edition of Paradiſe Loſt, he raiſed a *phantom editor*, in the perſon of whom he flung dirt upon Milton *himſelf*. But the preſent worthy Biſhop of Bangor † not only cleared his *beloved poet* from ſuch unjuſt aſperſions, but ſhewed that he could anſwer ſlander, ſneer and obloquy, with decency, candour, and good manners. Happy had it been for the

* *Dr. Bentley.* R.]
† *Afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter.* R.]

learned

learned world, had thoſe excellent notes been at firſt joined to Milton's *text*; that his *candour*, and not the other's *coarſeneſs*, might have been the ſtandard of critical language; but as great part of thoſe notes are now engrafted into Dr. Newton's elegant edition, it is to be hoped that they will henceforth become ſo. Happy for us had it been too, if Sir Thomas Hanmer had carried on that *candour* and *good manners* which appear in his *Preface* into a body of notes upon his author; he had not only placed his emendations in a much fairer and more conſpicuous light; he had not only avoided the objection which ſome have made of an arbitrary inſertion of his alterations into the text; but he would have ſet us an example of elegance and politeneſs of ſtile, which we muſt perhaps in vain hope for from any man, that has not been long exerciſed in one of the great ſchools of *rhetoric*, the *houſes of parliament*; unleſs ſome other *eminent orator* or another *ſpeaker* ſhould become an editor, as well as a patron of criticiſms. Mr. Theobald, who was a much better critic on Shakeſpeare than Dr. Bentley had been on Milton, yet followed the doctor's *ſtile* and *manner*, and in ſome meaſure deſerved the laſh he ſmarted under in the Dunciad; for though he had a right to correct Mr. Pope's errors upon Shakeſpeare, he had none to uſe ſo exalted a character with the leaſt diſreſpect, much leſs with deriſion and contempt. Mr. Upton a gentleman of very diſtinguiſhed literature, has in his *Remarks* on Shakeſpeare followed this ſtile of triumph and inſult over his rival *critics*, and as this gentleman will, I hope, long continue his ſervices to the learned world, I will endeavour to convince him of the injuſtice and ill policy of ſuch treatment of them. The beſt *canon* to judge of an editor's merits, ſeems to be a computation of the good and bad alterations which he has made in the text; if the latter are predominant he leaves his author worſe than he found him, and *demerits* only appear at the bottom of the account: If the good are moſt numerous, put the

bad

bad ones on the ſide of *debtor*, *balance* the whole, and we ſhall eaſily ſee what praiſes are due to him. Now if ſome hundred good ones remain upon *balance* to each of the three laſt Editors of Shakeſpeare, how unjuſt is it for a publiſher of only thirty or forty alterations (ſuppoſing them all to be perfectly juſt) to ſpeak with contempt of thoſe, whoſe merits are ſo much more conſpicuous than his own? But to do this, without an aſſurance of being himſelf exempt from the like miſtakes, is as *impolitic* as it is *unjuſt*. I have not now time for an examination of this gentleman's criticiſms on Shakeſpeare; but I will chooſe a very particular *ſpecimen of his miſtakes*, for it ſhall be the very ſame which a real friend of this gentleman publiſhed as a *ſpecimen of his excellencies*, in Mr. Dodſley's Muſæum, a monthly pamphlet then in great repute. This *ſpecimen* conſiſted of two alterations which the letter-writer thought very happy ones. The firſt was in Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. ſcene iv. The Soothſayer thus adviſes Antony to ſhun the ſociety of Cæſar.

> ———O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide.
> Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
> Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
> Where Cæſar's is not. But near him thy angel
> Becomes a *fear*——

i. e. becomes not only fearful but even *fear itſelf*. The image is extremely poetical; for as Antony's dæmon was according to the heathen theology *perſoniſed* and made ſomething different from Antony, ſo the paſſion of *fear* is not only *perſoniſed*, but even *pluraliſed*: The imagination beholds many *fears*, and Antony's ſpirit becomes one of them. Thus *doubts* and *fears* are perſoniſed in Macbeth, and become his vexatious companions.

> ——I'm cabin'd, crib'd, bound in
> To ſawcy doubts and *fears*.

Thus God himſelf perſoniſes *fear*, and ſends it among the Canaanites as the harbinger of Iſrael. Exodus.

Exodus xxiii. and xxvii. And again in Ezekiel xxx. 13. He ſays, *I will put a* fear *in the land of Egypt.* Thus the companions of Mars in Homer are Δεῖμος τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος. Δ. 440. *Terror* and *fear.* But the inſtance the moſt appoſite, is in The Maid's Tragedy, where the forlorn Aſpatia ſees her ſervant working the ſtory of Theſeus and Ariadne, and thus adviſes her to puniſh the perfidy of the former,

> In this place work a quick-ſand,
> And over it a ſhallow ſmiling water,
> And his ſhip ploughing it; and then a *fear,*
> Do that *fear* bravely. *Vol. i. p.* 38.

Here though fear could only in painting be expreſſed on their countenances, yet poetry goes farther,

> ——and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name.

Theſe are thoſe *great ſtrokes* which a man muſt be born with a ſoul to perceive as well as write, otherwiſe not all the reading of an Upton or a Bentley can give the leaſt idea of them. Theſe are thoſe inimitable graces of poetry which a *critic*'s pencil ſhould no more dare to retouch than a modern painter ſhould the cheek or eye of a Raphael's madona. For ſee how flat and dim it will appear in this gentleman's celebrated alteration, he reads,

> ——but near him thy angel
> Becomes *afear'd* *.

[* *Mr. Seward here introduces a note containing a very prolix commentary on ſome paſſages in Shakeſpeare's Antony and Cleopatra—In the lines,*

> ' ——————If we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
> ' His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
> ' When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
> ' But mine *in-hoop'd at* odds,'

he ſays there is ' evidently a ſad *anti-climax:* His cocks win the bat-' tle of mine when it is all to nought on my ſide, and his quails, ' fighting *in a hoop,* beat mine when the odds are on my ſide;' *and would therefore read,*

> ' Beat mine in *whoop'd-at* odds.'

Dr.

How ſhould we have flatned our Authors if we had, as the Rehearſal calls it, *tranſproſed* them in the like manner?

> In this place work a quickſand,
> And over it a ſhallow ſmiling water,
> And his ſhip ploughing it, and *them afear'd*;
> Do *their* fear bravely.——

The ſecond inſtance quoted in the Muſæum as a proof of Mr. Upton's excellency, is his alteration of another of Shakeſpeare's *peculiar graces* in the following celebrated paſſage.

> Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot:
> This ſenſible warm motion to become
> A kneaded *clod*, and the *delighted* ſpirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

The epithet *delighted* in the fourth line is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine antitheſis between the joys of life and the horrors of death. *This ſenſible warm motion muſt become a kneaded clod, and this ſpirit, delighted* as it has hitherto been with the ſoothing delicacies of ſenſe and the pleaſing ecſtaſies of youthful fancy, *muſt bathe in fiery floods.* This is

Dr. Johnſon mentions and rejects this variation; Dr. Farmer denies the neceſſity of change.

'The editions, *ſays Seward,* which diſtinguiſh Antony's ſpeech '*(as conjectured by Cleopatra, act i. ſc. v.)* either by Italics or com-'mas, make him only ſay, 'Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?' the 'reſt is Cleopatra's own.—Antony's ſpeech ſhould be continued as 'the metaphor is,

"——Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?
"——Now I feed myſelf
"With moſt delicious poiſon?—

'Both parts belong to him.' *No Editor of Shakeſpeare mentions this.*

For BROAD-fronted Cæſar *he would ſubſtitute* BALD-fronted. *This Steevens notices.*

Mr. Seward alſo reprobates Hanmer's alteration of arm-gaunt *to* arm-girt; 'I ſuppoſe *(ſays he)* he meant *with arms or ſhoulders bound* 'round *with trappings.* The expreſſion is very ſtiff in this ſenſe, and 'juſtly rejected by Mr. Warburton, who reſtores *arm-gaunt,* and ex-'plains

peculiarly proper from a youth juſt ſnatched from revelry and wantonneſs, to ſuffer the anguiſh and horror of a ſhameful death. But this beautiful ſenſe not being ſeen, Mr. Upton makes the firſt editor ſurpriſingly blind indeed, for he ſays that he did not ſee the abſurdity of a ſpirit's being *delighted to bathe in fiery floods*. Upon ſuppoſition therefore of this abſurdity being chargeable on the old text, he alters *delighted ſpirit* to *delinquent ſpirit*: A change which totally loſes the whole ſpirit of the poet's original ſentiment. Theſe are ſuch miſtakes, that neither the moſt extenſive literature nor the accuracy of a Locke's judgment can ſecure a man from; nor indeed any thing but a *poetic taſte*, a ſoul that

Is of imagination all compact,

That can follow Shakeſpeare in his ſtupendous flights,

And ſhoot from earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to earth.
Midſummer Night's Dream.

But ſhould ſuch a genius contemn and deride men of cooler reaſon and ſuperior knowledge? No; nor ſhould the deep-read ſcholar deſpiſe him. Great learning and quickneſs of parts very rarely meet in one breaſt: When they do, they are excellent indeed; but ſeparately they are extremely valuable. Far therefore from contempt or variance, they ſhould, like ſiſter-

'plains it of a war-horſe grown *gaunt* or lean by long marches and 'frequent fights. But why muſt Antony, after a profound peace and 'a long revel in the arms of Cleopatra upon his return to Rome, 'have nothing to ride but an old battered lean war-horſe? Beſides, 'lean horſes are ſeldom remarkable like this for neighing loud and 'vigorouſly. By *arm* we all underſtand the *ſhoulder*, in Latin, *Armus*; *gaunt* is *lean* or *thin*. It is common for poets to mention the 'moſt diſtinguiſhed beauty of any thing to expreſs beauty in general, 'by *ſynecdoche* a part is put for the whole: *Arm-gaunt* therefore 'ſignifies *thin-ſhouldered*, which we know to be one of the principal 'beauties of a horſe, and the epithet has, from the uncommon uſe 'of either part of the compound word in this ſenſe, an *antique dignity* and grandeur in ſound that poets much delight in.' *Edwards ſneers at this; but ſurely Mr. Seward's argument is judicious.*]

ſciences, love and accord, and *each in honour prefer the other to itſelf.* Mr. Upton poſſeſſes the firſt of theſe characters in a very eminent degree, and the* learned world have only to complain of his impoſing mere conjectures upon them for abſolute certainties, and of his rough treatment of his brother critics, and then to acknowledge its obligations to him for many judicious criticiſms and emendations on Shakeſpeare and other Authors. Shakeſpeare alone is a vaſt garden of criticiſm, where though the editors have pulled up great numbers of weeds, and the view is much improv'd, yet many are ſtill left, and each of the editors have miſtakingly pulled up ſome flowers which want to be replaced. And this will be the fate of every critic who knows not every ſingle word, hiſtory, cuſtom, trade, *&c.* that Shakeſpeare himſelf knew, which at this diſtance of time is next to an impoſſibility. What room therefore for quarrels and inſults upon each other? *Veniam petimuſque damuſque,* ſhould be our general rule and motto. Without this we in this edition ſtand ſelf-condemned. Beaumont and Fletcher are another field of criticiſm next in beauty to Shakeſpeare, and like him over-run with weeds, many of which are, we hope, now rooted out; and ſome real flowers, we fear, miſtakingly pluckt up with them. Far therefore from the leaſt pretence to perfection, from the leaſt right to impoſe our conjectures as infallible; we have only inſerted thoſe in the text which for the reaſons aſſigned in the notes appeared more probable than the former readings. We have endeavoured to give fair play to the old text, by turning it on every ſide, and allowing it all the interpretations we could poſſibly affix to the words, and where it appeared corrupt, we never inſerted our own reading without giving what we thought a probable account of the method how ſuch

[* *Seward here introduces a very long Note, to refute ſundry opinions of Upton on ſcriptural topics: As nothing can be more diſtant from our ſubject, we have omitted it.*]

a change

a change had been before made. At leaſt, as I can properly ſpeak for myſelf only, theſe were the rules I always wiſh to have followed, and endeavoured to follow, as ſoon as I became a principal in the work. But the ſhare which I had in it, gives not the leaſt room for any thing like completion on my part. The aſſiſtance which I gave Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon, who publiſhed about two thirds of the work, was by neceſſary avocations intermitted through ſeveral plays, and the others more or leſs attended to, as buſineſs or company would permit, or as the plays ſeemed more or leſs to deſerve attention. To what I printed myſelf, I only dedicated ſome few of the many leiſure hours which I had in a country village, hoping for pardon for the idleneſs rather than merit from the uſefulneſs of the work. If theſe notes ſhould ever go through a ſecond edition, I ſhall gratefully acknowledge any emendations either of them or the text of our Authors, which any reader will favour me with; and muſt ſay to each,

——— *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

I.

To my Friend Maſter JOHN FLETCHER, upon his Faithful Shepherdeſs.

I KNOW too well, that, no more than the man,
That travels thro' the burning deſarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging ſun,
Half-ſmother'd with the duſt, have power to run
From a cool river, which himſelf doth find,
Ere he be ſlak'd; no more can he, whoſe mind
Joys in the Muſes, hold from that delight,
When Nature, and his full thoughts bid him write[1].
Yet wiſh I thoſe, whom I for friends have known,
To ſing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why ſhould the man, whoſe wit ne'er had a ſtain,
Upon the public ſtage preſent this vein,
And make a thouſand men in judgment ſit,
To call in queſtion his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can underſtand the laws
Which they ſhould judge by, nor the party's cauſe?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own cenſure an explicit faith;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes ſigns, and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the faireſt ſuit;
He, as his miſtreſs doth; and ſhe, by chance;
Nor want there thoſe, who, as the boy doth dance

[1] *When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.*] Here ſays the judicious writer of Beaumont's life in the General Dictionary, Beaumont evidently ſhews that he was fired with that violent paſſion for writing, which the poets very juſtly call inſpiration; and he makes this one proof of Beaumont's not being a mere corrector of Fletcher's works, but a joint author. As I think I have collected ſome ſtronger proofs of this, both external and internal than have been yet produced, and as I have already built the former part of my Preface upon theſe proofs, I ſhall place them before the reader in the next note juſt as they occurred to me. *Seward.*

Between the acts, will cenſure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day;
But, multitudes there are, whoſe judgment goes
Headlong according to the actor's cloaths.
For this, theſe public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been perſuaded to have hurl'd
Theſe few, ill-ſpoken lines into the world;
Both to be read, and cenſur'd of, by thoſe
Whoſe very reading makes verſe ſenſeleſs proſe[3];

[3] *Both to be read, and cenſur'd of by thoſe,*
Whoſe very reading makes verſe ſenſeleſs proſe.] Here we ſee a conſciouſneſs of the Poet's own merit, and an indignation at the ſtupidity of the age he lived in, which ſeem to have been the characteriſtics of Beaumont and Jonſon. This will appear ſtronger in the proceſs of this note, in which I ſhall endeavour to prove what ſhare Beaumont had in the compoſition of the following plays. I have already mentioned that Mr. Earl's teſtimony, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, is deciſive as to Beaumont's having the largeſt ſhare in the compoſition of the Maid's Tragedy, Philaſter, and the King and no King, and that Beſſus in particular was drawn by him. [See Mr. Earl's poem below.] This was undoubtedly the reaſon why Beaumont's name is put firſt in the old quarto's of theſe plays, publiſhed by the players after Beaumont's death, but before Fletcher's. For would the players have complimented the dead at the expence of their living friend, patron, and ſupporter? After two ſuch proofs as theſe, general expreſſions or even traditional opinions of the panegyric-writers thirty years after are lighter than vanity itſelf. From theſe plays no diſtinction of hands between Beaumont and Fletcher was diſcerned, nor any ſuſpicion of ſuch a diſtinction occurred 'till I came to the Woman Hater, vol. 10. which appeared viſibly to have more of Jonſon's manner than any play I had before met with, which I mentioned at note 32 on that play, when deceived as Langbane had been by the firſt quarto (publiſhed ſeveral years after the death of both the Authors) I verily thought that it had been Fletcher's only. I had not then attended to the poem of Beaumont's to Jonſon, publiſhed at the end of the Nice Valour, and Woman-Hater, by the ſecond folio. If the reader will conſult that poem, he will find that it was ſent from the country to Jonſon with two of the precedent comedies not then finiſhed, but which Beaumont claims as his own.

Ben, when theſe ſcenes are perfect, we'll taſte wine,
I'll drink thy muſe's health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.

It is plain that they had been his amuſement during a ſummer vacation in the country, when he had no companion but his muſe to entertain him; for all the former part of the poem is a deſcription of the execrable wine, and the more execrable company which he was forced to endure. Fletcher therefore could not be with him. So that there are certainly two comedies which properly belong to Beaumont only, which therefore we muſt endeavour to find out. The verſes tell

us

Such as muſt ſpend above an hour, to ſpell
A challenge on a poſt, to know it well.

---

us that he acknowledged all he had to be owing to Jonſon, there is no doubt therefore of his imitating Jonſon's manner in theſe comedies. Shirley in the firſt folio, and the publiſher of the ſecond folio, both agree in making the Nice Valour one of theſe plays: Now this play is extremely in Jonſon's manner as is obſerved in the beginning of the Preface and at note 8 on the verſes to Jonſon. The Prologue of this play has no weight, being wrote ſeveral years after it, but the Epilogue was evidently wrote in the Author's life time, probably either by the Author himſelf, or elſe by his friend Jonſon: For 'tis extremely like Jonſon in his Prologues and Epilogues, who generally lets his audience know, that if they did not admire him it was their faults, not his. So this Epilogue makes the Author declare

——— *the play is good,*
He ſays, * *he knows it, if well underſtood.* [* The Author.

How unlike is this to Fletcher and Shakeſpeare's manner, who, when they join together in the Two Noble Kinſmen, are even *Modeſty itſelf?* See the Prologue and Epilogue to that play, vol. 10. the latter has theſe lines;

And yet miſtake me not, I am not bold,
We've no ſuch cauſe. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content,
(For to that honeſt purpoſe it was meant)
We have our end; and ye ſhall have e'er long,
I dare ſay many a better to prolong
Your old loves to us. ———

I hope the reader will now ſee ſufficient grounds to believe that the Nice Valour was Beaumont's play: It is not demonſtration, but it is a high degree of probability. But ſtill the diſtinction of manner from Fletcher, in perſonizing the paſſions and not drawing from real life ſpoke of above, will not follow if Fletcher wrote the Woman-Hater, as the firſt edition in quarto of that play aſſerts, but the ſecond contradicts it, and puts Beaumont's name firſt in the title page, and claims its changes from the Author's manuſcript. The publiſher of the ſecond folio follows the ſecond quarto, and makes it one of the plays referred to in Beaumont's verſes. The Prologue appears to be wrote by the Author himſelf, ſpeaks of himſelf in the ſingular number, and ſhews great confidence in the goodneſs of the play, and an utter contempt of twopenny gallery judges. Here Beaumont's hand therefore ſeemed viſible. I therefore began to recollect which of the foregoing plays moſt reſembled this, to ſee what light might be gained from them; the firſt that occurred was the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, which is all *burleſque ſublime*, as Lazarillo's character in the Woman Hater is throughout. Here all the editions give the Knight to Beaumont and Fletcher, this therefore is clear, and the Prologue of that play is in ſtile and ſentiments ſo exactly like that of the Woman-Hater, that the ſame hand undoubtedly drew both. Believing therefore that the Nice Valour was Beaumont's only, and that he had at leaſt the greateſt ſhare of the Woman-Hater and the Knight

But ſince it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,

---

of the Burning Peſtle, I proceeded to other plays, and firſt to the Little French Lawyer, where La-writ runs *fighting-mad* juſt as Lazarillo had run *eating mad*, the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, *romance-mad*; Chamont in the Nice Valour, *honour mad*, &c. This is what our old Engliſh writers often diſtinguiſh by the name of *humour*. The ſtile too of La-writ, like Lazarillo's and the Knight's, is often the *burleſque ſublime*. Here I found the Prologue ſpeaking of the *Authors* in the plural number, *i. e.* Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a good deal of the ſame *humour* in the Scornful Lady wrote by Beaumont and Fletcher, as all the quartos declare. The publiſhers of the General Diction ry, whoſe accuracy deſerves the higheſt applauſe, have helped me to another play, the Martial Maid, in which Beaumont had a ſhare, and Jonſon's manner of characteriſing is very viſible; an effeminate youth and a maſculine young lady are both reformed by love, like Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour, and Every Man out of his Humour. Wit without Money and the Cuſtom of the Country which have Beaumont's name firſt in all the editions, have ſomething of the ſame hand, particularly in Valentine's extravagant contempt of money, and do great honour to Beaumont, as both are excellent plays, and the firſt an incomparable one. Shirley ſuppoſes the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by Beaumont's verſes to Jonſon, and the publiſher of Beaumont's poems, which came out about five years after Shirley's folio of our Author's plays, has wrote under that poem the Maid in the Mill: This, I ſuppoſe, was a marginal note of ſomebody who believed Beaumont to have been a joint author in that play: It ſeems highly probable that he was ſo in both theſe plays, as the Lieutenant and Buſtapha are both ſtrong *caracatures* and much in Beaumont's *manner*. The Falſe One mentions the Authors in the plural number, and I believe Beaumont chiefly drew the character of Septimius which gives name to the play; but whatever ſhare he had in that play, it does him great honour. Cupid's Revenge, which all the editions aſcribe to Beaumont and Fletcher, is only ſpoiled from being a very good tragedy by a ridiculous mixture of machinery; this play, the Noble Gentleman, and the Coxcomb, are all that remain which have any ſort of external evidence which I know, of Beaumont's being a joint author, and theſe I build nothing upon. There are two others that partake of his manner, which for that reaſon only I ſuſpect; the Spaniſh Curate, and the Laws of Candy; the latter of which extremely reſembles the King and no King in its principal characters. But we need not reſt upon mere conjectures, ſince Beaumont's ſhare of the Maid's Tragedy, Philaſter, and the King and no King, give him a full right to ſhare equally with Fletcher the fame of a *tragic poet*; and Wit without Money, the Nice Valour, and the Little French Lawyer, raiſe his character equally high in comedy. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward has been exceedingly elaborate in this diſquiſition; wherein, we apprehend, no one meets conviction, though the Writer ſeems to be himſelf ſo perfectly ſatisfied, both with the *internal* and

external

Becauſe they ſaw it not, I not diſlike
This ſecond publication, which may ſtrike

external evidence. With reſpect to the firſt, each Reader will judge for himſelf; in the ſecond, he appears to be uncommonly erroneous.

Seward ſpeaks of the firſt quarto of the Woman-Hater; the firſt quarto he never ſaw: He ſays, it was publiſhed ſeveral years after the death of *both Authors*; it was publiſhed in the life-time of *both*, in the year 1607. This copy is, indeed, very ſcarce; and had not Mr. Garrick's invaluable library been as eaſy, as moſt others are difficult, of acceſs, a peruſal of that edition would not, perhaps, have been obtained.

The firſt quarto was printed (as before obſerved) in 1607, without any Author's name prefixed, but in Mr. Garrick's copy has been wrote 'by John Fletcher,' through which name a pen has been run, and 'Francis Beamont' wrote over the line; even this interlineation appears to be very old. The ſecond quarto appeared in 1648, the title whereof mentions Fletcher ſingly; and the third in 1649, which has both names. The third, however, ſeems to be merely the ſecond, with a new title-page, and the *additions* of the auxiliary title *The Hungry Courtier*, a drama, and D'Avenant's Prologue for the revival.

Great ſtreſs is alſo laid by Seward on the ſituation of Beaumont's Letter to Jonſon; but this ſituation is evidently a mere caſualty of the preſs. To expedite the printing, the firſt folio was divided into eight different portions, as the printer's directory letters for the book-binder, and the numeration of the pages, evince.

The plays alloted for the third portion were, Chances, Loyal Subject, Laws of Candy, Lovers' Progreſs, Iſland Princeſs, Humorous Lieutenant, and Nice Valour: Theſe not making perfect ſheets, the Editor, to avoid leaving a blank leaf in the body of the book, there inſerted this Letter; and hence, undoubtedly, originated the ſituation of the Poem, which ought (did its title deſerve attention) to have been placed at the end of the whole Work; for had any ſpecification been intended, we ſhould not have had the vague expreſſion, '*two of the* precedent,' but '*the two* precedent comedies.'

Seward ſays, Shirley *ſuppoſes* the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by the verſes: Shirley thought nothing of the matter, knew nothing of the arrangement, did nothing but write the Preface: It were unjuſt to believe he did more.—It is not always eaſy to diſcover Seward's meaning; but he ſeems, however, to have diſtruſted *Shirley's ſuppoſition*, and to have relied on the ſubſequent Editor, by ſaying the verſes were 'publiſhed at the end of the Nice 'Valour AND Woman-Hater, in the ſecond folio.' This proves nothing; that Editor continued them with the play to which he found them annexed.

The title to theſe verſes runs, 'Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to 'Ben. Jonſon, written before he and Maſter Fletcher came to London, 'with two of the precedent comedies then not finiſhed, which de-'ferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.' If this title and the ſituation afford proof of any kind, it will be directly oppoſite to Seward's

Their conſciences, to ſee the thing they ſcorn'd,
To be with ſo much wit and art adorn'd.
Beſides, one 'vantage more in this I ſee,
Your cenſurers muſt have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your ſhrewdeſt judges had before. *Fr. Beaumont.*

II.

To the worthy Author Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, upon his Faithful Shepherdeſs.

THE wiſe, and many-headed *bench*, that ſits
Upon the life and death of *plays*, and *wits*,
(Compos'd of *gameſter*, *captain*, *knight*, *knight's man*,
Lady, or *Pucelle*, that wears maſk or fan,
Velvet, or *taffata* cap, rank'd in the dark
With the ſhop's *foreman*, or ſome ſuch *brave ſpark*,
That may judge for his *ſix-pence)* had, before
They ſaw it half, damn'd thy whole play; and, more,
Their motives were, ſince it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wiſh that all the *muſes'* blood were ſpilt
In ſuch a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd *poem*; which ſhall riſe
A glorified work to time, when fire,
Or moths, ſhall eat what all theſe fools admire. *Ben. Jonſon.*

Seward's opinion: Firſt, as the title mentions 'two of *the precedent* 'comedies,' the Woman-Hater could NOT be one, having no place in the firſt folio. Secondly, Seward ſays, 'Fletcher could not be 'with Beaumont; but what ſays the title? 'Written before he AND 'Maſter Fletcher came, *&c.*' And, thirdly, if Beaumont AND Fletcher were together, Nice Valour and the Humorous Lieutenant muſt be looked on as joint productions.

But, beſides the title and ſituation failing to prove *which* the comedies were, the Poem itſelf affords no proof that Beaumont was then writing any play at all. The words

When theſe SCENES *are* PERFECT,

are all which can lead to ſuch a ſuppoſition; and may we not underſtand thoſe words to mean only, 'When I CHANGE the SCENE,' or, 'when the time for my ſtay HERE is COMPLETED?' with this ſenſe of the word *perfect* every Reader of old books muſt be acquainted. Whether this explanation is admitted, or not, it at leaſt ſeems clear that no ſuch *external* evidence as Seward ſuppoſes, is deducible from either the title or ſituation of the Poem in queſtion. *J. N.*

III.

III.

To Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, (then living.)

HOW I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy *muſe*[4],
That unto me doſt ſuch religion uſe!
How I do fear myſelf, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'ſt me happy, and unmak'ſt;
And, giving largely to me, more thou tak'ſt.
What fate is mine, that ſo itſelf bereaves?
What art is thine, that ſo thy friend deceives?
When even there, where moſt thou praiſeſt me
For writing better, I muſt envy thee. *Ben. Jonſon.*

IV.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, on his Imitations of Ovid, an Ode.

THE matchleſs luſt of a fair poeſy,
Which erſt was buried in old Rome's decays,
Now 'gins with heat of riſing majeſty,
Her duſt-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raiſe,
And with freſh ſplendor gilds her fearleſs creſt,
Rearing her palace in our Poet's breaſt.

The wanton Ovid, whoſe enticing rimes
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention,
No more ſhall be admir'd at; for theſe times
Produce a poet, whoſe more rare invention
Will tear the love-ſick myrtle from his brows,
T' adorn his temples with deſerved boughs.

The ſtrongeſt marble fears the ſmalleſt rain;
The ruſting canker eats the pureſt gold;
Honour's beſt dye dreads envy's blackeſt ſtain;
The crimſon badge of beauty muſt wax old:
But this fair iſſue of thy fruitful brain,
Nor dreads age, envy, cank'ring ruſt or rain. *J. F*[5].

[4] This ſhort copy (which ſeems wrote with a ſincerity not common in complimentary Poems) treats Beaumont not only as an excellent critic, but as an excellent poet; and is an anſwer to Beaumont's Letter to Jonſon. *Seward.*

[5] The *J. F.* here is undoubtedly John Fletcher, and the Ode, though not immediately relating to the Plays, is inſerted here, firſt, for

V.

On Mr. BEAUMONT.

(Written preſently after his death.)

BEAUMONT lies here; and where now ſhall we have
A muſe like his to ſigh upon his grave?
Ah! none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he, that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.
Who now ſhall pay thy tomb with ſuch a verſe
As thou that lady's didſt, fair Rutland's hearſe [6]?

---

for its intrinſic merit; and, ſecondly, as it will be pleaſing to find that Fletcher's Muſe was animated with friendſhip as well as Beaumont's; a circumſtance, which, till I ſaw this Ode, ſeemed wanting to complete the amiable union which reigned between them. In the third ſtanza, the reader will ſee an authority for Milton's uſe of the word *rime* for verſe in general,

'Things unattempted yet in proſe or *rime*.'

Which Dr. Bentley ſo injudiciouſly altered to *proſe and verſe*. That Beaumont wrote ſomething in the Ovidian *manner* ſeems evident from theſe lines; but the Hermaphrodite which is printed as his, and ſuppoſed to be the thing referred to in this Ode, is claimed by Cleaveland as a conjunct performance between himſelf and Randolph.

Seward.

[6] *Who now ſhall pay thy tomb with ſuch a verſe*
As thou that lady's did'ſt, fair Rutland's herſe?] *To pay thy tomb* is a little obſcure, but it ſeems to mean, *to repay thee for writing ſo excellent an Epitaph, by one as excellent on thyſelf.* There are ſeveral Epitaphs and Elegies in Beaumont's Poems, but by an expreſſion in Mr. Earle's two next lines relating to the *marble of the tomb*, I believe the following beautiful Epitaph is what is here referred to;

An EPITAPH.

'Here ſhe lies, whoſe ſpotleſs fame
'Invites a ſtone to learn her name.
'The rigid Spartan that denied
'An Epitaph to all that died,
'Unleſs for war, in charity,
'Would here vouchſafe an elegy.
'She died a wife, but yet her mind,
'Beyond virginity refin'd,
'From lawleſs fire remain'd as free,
'As now from heat her aſhes be.
'Her huſband yet without a ſin,
'Was not a ſtranger, but her kin;
'That her chaſte love might ſeem no other
'To her huſband than a brother.

'Keep

A monument that will then laſting be,
When all her marble is more duſt than ſhe.
In thee all's loſt: A ſudden dearth and want
Hath ſeiz'd on Wit, good epitaphs are ſcant;
We dare not write thy elegy, whilſt each fears
He ne'er ſhall match that copy of thy Tears.
Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to ſee;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute ſhut as ſoon as ſhewn.
Why ſhould weak Nature tire herſelf in vain
In ſuch a piece, to daſh it ſtraight again?
Why ſhould ſhe take ſuch work beyond her ſkill,
Which, when ſhe cannot perfect, ſhe muſt kill?
Alas, what is't to temper ſlime or mire?
But Nature's puzzled, when ſhe works in fire:
Great brains (like brighteſt glaſs) crack ſtraight, while thoſe
Of ſtone or wood hold out, and fear not blows:
And we their ancient hoary heads can ſee,
Whoſe wit was never their mortality:
Beaumont dies young [7], ſo Sidney died before;
There was not poetry he could live to more;
He could not grow up higher; I ſcarce know,
If th' art itſelf unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that hadſt arriv'd the height
Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.
Oh, when I read thoſe excellent things of thine,
Such ſtrength, ſuch ſweetneſs, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, ſuch high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd ſtrain,
Such paſſion, ſuch expreſſions meet my eye,
Such wit untainted with obſcenity,

'Keep well this pawn, thou marble cheſt,
'Till it be call'd for, let it reſt;
'For while this jewel here is ſet,
'The grave is like a cabinet.'

This is extremely in the ſpirit of Milton and Shakeſpeare's Epitaphs, and ſhews that Beaumont excelled in every ſpecies of writing which he attempted. There are three Elegies of his which I believe genuine, and they have great merit; two are ſigned by his name, and another begins,

'Can my poor lines no better office have,
'Than, ſcreech-owl like, ſtill dwell about the grave?'

This ſhews that he had wrote ſeveral Elegies and Epitaphs. *Seward.*

[7] *So Sidney did before*;] It might perhaps have been—*ſo Sidney died before.* *Seward.*

Beaumont's Poems exhibit *died.*

An

And theſe ſo unaffectedly expreſs'd,
All in a language purely-flowing dreſt;
And all ſo born within thyſelf, thine own,
So new, ſo freſh, ſo nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to ſurvive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the ſame piece,
The ſmooth, ev'n, natural wit, and love of Greece.
Thoſe few ſententious fragments ſhew more worth,
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am ſorry we have loſt thoſe hours
On them, whoſe quickneſs comes far ſhort of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whoſe every page
May be a pattern for their ſcene and ſtage.
I will not yield thy works ſo mean a praiſe;
More pure, more chaſte, more ſainted than are plays,
Nor with that dull ſupineneſs to be read,
To paſs a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the muſes ſuffer every where,
Taken in ſuch mouths' cenſure, in ſuch ears,
That, 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearſe,
And with their rheum together ſpawl a verſe!
This all a poem's leiſure, after play[8],
Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day.
Whilſt ev'n their very idleneſs, they think,
Is loſt in theſe, that loſe their time in drink.

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[8] *This all a poems* leiſure *after play,*
Drink or tobacco, it may keep *the day.*] What is *all a poem's leaſure?* I can affix no idea to it but a Latiniſm, which if deſigned is extremely forced. *This is all a poem's*, i. e. a poem's part, power or worth, it may ſerve to ſpend one's leaſure hours after dice, drink, or tobacco. But unleſs the reader ſees a more natural explication, I believe he will agree to its being diſcarded as a corruption, for a trifling change will give a clear ſenſe,

This all a poem's pleaſure, *after play,*
Drink or tobacco, it may keep the day.

i. e. All the pleaſure a poem gives to theſe ſons of dulneſs, is to ſpin out or paſs away the time till ſun-ſet, after cards, bottles, and tobacco are removed; thus to *paſs a fire*, a little above, ſignifies to paſs away the time till the fire is burnt out. But to *keep a day*, is an expreſſion not very applicable to this ſenſe, (a ſenſe which the context evidently requires) and though it may indeed be ſtrained to ſomething like it, yet as we can retain three of the letters in *keep*, and by a ſmall tranſpoſition of the reſt, give a much properer verb, it ſeems probable that *eke* was the original, we generally now ſay to *eke out the day*; but it was uſed by our anceſtors without the adverb, *to eke a thing*, i. e.

to

Pity their dullneſs; we that better know,
Will a more ſerious hour on thee beſtow [9].
Why ſhould not Beaumont in the morning pleaſe,
As well as Plautus, Ariſtophanes?
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,
Were ſcurril wits and buffoons both to thee;
Yet theſe our learned of ſevereſt brow
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
That will defy our own; 'tis Engliſh ſtuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.
Alas, what phlegm are they, compar'd to thee,
In thy Philaſter, and Maid's Tragedy?
Where's ſuch an humour as thy Beſſus, pray?
Let them put all their Thraſoes in one play,
He ſhall out-bid them; their conceit was poor [10],
All in a circle of a bawd or whore,
A coz'ning Davus [11]; take the fool away,
And not a good jeſt extant in a play.
Yet theſe are wits, becauſe they're old, and now,
Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too:

---

to protract or lengthen it out. The reader will ſee a much greater corruption of the preſs than either of theſe at the latter end of this Poem. *Seward.*

The meaning ſeems to be, 'They have no *leiſure* for poetry, till 'they have done with gaming, drinking, and ſmoaking; theſe having 'had their time, poetry may *command* the day.'

9 *Pity then dull we, we that better know,*
Will a more ſerious hour on thee beſtow.] There is too much inconſiſtency in this ſentence to ſuppoſe it genuine. He ironically calls himſelf and friends *dull*, and literally aſſerts their ſuperior underſtanding in the ſame ſentence. Beſide, *Pity then we will beſtow*, &c. does not ſeem Engliſh. I change but an *n* to an *m*, and read, *Pity them dull; We, we that*, &c. *Seward.*

The text is from Beaumont's Poems.

10 *Their conceit was poor*, &c:] Mr. Earle's reflections on Terence are in part at leaſt very unjuſt. There is perhaps too much ſameneſs in his plots; but his old men and young, his ſervants, his paraſites, &c. are each a diſtinct character from all the reſt, and preſerved throughout each play with infinite ſpirit and judgment. Beſide which, the elegant diction and fine ſentiments which every where abound in him are patterns to the beſt comic writers; and which Beaumont and Fletcher ſtrive to excel him in by adding ſublimity of poetry to juſtneſs of ſentiment; well knowing that *jeſts* and *drollery* are only the loweſt degree of comic excellence. *Seward.*

11 *A coz'ning* dance.] Corrected by Theobald, who ſays, '*Davus* 'is the name of a ſubtle juggling ſervant in Terence's comedy called 'the Fair Andrian.'

But

But thoſe their own times were content t' allow
A thriftier fame [12], and thine is loweſt now.
But thou ſhalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older, ſhalt be better known;
When thou'rt of Chaucer's ſtanding in the tomb,
Thou ſhalt not ſhare, but take up all, his room *.

Joh. Earle [13].

VI.

On Mr. Francis Beaumont, (then newly dead.)

HE that hath ſuch acuteneſs, and ſuch wit,
As would aſk ten good heads to huſband it;
He, that can write ſo well, that no man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appears,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few years.

Rich. Corbet [14]. *D. D.*

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[12] *A thirſty fame.*] To make *thirſty* ſignify poor or ſcanty may be admitted; but as the ſmalleſt change gives a more natural word, *thrifty* ſeems the original. *Seward.*

The text from Beaumont's Poems.

* This copy varies conſiderably from that printed with Beaumont's Poems.

[13] *Joh. Earle.*] Mr. Earle was young when he wrote this, and there are indiſputable marks of a bright poetic genius, which had probably been greatly inſpired by an intimacy with Beaumont. He was in high repute as a *preacher* and a *ſcholar* in King Charles the Firſt's reign; and ſeems to have been a true patriot; for it is probable that he oppoſed the court in the beginning of the troubles, as he was elected one of the *Aſſembly of Divines*; but he refuſed to act with them, and adhered to the king in his loweſt ſtate, and for it was deprived of the chancellorſhip of Saliſbury, and all his other preferments. After the reſtoration, he was made, firſt Dean of Weſtminſter, then Biſhop of Worceſter, and afterwards of Saliſbury. Mr. Wood gives a character of him, that extremely reſembles that of the excellent Dr. Hough, the late Biſhop of Worceſter; the ſum of it is, that he joined the politeneſs of a courtier to the ſanctity, goodneſs, and charity of an apoſtle. *Seward.*

[14] Richard Corbet, firſt Student, then Dean of Chriſt-Church, afterwards Biſhop of Oxford, and from thence tranſlated to Norwich; in his youth was eminent for wit and poety, of which this is a ſpecimen, and a good teſtimony of Beaumont's having a luxuriant wit as well as Fletcher,

——— *a wit*
That would aſk ten good heads to huſband it. *Seward.*

VII.

VII.

On the happy Collection of Mr. FLETCHER's Works never before printed.

FLETCHER, ariſe! uſurpers ſhare thy bays,
They *canton* thy vaſt wit to build ſmall *plays:*
He comes! his *volume* breaks thro' clouds and duſt;
Down, little wits! ye muſt refund, ye muſt.
Nor comes he private; here's great Beaumont too:
How could one ſingle world encompaſs two?
For theſe co-heirs had equal power to teach
All that all wits both can, and cannot, reach.
Shakeſpeare was early up, and went ſo dreſt
As for thoſe *dawning* hours he knew was beſt;
But, when the ſun ſhone forth, *you two* thought fit
To wear juſt robes, and leave off *trunk-hoſe* wit.
Now, now, 'twas perfect; none muſt look for new,
Manners and ſcenes may alter, but not *you*;
For yours are not mere *humours*, gilded ſtrains;
The faſhion loſt, your maſſy *ſenſe* remains.
Some think your wits of two complexions fram'd,
That one the *ſock*, th' other the *buſkin*, claim'd;
That ſhould the ſtage *embattle* all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horſe.
But, you were both for both; not ſemi-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never ſplits:
Ye're not two *faculties*, and one *ſoul* ſtill,
He th' *underſtanding*, thou the quick free *will*;
Not as two *voices* in one ſong embrace,
Fletcher's keen *treble*, and deep Beaumont's *baſe*[15],

[15] *But, as two voices in one ſong embrace,*
(Fletcher's keen treble*) and deep Beaumont's* baſe*)*
Two, full, congenial ſouls.] Here Berkenhead is ſpeaking of the doubtful opinions relating to the ſhare which Beaumont and Fletcher had in theſe Plays: He tells you, that the general opinion was, that Beaumont was a *grave tragic writer*, Fletcher moſt excellent in comedy. This he contradicts; but how, why, they did not differ as a general of horſe does from a general of foot, nor as the *ſock* does from the *buſkin*, nor as the *will* from the *underſtanding*, but were *two full congenial ſouls*, and differed only as the *baſe* and *treble* do in the ſame ſong. Why, if this is the true reading, he confirms in theſe lines what he had contradicted in all the foregoing ſimiles, for *baſe* and *treble* have much the ſame difference between them as horſe and foot in an army, or the wit and underſtanding in the ſoul.

Two, full, congenial ſouls; ſtill both prevail'd;
His muſe and thine were *quarter'd*, not *impal'd* [16]:
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, ſifted, 'till no droſs ſtuck in't;
Then in each other's ſcales weigh'd every grain,
Then ſmooth'd and burniſh'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stampt both your names upon't at one bold hit,
Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.
Thus twins: But as when Fate one eye deprives,
That other ſtrives to double; which ſurvives,
So Beaumont died; yet left in legacy
His rules and ſtandard wit (Fletcher) to thee.
Still the ſame planet, tho' not fill'd ſo ſoon,
A two-horn'd *creſcent* then, now one *full-moon*.
Joint *love* before, now *honour*, doth provoke;
So th' old twin *giants* forcing a huge oak,
One ſlip'd his footing, th' other ſees him fall,
Graſp'd the whole tree, and ſingle held up all.
Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy reign;
Scenes flow like ſun-beams from thy glorious brain;
Thy ſwift-diſpatching ſoul no more doth ſtay,
Than he that built two cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and ſometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid wits that wait at door;
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above-ground ſtood;
(For creatures have moſt feet, which have leaſt blood)
But thou art ſtill that *bird of paradiſe*,
Which hath *no feet*, and ever nobly *flies*:
Rich, luſty ſenſe, ſuch as the *Poet* ought;
For poems, if not excellent, are naught;

To make the writer conſiſtent with himſelf, the true reading ſeems to be *not* inſtead of *but*:

Not as two voices in one ſong embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble *and deep Beaumont's* baſe;
Two full congenial ſouls. *Seward.*

[16] *His muſe and thine were* quarter'd, *not* impal'd;] I know I am going out of my depth, in attempting a criticiſm on terms in heraldry. But my books tell me, that *impaling* is when the arms of the man and wife are placed on the ſame eſcutcheon, the one on the right and the other on the left; which is a proper emblem of the matrimonial union; and might ſeemingly be as well applied to the marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher's wit, as the word *quartering* can, which the ſame Berkenhead ſpeaks of at the latter end of this Poem:

What ſtrange production is at laſt diſplay'd,
Got by two fathers without female aid!

But I ſhall attempt no change in a *ſcience* where I am ignorance itſelf. *Seward.*

Low

Low wit in ſcenes in ſtate a peaſant goes;
If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman-proſe,
That ſuch may ſpell, as are not readers grown;
To whom he, that writes wit, ſhews he hath none.
Brave Shakeſpeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himſelf, ſometimes below;
Thou always beſt; if aught ſeem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging rout's *miſtake, not thine:*
Thus thy fair Shepherdeſs, *which the bold heap*
(Falſe to themſelves and thee) *did prize ſo cheap,*
Was found (when underſtood) *fit to be crown'd;*
At worſt 'twas worth *two hundred thouſand pound.*
Some blaſt thy *works*, leſt we ſhould track their walk,
Where they ſteal all thoſe few good things they talk;
Wit-burglary muſt chide thoſe it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as ſtoln goods go off at half their worth)
Thy ſtrong ſenſe *palls*, when they purloin it forth.
When didſt *thou* borrow? where's the man e'er read
Aught begg'd by *thee* from thoſe alive or dead?
Or from dry *goddeſſes?* as ſome who, when
They ſtuff their page with gods, write worſe than men;
Thou waſt thine *own* muſe, and hadſt ſuch vaſt odds,
Thou out-writ'ſt him whoſe verſe *made* all thoſe *gods:*
Surpaſſing thoſe our dwarfiſh age up-rears,
As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in years:
Thy ocean fancy knew nor banks nor damms;
We ebb down dry to pebble-*anagrams*;
Dead and inſipid, all deſpairing ſit;
Loſt to behold this great *relapſe* of wit:
What ſtrength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
'Till Jonſon made good poets and right verſe.
Such boiſt'rous trifles thy muſe would not brook,
Save when ſhe'd ſhew how ſcurvily they look;
No ſavage metaphors (things rudely great)
Thou doſt *diſplay*, not *butcher* a conceit;
Thy nerves have *beauty*, which invades and charms;
Looks like a princeſs harneſs'd in bright arms.
Nor art thou loud and cloudy; thoſe, that do
Thunder ſo much, do't without lightning too;
Tearing themſelves, and almoſt ſplit their brain
To render harſh what thou ſpeak'ſt free and clean;
Such gloomy ſenſe may paſs for *high* and *proud*,
But true-born wit ſtill flies *above* the *cloud*;
Thou knew'ſt 'twas *impotence*, what they call *height*;
Who bluſters ſtrong i'th' dark, but *creeps* i'th' light.

And as thy thoughts were *clear*, ſo, *innocent*;
Thy fancy gave no unſwept language vent;
Slander'ſt not *laws*, prophan'ſt no *holy page*
(As if thy father's croſier aw'd the ſtage);
High crimes were ſtill arraign'd; tho' they made ſhift
To proſper out *four acts*, were plagu'd i'th' *fifth*:
All's ſafe, and wiſe; no ſtiff affected ſcene,
Nor *ſwoln*, nor *flat*, a true full natural vein;
Thy ſenſe (like well-dreſt ladies) cloath'd as ſkinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor city-ſtarch'd and pinn'd?
Thou hadſt no ſloth, no rage, no ſullen fit,
But *ſtrength* and *mirth*; Fletcher's a *ſanguine* wit.
Thus, two great *conſul*-poets all things ſway'd,
'Till all was Engliſh born or Engliſh made:
Mitre and *coif* here into one piece ſpun,
Beaumont a *judge's*, this a *prelate's* ſon.
What ſtrange production is at laſt diſplay'd,
Got by two fathers, without female aid!
Behold, two *maſculines* eſpous'd each other;
Wit and the world were born without a *mother*.

J. Berkenhead [17].

VIII.

On the Works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, now at length printed.

GREAT pair of Authors, whom one equal ſtar
Begot ſo like in *genius*, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both ſo knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much leſs your praiſe: You, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inſpire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dreſs,
Or th' one diſpos'd what th' other did expreſs:
Where-e'er your parts between yourſelves lay, we
In all things, which you did, but one thread ſee;
So evenly drawn out, ſo gently ſpun,
That Art with Nature ne'er did ſmoother run.

[17] *J. Berkinhead.*] *Berkinhead* was firſt amanuenſis to biſhop Laud, and fellow of All Souls. He was author of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a very loyal paper in the time of the rebellion. He was perſecuted much in Cromwell's days, and lived by his wits; afterwards he had good places under King Charles the Second, was member of parliament, and knighted. *Seward.*

Where

Where ſhall I fix my praiſe then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath deſert
More to be fam'd than other? Shall I ſay,
I've met a lover ſo drawn in your play,
So paſſionately written, ſo inflam'd,
So jealouſly enrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the perſon ſeen,
And your pen hath part ſtage and actor been?
Or ſhall I ſay, that I can ſcarce forbear
To clap, when I a * captain do meet there; [* *Beſſus.*
So lively in his own vain humour dreſt,
So braggingly, and like himſelf expreſt,
That modern cowards, when they ſaw him play'd,
Saw, bluſh'd, departed, guilty and betray'd?
You wrote all parts right; whatſoe'er the ſtage
Had from you, was ſeen there as in the age,
And had their equal life: Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who poſſeſt a box, and half-crown ſpent
To learn obſceneneſs, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whoſe chaſte ſcene
Taught loves ſo noble, ſo reform'd, ſo clean,
That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praiſe too, that [18] your ſtock and vein
Held both to tragic and to comic ſtrain;
Where-e'er you liſted to be high and grave,
No *buſkin* ſhew'd more ſolemn; no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,
Spectators ſate parts in your tragedies.
And where you liſted to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole houſe into comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen iſſued all ſalt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfs, and make one Wit;
But as ſome things, we ſee, have double cauſe,
And yet the effect itſelf from both whole draws;
So, though you were thus twiſted and combin'd,
As in two bodies t' have but one fair mind [19],

[18] ——— *your* ſtock *and* vein

Held both to tragic and to comic ſtrain.] *i. e.* Your *ſtock* of underſtanding and knowledge, and your *vein* of wit and humour, are equally excellent in tragedy and comedy. *Seward.*

[19] *As two bodies to have but one fair mind*] Amended by Seward.

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Yet if we praiſe you rightly, we muſt ſay,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.
For that you could write ſingly, we may gueſs
By the divided pieces which the preſs
Hath ſeverally ſent forth [20]; nor were join'd ſo,
Like ſome our modern authors, made to go
One merely by the help of th' other [21], who
To purchaſe fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you ſo, that one's part was to lick
The other into ſhape; nor did one ſtick
The other's cold inventions with ſuch wit,
As ſerv'd, like ſpice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual want, or emptineſs,
Did you conſpire to go ſtill twins to th' preſs;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and ſtor'd with the ſame worth
That thus united them: You did join ſenſe;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence;
And the preſs, which both thus amongſt us ſends [22],
Sends us one poet in a pair of friends. *Jaſper Maine* [23].

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[20] *By the divided pieces which the preſs*
Hath ſeverally ſent forth.] I have before ſhewed that there were two comedies wrote by Beaumont ſingly, and given ſome reaſons why the Nice Valour ought to be deemed one of them. Whether Mr. Maine in this place referred to theſe two comedies, knowing which they were; or whether he only meant the maſk at Gray's-Inn, which was the only piece which we know to have been publiſhed in Beaumont's name before theſe Commendatory Poems were publiſhed; or whether he ſpoke in general terms, without a ſtrict adherence to facts, muſt be left uncertain. *Seward.*

[21] ——————— *nor were* gone *ſo,*
Like ſome our modern authors made to go
On *merely by the help of th' other.*] The word *go* which ends the next line, ſeems to have ran in the printer's head, and made him put *gone* here inſtead of ſome other word. Mr. Theobald had prevented me in the emendation: We read *join'd ſo*, and as I have his concurrence, I have the leſs doubt in preferring it to Mr. Sympſon's conjecture — *Nor were one ſo* — tho' this latter is very good ſenſe, and nearer the trace of the letters, but it would make *one* be repeated too often, for it is already in the third and fourth lines after, and 'tis very evident to me that it ſhould have been in the ſecond, for *On merely*, I read *One merely.* *Seward.*

[22] *And the preſs which both thus amongſt us ſends.*] To make this verſe run ſmoother, Seward would read,
And thus the preſs which both amongſt us ſends,
and refers to his rule for verſe in note 4 on Wit without Money.

[23] *Jaſper Maine.*] This gentleman was author of the City Match, a comedy, and the Amorous War, a tragi-comedy. He was an eminent

IX.

Upon the report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Maſter JOHN FLETCHER, never collected before, and now ſet forth in one volume.

THO' when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulg'd unto that ſacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dreſs, appear'd both ſuch;
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much:
Who therefore wiſely did ſubmit each birth
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,
Working again until he ſaid, *'twas fit*,
And made him the ſobriety of his wit.
Tho' thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name;
'Tis known, that ſometimes he did ſtand alone,
That both the ſpunge and pencil were his own;
That himſelf judg'd himſelf, could ſingly do,
And was at laſt Beaumont and Fletcher too:
Elſe we had loſt his Shepherdeſs [24], a piece
Even and ſmooth, ſpun from a finer fleece;
Where ſoftneſs reigns, where paſſions paſſions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of balſam meet.
Where dreſs'd in white expreſſions ſit bright loves,
Drawn, like their faireſt queen, by milky doves;

---

eminent preacher in the civil war, but warmly adhering to the king, was deprived of all his preferments in Cromwell's time, and taken for charity into the earl of Devonſhire's family, where his learning, piety, and wit, rendered him a proper advocate for religion againſt the famous Mr. Hobbs, then a tutor in that family. After the reſtoration he was made canon of Chriſt-Church, and archdeacon of Chicheſter. *Seward.*

[24] *Elſe we had loſt his Shepherdeſs.*] Mr. Cartwright was a very bright but a very young man, and ſeems to taſte our Authors plays extremely well, but to have known nothing of their dates and hiſtory. He ſuppoſes the Shepherdeſs wrote after Beaumont's death, ſo that his teſtimony ought to have no ſort of weight in excluding Beaumont from all ſhare in the compoſition of the plays. He had taken up the ſuppoſition of Beaumont's being only a corrector, perhaps merely becauſe Jonſon had celebrated his judgment; not conſidering that he celebrated his fancy too. *Seward.*

Cartwright could not ſuppoſe the Shepherdeſs was wrote after Beaumont's death: His words only mean, 'If Fletch. could not have 'wrote without Beaumont, we ſhould not have had the Faithful 'Shepherdeſs,' in which the latter had no concern.

A piece, which Jonſon in a rapture bid
Come up a glorified work; and ſo it did.
Elſe had his muſe ſet with his friend; the ſtage
Had miſs'd thoſe poems, which yet take the age;
The world had loſt thoſe rich exemplars, where
Art, language, wit, ſit ruling in one ſphere;
Where the freſh matters ſoar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;
Where in a worthy ſcorn he dares refuſe
All other gods, and makes the thing his muſe;
Where he calls paſſions up, and lays them ſo,
As ſpirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free author did whate'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a poet ſhould.
No vaſt uncivil bulk ſwells any ſcene,
The ſtrength's ingenious, and the vigour clean;
None can prevent the fancy, and ſee through
At the firſt opening; all ſtand wondring how
The thing will be, until it is; which thence
With freſh delight ſtill cheats, ſtill takes the ſenſe;
The whole deſign, the ſhadows, the lights ſuch,
That none can ſay he ſhews or hides too much:
Buſineſs grows up, ripen'd by juſt encreaſe,
And by as juſt degrees again doth ceaſe;
The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,
And the nice points of time are met, and ſnatch'd:
Nought later than it ſhould, nought comes before;
Chymiſts, and calculators, do err more:
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,
The inward ſubſtance, and the outward face,
All kept preciſely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was, before he writ.
'Twixt Jonſon's grave, and Shakeſpeare's lighter ſound,
His muſe ſo ſteer'd, that ſomething ſtill was found
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but ſo his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known:
Hence did he take true judgments, hence did ſtrike
All palates ſome way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, liſtning to them, wiſh they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what eaſe, or wine, or wit
Durſt yet produce; that is, what Fletcher writ!

X.

ANOTHER.

FLETCHER, tho' ſome call it thy fault, that wit
So overflow'd thy ſcenes, that ere 'twas fit
To come upon the ſtage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's, write again,
And bate ſome of thy fire; which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame;
And after all (finding thy genius ſuch)
That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,
Added his ſober ſpunge; and did contract
Thy plenty to leſs wit, to make't exact:
Yet we through his corrections could ſee
Much treaſure in thy ſuperfluity;
Which was ſo fil'd away, as, when we do
Cut jewels, that that's loſt is jewel too;
Or as men uſe to waſh gold, which we know
By loſing makes the ſtream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works ſeverely ſit,
And call thy ſtore the over-births of wit,
Say thy miſcarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert ſuperfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one ſcene what might well ſerve a play;
And hence do grant, that, what they call exceſs,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happineſs,
From whom wit iſſued in a full ſpring-tide;
Much did enrich the ſtage, much flow'd beſide.
For that thou couldſt thine own free fancy bind
In ſtricter numbers, and run ſo confin'd,
As to obſerve the rules of art, which ſway
In the contrivance of a true-born play,
Thoſe works proclaim which thou didſt write retir'd
From Beaumont, by none but thyſelf inſpir'd.
Where, we ſee, 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;
But, like to Durer's pencil[25], which firſt knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew,

[25] *Like to Durer's pencil.*] Albert Durer was a moſt excellent German painter (born in 1471), much admired even by the great Raphael himſelf; and in ſo high eſteem with the emperor Maximilian the Firſt, that he preſented him with a coat of arms as the badge of nobility. *Theobald.*

Thou

Thou knew'ſt the air, the colour, and the place,
The ſymmetry, which gives a poem grace.
Parts are ſo fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadſt wit, and mathematics too:
Knew'ſt where by line to ſpare, where to diſpenſe,
And didſt beget juſt comedies from thence:
Things unto which thou didſt ſuch life bequeath,
That they, (their own Black-Friars[26]) unacted, breath.
Jonſon hath writ things laſting, and divine,
Yet his love-ſcenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and froſty, and expreſs love ſo,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with ſnow;
Thou, as if ſtruck with the ſame generous darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble lovers' hearts,
Haſt cloath'd affections in ſuch native tires,
And ſo deſcrib'd them in their own true fires,
Such moving ſighs, ſuch undiſſembled tears,
Such charms of language, ſuch hopes mix'd with fears,
Such grants after denials, ſuch purſuits
After deſpair, ſuch amorous recruits,
That ſome, who ſat ſpectators, have confeſt
Themſelves transform'd to what they ſaw expreſt:
And felt ſuch ſhafts ſteal through their captiv'd ſenſe,
As made them riſe parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy ſtile wholly compos'd of groves,
Or the ſoft ſtrains of ſhepherds and their loves;
When thou wouldſt comic be, each ſmiling birth,
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all ſharpneſs; we did ſit
Sometimes five acts out in pure ſprightful wit,
Which flow'd in ſuch true ſalt, that we did doubt
In which ſcene we laugh'd moſt two ſhillings out.
Shakeſpeare to thee was dull[27], whoſe beſt jeſt lies
I'th' ladies' queſtions, and the fools' replies,

[26] *That they, (their own Black-Friars.]* *i. e.* their own theatre: meaning, that Fletcher's plays were ſo ſprightly, that, tho' then unacted (by reaſon of the troubleſome times, and civil war which raged againſt king Charles the Firſt) they wanted no advantage of a ſtage to ſet them off. One of the ſeven playhouſes, ſubſiſting in our Author's time, was in Black-Friars. *Theobald.*

[27] *Shakeſpeare to thee was dull.]* This falſe cenſure aroſe from the uſual fault of panegiriſts, of depreciating others to extol their favourite. Had he only ſaid, as in the former copy, that Fletcher was in a due medium between Jonſon's correctneſs and Shakeſpeare's fancy, he had done Fletcher as well as himſelf more real honour. But it muſt be obſerved, that Beaumont and Fletcher were ſo much the general

Old-faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In trunk-hoſe [28], which our fathers call'd the clown;
Whoſe wit our nice times would obſceneneſs call,
And which made bawdry paſs for comical.
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his ſcurrility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jeſt perplex'd,
But without labour clean, chaſte, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like ſome, our ſmall poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whoſe wit is pilf'ring, and whoſe vein and wealth
In poetry lies merely in their ſtealth;
Nor didſt thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms;
Whoſe wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aſpires.
Nor hadſt thou the ſly trick thyſelf to praiſe
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchaſe bays,
Didſt write ſtale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonſon's took:
That debt thou left'ſt to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

William Cartwright [29].

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neral taſte of the age, both in Charles the Firſt and Second's reign, that Mr. Cartwright only follows the common judgment. The reaſon ſeems to be this, Jonſon ſurvived both Shakeſpeare and our Authors many years, and as he warmly oppoſed the ſtrange irregularities of the Engliſh theatre, at the head of which irregularities was ſo great a genius as Shakeſpeare, he formed a ſtrong party againſt him. But Nature frequently ſpoke in Shakeſpeare ſo directly to the heart, and his excellencies as well as faults were ſo glaring, that the prejudices againſt the latter could not wholly blind men to the former. As our Authors reſembled him in theſe excellencies more than Jonſon, and yet often followed Jonſon's correctneſs and manner, the partiſans both of Shakeſpeare and Jonſon were willing to compromiſe it, and allow them the firſt honours, as partaking of both their excellencies. After the reſtoration, French rules of the drama were introduced, and our Authors being nearer them than Shakeſpeare, they ſtill held their ſuperiority. *Seward.*

[28] *In* turn'd *hoſe.*] We muſt read, *trunk-hoſe*; *i. e.* a kind of large ſlops, or trowzers, worn by the clowns. So in the 25th copy of verſes;

——— *You two thought fit*
To wear juſt robes, and leave off trunk-hoſe *wit.* *Theobald.*

[29] *William Cartwright.*] Mr. Cartwright was eſteemed one of the beſt poets, orators, and philoſophers of his age; he was firſt a king's ſcholar at Weſtminſter, then ſtudent of Chriſt-Church, Oxon. Wood calls

XI.

To the Manes of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-writers, FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER, upon the printing of their excellent Dramatic Poems.

DISDAIN not, gentle ſhades, the lowly praiſe
Which here I tender your immortal bays:
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I
Strive to eternize you, that cannot die.
And though no language rightly can commend
What you have writ, ſave what yourſelves have penn'd;
Yet let me wonder at thoſe curious ſtrains
(The rich conceptions of your twin like brains)
Which drew the gods' attention; who admir'd
To ſee our Engliſh ſtage by you inſpir'd:
Whoſe chiming muſes never fail'd to ſing
A ſoul-affecting muſic, raviſhing
Both ear and intellect; while you do each
Contend with other who ſhall higheſt reach
In rare invention; conflicts, that beget
New ſtrange delight, to ſee two fancies met,
That could receive no foil; two wits in growth
So juſt, as had one ſoul informed both.
Thence (learned Fletcher) ſung the muſe alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.
In whom, as thou, had he out-liv'd, ſo he
(Snatch'd firſt away) ſurvived ſtill in thee.

What tho' diſtempers of the preſent age
Have baniſh'd your ſmooth numbers from the ſtage?
You ſhall be gainers by't; it ſhall confer
To th' making the vaſt world your theatre;
The preſs ſhall give to every man his part,
And we will all be actors; learn by heart
Thoſe tragic ſcenes and comic ſtrains you writ,
Unimitable both for art and wit;

---

calls him the moſt ſeraphical preacher of his age, another Tully and another Virgil: He died about the age of thirty in 1643, in the year of his proctorſhip, when King Charles the Firſt was at Oxford, by whom his death was moſt affectionately mourned. He wrote the Lady Errant, the Royal Slave, and Love's Convert, tragi comedies; and a volume of his Poems were printed after his death. See Wood's Athenæ. *Seward.*

Cartwright's beſt play, the Ordinary, Mr. Seward has not mentioned.

And

And, at each *exit*, as your fancies riſe,
Our hands ſhall clap deſerved plaudities. *John Webb*[30].

XII.

On the Works of the moſt excellent Dramatic Poet, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, never before printed.

HAIL, Fletcher! welcome to the world's great ſtage;
For our two hours, we have thee here an age.
In thy whole works, and may th' *impreſſion* call
The *pretor* that preſents thy plays to all;
Both to the people, and the *lords* that ſway
That *herd*, and ladies whom thoſe *lords* obey.
And what's the loadſtone can ſuch gueſts invite
But moves on two poles, *profit* and *delight?*
Which will be ſoon, as on the rack, confeſt,
When every one is tickled with a jeſt,
And that pure Fletcher's able to ſubdue
A *melancholy* more than Burton knew[31].
And, tho' upon the bye to his deſigns,
The *native* may learn Engliſh from his *lines*,
And th' *alien*, if he can but conſtrue it,
May here be made free *deniſon* of wit.
But his main end does drooping *Virtue* raiſe,
And crowns her beauty with eternal *bays*;
In ſcenes where ſhe inflames the frozen ſoul,
While *Vice* (her paint waſh'd off) appears ſo foul,
She muſt this *bleſſed iſle* and Europe leave,
And ſome new *quadrant* of the *globe* deceive;
Or hide her bluſhes on the Afric ſhore,
Like Marius, but ne'er riſe to *triumph* more;

[30] *John Webb.*] I find no other traces of a John Webb who was likely to be author of this ingenious copy of verſes, but that in 1629, four years after Fletcher's death, one John Webb, M. A. and fellow of Magdalene College in Oxford, was made maſter of Croydon School. He was probably our Mr. Webb, and much nearer the times of our Authors than Mr. Cartwright, and had I diſcovered this ſoon enough, he ſhould have took place of him; but his teſtimony of Beaumont's abilities, as a writer, is a proper antidote againſt Mr. Cartwright's traditional opinion. *Seward.*

[31] *And that pure Fletcher, able to ſubdue*
A melancholy *more than Burton knew.*] Mr. Sympſon obſerved that the comma ſtood in the place of 's, *Fletcher is able.* Burton was author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, a folio. *Seward.*

That

That *honour* is reſign'd to Fletcher's fame;
Add to his trophies, that a *poet's* name
(Late grown as odious to our *modern ſtates*,
As that of *King* to Rome) he vindicates
From black aſperſions, caſt upon't by thoſe
Which only are inſpir'd to lie in proſe.
And, *by the court of muſes be't decreed*,
What graces ſpring from poeſy's richer ſeed,
When we name Fletcher, ſhall be ſo proclaim'd,
As all, that's *royal*, is when Cæſar's nam'd.

Robert Stapylton [32], *Knt.*

XIII.

To the Memory of my moſt honoured Kinſman, Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'LL not pronounce how ſtrong and clean thou writ'ſt,
Nor by what new hard rules thou took'ſt thy flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin ſome refine,
Before they can make up ſix words of thine;
But this I'll ſay, thou ſtrik'ſt our ſenſe ſo deep,
At once thou mak'ſt us bluſh, rejoice and weep.
Great father Jonſon bow'd himſelf, when he
(Thou writ'ſt ſo nobly) vow'd, *he envied thee.*
Were thy Mardonius arm'd; there would be more
Strife for his ſword than all Achilles wore;
Such wiſe juſt rage, had he been lately tried,
My life on't he had been o'th' better ſide;
And, where he found falſe odds, (thro' gold or ſloth)
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.
Behold, here's Fletcher too! the world ne'er knew
Two potent wits co-operate, till you;
For ſtill your fancies are ſo wov'n and knit,
'Twas *Francis* Fletcher, or *John* Beaumont writ,
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were ſo put to't
To call poor gods and goddeſſes to do't;
Nor made nine girls your *muſes* (you ſuppoſe,
Women ne'er write, ſave *love-letters in proſe*).

[32] Sir Robert Stapylton of Carelton in Yorkſhire, a poet of much fame, was at the battle of Edgehill with king Charles the Firſt, and had an honorary degree given him at Oxford for his behaviour on that occaſion. He wrote The Slighted Maid, a comedy; The Step-Mother, a tragi-comedy; and Hero and Leander, a tragedy; beſides ſeveral Poems and Tranſlations. *Seward.*

But

But are your own inſpirers, and have made
Such powerful ſcenes, as, when they pleaſe, invade.
Your plot, ſenſe, language, all's ſo pure and fit,
He's bold, not valiant, dare diſpute your wit.

George Liſle [33], *Kut.*

XIV.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Had turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold, more than at firſt entire,
As now we do, to ſee all thine, thine own
In this thy muſe's reſurrection:
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains, and then their bellies, fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy muſe enraged from her urn,
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies, doth return
To accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed age;
Which caſts thy praiſe on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe thy coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other mens' diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor needs thy juſter title the foul guilt

[33] *George Liſle, Knight.*] This I take to be the ſame with Sir John Liſle one of king Charles's judges; for Wood in his Index to his Athenæ, calls Sir John by the name of George: He might perhaps have had two Chriſtian names. If this was he, he was admitted at Oxford in the year 1622, ſeven years after Beaumont's death, and as he was a kinſman might be ſuppoſed to know more of his compoſitions than a ſtranger. His teſtimony therefore adds ſtrength to what has been before advanced concerning Beaumont, nay it does ſo whether Sir George Liſle be the regicide or not. If he was, he was an eminent lawyer and ſpeaker in the houſe of commons, and made lord commiſſioner of the privy ſeal by the parliament. After the Reſtoration he fled to Loſanna in Switzerland, where he was treated as lord chancellor of England, which ſo irritated ſome furious Iriſh loyaliſts that they ſhot him dead as he was going to church.

Seward.

Of

Of Eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.
Then was [34] Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When, labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonſon, Shakeſpeare, and thyſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of Wit.
Yet what from Jonſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy Nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpeare's gentler muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear; yet ſo, that none
Can ſay, here Nature ends, and Art begins;
But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins;
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and ſkill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus hill.

J. Denham.

XV.

Upon Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER, to thee, we do not only owe
All theſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit, repeated, does ſupport the ſtage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.
No worthies form'd by any muſe, but thine,
Could purchaſe robes to make themſelves ſo fine:
What brave commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greateſt ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aſpatia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid;
And when I venture at the comic ſtile,
Thy Scornful Lady [35] ſeems to mock my toil:

[34] *Wit's empire at the fatal height.*] *i. e.* The higheſt pitch which Fate allows it to riſe to.—The following account of Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, and Fletcher, though rather too favourable to the laſt, is as much preferable to all the former poets encomiums as Sir John was preferable to them in abilities as a poet. *Seward.*

[35] *Thy* Scornful Lady.] Many great men, as well as Mr. Waller, have

Thus has thy muſe, at once, improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard.
So when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt outgo
So far, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,—
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toſs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

Edw. Waller.

XVI.

To Fletcher Reviv'd.

HOW have I been religious? What ſtrange good
Has 'ſcap'd me, that I never underſtood?
Have I hell-guarded *herſy* o'erthrown?
Heal'd wounded ſtates? made kings and kingdoms one?
That *Fate* ſhould be ſo merciful to me,
To let me live t' have ſaid, *I have read thee.*
Fair ſtar, aſcend! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempeſtuous age, this dark world's ſight!
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May ſtrike a ſacred reverence, whilſt thy name
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)
We, bowing, ſing; and whilſt we praiſe, we pray.
Bright ſpirit! whoſe eternal motion
Of wit, like *time*, ſtill in itſelf did run;
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commiſſion, how far this, or that, ſhall live:
Like Deſtiny [36], thy poems; who, as ſhe
Signs death to all, herſelf can never die.

---

have celebrated this play. Beaumont's hand is viſible in ſome high caracatures, but I muſt own my diſſent to its being called a firſt-rate comedy. *Seward.*

[36] *Like* deſtiny *of poems, who, as ſhe*
Sings death to all, herſelf can never dye.] This is extremely obſcure: He ſays firſt, that Fletcher is the ſpirit of poetry, that he is the god of it, and has decreed the fate of all other poems, whether they are to live or dye; after this he is like the deſtiny of poems, and living only himſelf ſigns death to all others. This is very high ſtrained indeed, and rather ſelf contradictory, for Fletcher's ſpirit gives commiſſion how far ſome ſhall live and yet ſigns death to all. A ſlight change will make ſomewhat eaſier and clearer ſenſe. I underſtand the four firſt lines thus; Fletcher's poetry is the ſtand-

And now thy purple-robed tragedy,
In her embroider'd buſkins, calls mine eye,
Where brave Aëtius we ſee betray'd, *Valentinian.*
T' obey his death, whom thouſand lives obey'd;
Whilſt that the *mighty fool* his ſcepter breaks,
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doom ſpeaks;
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The coſtlieſt monarch with the cheapeſt man.
Soldiers may here to their old glories add,
The Lover love, and be with reaſon Mad: *Mad Lover.*
Not as of old Alcides furious,
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the houſe;
(Hurling his language with the canvas ſtone)
'Twas thought, the monſter roar'd the ſob'rer tone.
But, ah! when thou thy ſorrow didſt inſpire
With paſſions black as is her dark attire,
Virgins, as ſufferers, have wept to ſee *Arcas.*
So white a ſoul, ſo red a cruelty; *Bellario.*
That thou haſt griev'd, and, with unthought redreſs,
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bleſs;
Yet, loth to loſe thy watry jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, laughter ſtrait ſprung't agen.
Now ruddy-cheeked *Mirth* with roſy wings *Comedies.*
Fans ev'ry brow with gladneſs, whilſt ſhe ſings *Spaniſh Curate.*
Delight to all; and the whole theatre *Humorous Lieutenant.*
A feſtival in Heaven doth appear.
Nothing but pleaſure, love; and (like the morn) *Tamer Tam'd.*
Each face a general ſmiling doth adorn. *Little French Lawyer.*
Here, ye foul ſpeakers, that pronounce the air
Of ſtews and ſewers, I will inform you where,
And how, to cloath aright your wanton wit,
Without her naſty bawd attending it. *Cuſtom of the Country.*
View here a looſe thought ſaid with ſuch a grace,
Minerva might have ſpoke in Venus' face;
So well diſguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid had Diana's linen on;
And all his naked parts ſo veil'd, they expreſs
The ſhape with clouding the uncomelineſs;

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ard of excellence; whatever is not formed by that model muſt dye, therefore I read,

Like deſtiny, thy poems; i. e. Thy poems being the ſtandard of excellence, are like deſtiny, which determines the fate of others, but herſelf remains ſtill the ſame. I republiſh this poem as there are ſtrong marks of genius in it, particularly in ſome of the following paragraphs. *Seward.*

that

That if this reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The ſtage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd;
Her lines the auſtere ſcarlet had approv'd;
And th' *actors* wiſely been from that offence
As clear, as they are now from *audience*.
Thus with thy *genius* did the *ſcene* expire,
Wanting thy active and enliv'ning fire,
That now (to ſpread a darkneſs over all)
Nothing remains but *poeſy* to fall.
And though from theſe thy *embers* we receive
Some warmth, ſo much as may be ſaid, *we live*;
That we dare praiſe thee, bluſhleſs, in the head
Of the beſt piece *Hermes* to *Love* e'er read;
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,
And feaſt each other with remembring it;
That we dare ſpeak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write. *Rich. Lovelace*[37].

XVIII.

Upon the unparallel'd Plays written by thoſe renowned Twins of Poetry, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

WHAT's here? another library of praiſe[38],
Met in a troop t' advance contemned plays,
And bring exploded *wit* again in faſhion?
I can't but wonder at this *reformation*.
My ſkipping ſoul ſurfeits with ſo much good,
To ſee my hopes into *fruition* bud.

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37 *Rich. Lovelace.* This gentleman was eldeſt ſon of a good family, extremely accompliſhed, being very eminent for wit, poetry, and muſic, but ſtill more ſo for politeneſs of manners and beauty of perſon. He had an ample fortune and every advantage that ſeemed to promiſe happineſs in life; but his ſteady attachment to the royal cauſe, and a liberality that perhaps approach'd too near profuſeneſs, reduced him to extreme poverty. Something of the gaiety of the ſoldier appears in the beginning of this poem. His Poems were publiſhed in 1749. *Seward.*

38 *Another library of praiſe.*] This alludes to the numerous commendatory copies of verſes on *Tom. Coryate's Crudities*, which ſwelled into an entire volume. This is touched at in the 23d copy of verſes, by Richard Brome:

For the witty copies took,
Of his encomiums *made themſelves a book.* *Theobald.*

A happy *chymiſtry!* bleſt viper, *Joy!*
That thro' thy mother's bowels gnaw'ſt thy way!
Wits flock in thoals, and club to re-erect,
In ſpite of *ignorance*, the architect
Of occidental *poeſy*; and turn
Gods, to recal *Wit's* aſhes from their urn.
Like huge Coloſſes, they've together knit [40]
Their ſhoulders to ſupport a world of wit.
The tale of Atlas (tho' of truth it miſs)
We plainly read *mythologiz'd* in this;
Orpheus and Amphion, whoſe undying ſtories
Made Athens famous, are but *allegories*.
'Tis Poetry has power to civilize
Men, worſe than ſtones, more blockiſh than the trees.
I cannot chooſe but think (now things ſo fall)
That Wit is paſt its *climacterical*;
And though the Muſes have been dead and gone,
I know, they'll find a *reſurrection*.
'Tis vain to praiſe; they're to themſelves a glory,
And ſilence is our ſweeteſt *oratory*.
For he, that names but Fletcher, muſt needs be
Found guilty of a loud *hyperbole*.
His fancy ſo tranſcendently aſpires,
He ſhews himſelf a wit, who but admires.
Here are no volumes ſtuff'd with cleverel ſenſe,
The very *anagrams* of eloquence;
Nor long long-winded ſentences that be,
Being rightly ſpell'd, but wit's *ſtenography*;
Nor words, as void of reaſon as of rhime,
Only cæſura'd to ſpin out the time.
But here's a *magazine* of pureſt ſenſe,
Cloath'd in the neweſt garb of eloquence:
Scenes that are quick and ſprightly, in whoſe veins
Bubbles the quinteſſence of ſweet-high ſtrains.
Lines, like their Authors, and each word of it
Does ſay, 'twas writ b' a *gemini* of wit.

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40 ——— *they've together* met

Their ſhoulders to ſupport a world of wit.] I ſhould not find fault with *met* and *wit* being made rhimes here, (the poets of thoſe times giving themſelves ſuch a licence) but that two perſons *meeting their ſhoulders* is neither ſenſe nor Engliſh! I am therefore perſuaded the author wrote *knit*. So twice in the eighth copy by Jaſper Maine,

In fame, as well as writings, both ſo knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit.

And again,

Nor were you thus in works and poems knit, &c. *Theobald.*

How

How happy is our age! how bleſt our men!
When ſuch rare ſouls live themſelves o'er again.
We err, that think a poet dies; for this
Shews, that 'tis but a *metempſychoſis*.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at laſt, we ſee
Above the reach of dull mortality,
Or pow'r of fate: And thus the proverb hits,
(That's ſo much croſs'd) *Theſe men live by their wits.*

Alex. Brome.

XVIII.

On the Death and Works of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

MY name, ſo far from great, that 'tis not known,
Can lend no praiſe but what thou'dſt bluſh to own;
And no rude hand, or feeble wit, ſhould dare
To vex thy ſhrine with an unlearned tear.
I'd have a ſtate of wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common faith;
That, when the ſtock of the whole kingdom's ſpent
In but preparative to thy monument,
The prudent council may invent freſh ways
To get new contribution to thy praiſe;
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit;
Which muſt give life and monument to it.
So when, late, Eſſex died[41], the public face
Wore ſorrow in't; and to add mournful grace
To the ſad pomp of his lamented fall,
The commonwealth ſerv'd at his funeral,
And by a ſolemn order built his hearſe;
—But not like thine, built by thyſelf in verſe.
Where thy advanced image ſafely ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands.
Baſe hands, how impotently you diſcloſe
Your rage 'gainſt Camden's learned aſhes, whoſe
Defaced *ſtatua* and martyr'd book,
Like an antiquity and fragment look.
Nonnulla deſunts legibly appear,
So truly now Camden's *Remains* lie there.
Vain malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of Fame ſhall ſpeak his great Elizabeth!

[41] *So when, late,* Eſſex *dy'd*] The Earl of *Eſſex*, who had been general for the parliament in the civil war againſt King Charles the Firſt, died on the 14th of September, 1646, and the firſt folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works was publiſhed in 1647. *Theobald.*

'Gainſt time and thee he well provided hath;
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.
Thus princes honours; but wit only gives
A name which to ſucceeding ages lives.
Singly we now conſult ourſelves and fame,
Ambitious to twiſt ours with thy great name.
Hence we thus bold to praiſe: For as a vine,
With ſubtle wreath and cloſe embrace, doth twine
A friendly elm, by whoſe tall trunk it ſhoots
And gathers growth and moiſture from its roots;
About its arms the thankful cluſters cling
Like bracelets, and with purple ammelling
The blue-cheek'd grape, ſtuck in its vernant hair,
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear.
So grow our praiſes by thy wit; we do
Borrow ſupport and ſtrength, and lend but ſhow.
And but thy male wit [42], like the youthful ſun,
Strongly begets upon our paſſion,
Making our ſorrow teem with elegy,
Thou yet unweep'd, and yet unprais'd might'ſt be.
But they 're imperfect births; and ſuch are all
Produc'd by cauſes not univocal,
The ſcapes of Nature, paſſives being unfit;
And hence our verſe ſpeaks only mother-wit.
Oh, for a fit o'th' father! for a ſpirit
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit;
For but a ſpark of that diviner fire,
Which thy full breaſt did animate and inſpire;
That ſouls could be divided, thou traduce
But a ſmall particle of thine to us!
Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didſt ſit
But as a joint-commiſſioner in wit;
When it had plummets hung on to ſuppreſs
Its too-luxuriant growing mightineſs:
'Till, as that tree which ſcorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'ſt to govern the whole ſtage alone;
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the ſtar,
Thou wert th' intelligence did move that ſphere.
Thy fury was compos'd; Rapture no fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in wit
As men in a diſeaſe; thy fancy clear,
Muſe chaſte, as thoſe flames whence they took their fire [43];

[42] *And but thy male wit*, &c.] Mr. Seward omits this and the nine following lines.

[43] *Muſe chaſte, as thoſe* frames *whence they took their fire*;] This ſeems obſcure, for what are thoſe *frames* whence Fletcher took his fire?

No ſpurious compoſures amongſt thine,
Got in adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.
And as th' hermetical phyſicians draw
From things that curſe of the firſt-broken law,
That *ens venenum*, which extracted thence
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence:
So was thy ſpirit calcin'd; no mixtures there
But perfect, ſuch as next to ſimples are.
Not like thoſe meteor-wits which wildly fly
In ſtorm and thunder thro' th' amazed ſky;
Speaking but th' ills and villainies in a ſtate,
Which fools admire, and wiſe men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigy, whoſe gall
Oft 'ſcapes the vice, and on the man doth fall.
Nature us'd all her ſkill, when thee ſhe meant
A wit at once both great and innocent.
Yet thou hadſt tooth; but 'twas thy judgment, not
For mending one word a whole ſheet to blot.
Thou couldſt anatomiſe with ready art,
And ſkilful hand, crimes lock'd cloſe up i' th' heart.
Thou couldſt unfold dark plots, and ſhew that path
By which Ambition climb'd to greatneſs hath;
Thou couldſt the riſes, turns, and falls of ſtates,
How near they were their periods and dates;
Couldſt mad the ſubject into popular rage,
And the grown ſeas of that great ſtorm aſſuage;
Dethrone uſurping tyrants, and place there
The lawful prince and true inheriter;
Knew'ſt all dark turnings in the labyrinth
Of policy, which who but knows he ſinn'th,
Save thee, who un-infected didſt walk in't,
As the great genius of government.
And when thou laidſt thy tragic buſkin by,
To court the ſtage with gentle comedy,
How new, how proper th' humours, how expreſs'd
In rich variety, how neatly dreſs'd

---

fire? The ſtars? Even if this was meant, I ſhould think *flames* the better word: But as *flames* will ſignify *heavenly fire* in general, either the ſtars, ſun, angels, or even the Spirit of God himſelf, who maketh his *miniſters' flames of fire:* I much prefer the word, and believe it the original. As this poet was a clergyman of character with regard to his ſanctity, and much celebrates Fletcher's chaſtity of ſentiments and language, it is very evident that many words which appear groſs to us were not ſo in king Charles the Firſt's age. See pages 70, 71, and 72 of the Preface. *Seward.*

In language, how rare plots, what ſtrength of wit
Shin'd in the face and every limb of it!
The ſtage grew narrow while thou grew'ſt to be
In thy whole life an *exc'llent comedy*.
To theſe a virgin-modeſty, which firſt met
Applauſe with bluſh and fear, as if he yet
Had not deſerv'd; 'till bold with conſtant praiſe
His brows admitted the unſought-for bays.
Nor would he raviſh Fame; but left men free
To their own vote and ingenuity.
When his fair Shepherdeſs, on the guilty ſtage,
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage;
At which the impatient virtues of thoſe few
Could judge, grew high, cried *murder!* tho' he knew
The innocence and beauty of his child,
He only, as if unconcerned, ſmil'd.
Princes have gather'd ſince each ſcatter'd grace,
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face[43];
And on th' united parts breath'd ſuch a fire
As, ſpite of malice, ſhe ſhall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,
'Till every hand did help to ſet it on,
He came to be ſole monarch, and did reign
In Wit's great empire, abs'lute ſovereign. *John Harris*[44].

[43] *Princes have gather'd ſince each ſcatter'd grace,*
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face.] This relates to king Charles the Firſt cauſing the Faithful Shepherdeſs to be revived, and acted before him. The lines are extremely beautiful, and do honour to the king's taſte in poetry, which as it comes from an adverſary (tho' certainly a very candid one, and who before condemned the fire-brand ſcriblers and meteor-wits of his age) is a ſtrong proof of its being a very good one. Queen Elizabeth may be called the mother of the Engliſh poets; James the Firſt was a pedagogue to them, encouraged their literature, but debaſed it with puns and pedantry; Charles the Firſt revived a good taſte, but the troubles of his reign prevented the great effects of his patronage. *Seward.*

[44] *John Harris* was of New-College, Oxford, Greek profeſſor of the univerſity, and ſo eminent a preacher that he was called a ſecond Chryſoſtom. In the civil wars he ſided with the Preſbyterians, and was one of the Aſſembly of Divines, and is the only poet in this collection whom we certainly know to have been for the parliament againſt the king. His poem has great merit; the fine break after the mention of the earl of Eſſex, and the ſimile of the elm and cluſters of grapes, deſerve a particular attention. After this ſimile I have ſtruck out ſome lines that were unequal in merit to their brethren, leſt the reader, tired with theſe, ſhould ſtop too ſhort; for thoſe which now follow, tho' unjuſt with regard to Beaumont, are poetically good. *Seward.*

XIX.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his Works, never before publiſhed.

TO flatter living fools is eaſy ſleight;
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.
To praiſe a landed lord, is gainful art;
But thankleſs to pay tribute to deſert.
This ſhould have been my taſk: I had intent
To bring my rubbiſh to thy monument,
To ſtop ſome crannies there, but that I found
No need of leaſt repair; all firm and ſound.
Thy well-built fame doth ſtill itſelf advance
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance.
Tho' thou dieđſt not poſſeſs'd of that fame pelf,
Which nobler ſouls call dirt, the city, wealth:
Yet thou haſt left unto the times ſo great
A legacy, a treaſure ſo compleat,
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will:
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting ſtill,
How ſo vaſt ſums of wit were left behind;
And yet nor debts, nor ſharers, they can find.
'Twas the kind providence of Fate to lock
Some of this treaſure up; and keep a ſtock
For a reſerve until theſe ſullen days;
When ſcorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit. But now he,
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,
None ſhould pretend, but thoſe can underſtand.

Henry Moody, Bart.[45].

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[45] Sir *Henry Moody* was of the number of thoſe gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred by king Charles the Firſt at his return to Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. The poem has ſome ſtrong marks of genius in it, particularly in theſe lines,

——— *until theſe ſullen days;*
When ſcorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit.

I confeſs myſelf a great admirer of verſes in rhime, whoſe pauſes run into each other as boldly as blank verſe itſelf. When our moderns corrected many faults in the meaſure of our verſe by making the accents always fall on right ſyllables, and laying aſide thoſe harſh eliſions uſed by our ancient poets, they miſtook this run of the verſes into each other after the manner of Virgil, Homer, &c. for a fault, which deprived

XX.

On the deceaſed Author, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, his Plays; and eſpecially the Mad Lover.

WHILST his well-organ'd body doth retreat
To its firſt matter, and the formal heat[46]
Triumphant ſits in judgment, to approve
Pieces above our cenſure, and our love[47];
Such, as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye, and critic ear:
Lo, the Mad Lover in theſe various-times
Is preſs'd to life, t' accuſe us of our crimes.
While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such laſting monuments of natural wit?
Others might draw their lines with ſweat, like thoſe
That (with much pains) a garriſon incloſe;
Whilſt his ſweet, fluent, vein did gently run,
As uncontrol'd and ſmoothly as the ſun.
After his death, our theatres did make
Him in his own unequal language ſpeak:
And now, when all the muſes out of their
Approved modeſty ſilent appear,
This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our ſight.
Three-and-fourfold-bleſt poet, who the lives
Of poets, and of theatres, ſurvives!
A groom, or oſtler of ſome wit, may bring
His Pegaſus to the Caſtalian ſpring;
Boaſt, he a race o'er the Pharſalian plain,
Or happy Tempe-valley, dares maintain:
Brag, at one leap, upon the double cliff
(Were it as high as monſtrous Teneriffe)
Of far-renown'd Parnaſſus he will get,
And there (t' amaze the world) confirm his feat:
When our admired Fletcher vaunts not aught,
And ſlighted every thing he writ as nought:

---

prived our rhime of that grandeur and dignity of numbers which ariſes from a perpetual change of pauſes, and turned whole poems into diſtichs. *Seward.*

[46] *And the* formal heat, *&c.*] *Formal heat*, I take to be a metaphyſical and logical term for the *ſoul*, as the *formal cauſe* is that which conſtitutes the eſſence of any thing. Fletcher's ſoul therefore now ſits in judgment, to approve works deſerving of praiſe. *Seward.*

[47] *Pieces above our* candour.] Amended by Theobald.

While

While all our Engliſh wondring world (in's cauſe)
Made this great city echo with applauſe.
Read him, therefore, all that can read; and thoſe,
That cannot, learn; if you're not learning's foes,
And wilfully reſolved to refuſe
The gentle raptures of this happy muſe.
From thy great conſtellation (noble ſoul)
Look on this kingdom; ſuffer not the whole
Spirit of poeſy retire to Heaven;
But make us entertain what thou haſt given.
Earthquakes and thunder diapaſons make;
The ſeas' vaſt roar, and irreſiſtleſs ſhake
Of horrid winds, a ſympathy compoſe;
So in theſe things there's muſic in the cloſe:
And tho' they ſeem great diſcords in our ears,
They are not ſo to them above the ſpheres.
Granting theſe muſic, how much ſweeter's that
Mnemoſyne's daughters' voices do create?
Since Heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and air conſent
To make an harmony, (the inſtrument,
Their own agreeing ſelves) ſhall we refuſe
The muſic which the deities do uſe?
Troy's raviſh'd Ganymede doth ſing to Jove,
And Phœbus' ſelf plays on his lyre above.
The Cretan gods, or glorious men, who will
Imitate right, muſt wonder at thy ſkill,
(Beſt poet of thy times!) or he will prove
As mad, as thy brave Memnon was with love.

Aſton Cokaine, Bart[48].

XXI.

On the Edition of Mr. Francis Beaumont's and Mr. John Fletcher's Plays, never printed before.

I AM *amaz'd*; and this ſame *extaſy*
Is both my *glory* and *apology*.

[48] *Aſton Cokaine, Bart.*] This gentleman who claimed being made a baronet by king Charles I. at a time when the king's diſtreſs prevented the creation paſſing the due forms, was a poet of ſome repute, for which reaſon this copy is inſerted more than for its intrinſic worth. He was lord of the manors of Pooley in Poleſworth-pariſh, Warwickſhire, and of Aſhburn in Derbyſhire; but with a fate not uncommon to wits, ſpent and ſold both; but his deſcendants of this age have been and are perſons of diſtinguiſhed merit and fortune.

Seward.

Sober

Sober joys are dull paſſions; they muſt bear
Proportion to the *ſubject*: If *ſo*, where
Beaumont and Fletcher ſhall vouchſafe to be
That ſubject, *That joy* muſt be *extaſy*.
Fury is the *complexion* of *great wits*;
The *fool's diſtemper*: He, that's *mad* by *fits*,
Is *wiſe ſo* too. It is the *poet's muſe*;
The *prophet's god*; the *fool's*, and *my excuſe*.
For (in *me*) nothing *leſs* than Fletcher's *name*
Could have *begot*, or *juſtified*, this *flame*.
Beaumont } *return'd!* methinks, it ſhould not be:
Fletcher }
No, not in's *works*; *plays* are as *dead* as *he*.
The *palate* of *this age* guſts nothing *high*,
That has not *cuſtard* in't, or *bawdery*.
Folly and *madneſs* fill the *ſtage*: The *ſcene*
Is Athens; *where*, the *guilty*, and the *mean*,
The *fool'ſcapes* well enough; *learned* and *great*,
Suffer an *oſtraciſm*; ſtand *exulate*.
Mankind is *fall'n again*, *ſhrunk* a *degree*,
A *ſtep* below his very *apoſtacy*.
Nature her *ſelf* is out of *tune*; and *ſick*
Of *tumult* and *diſorder*, *lunatic*.
Yet *what world* would not chearfully *endure*
The *torture*, or *diſeaſe*, t' *enjoy* the *cure*?
This book's the *balſam*, and the *hellebore*,
Muſt *preſerve bleeding Nature*, and *reſtore*
Our *crazy ſtupor* to a *juſt quick ſenſe*
Both of *ingratitude*, and *Providence*.
That teaches us (at *once*) to *feel* and *know*,
Two deep points; what we *want*, and what we *owe*.
Yet *great goods have their ills*: Should we *tranſmit*,
To *future times*, the *pow'r* of *love* and *wit*,
In *this example*; would they not *combine*
To make *our imperfections their deſign*?
They'd *ſtudy* our *corruptions*; and take more
Care to be *ill*, than to be *good*, *before*.
For *nothing*, *but ſo great infirmity*,
Could make them worthy of ſuch remedy.
Have you not ſeen the ſun's almighty ray
Reſcue th' *affrighted world*, and *redeem day*
From *black deſpair*? how his *victorious beam*
Scatters the *ſtorm*, and *drowns* the *petty flame*
Of *lightning*, in the *glory* of his *eye*;
How *full* of *pow'r*, how *full* of *majeſty*?

When,

When, to *us mortals*, *nothing* elſe was *known*,
But the *ſad doubt*, whether to *burn*, or *drown*.
Choler, and *phlegm*, *heat*, and *dull ignorance*,
Have caſt *the people* into *ſuch* a *trance*,
That *fears* and *danger* ſeem *great equally*,
And no *diſpute* left now, but *how* to *die*.
Juſt in *this nick*, Fletcher *ſets the world clear*
Of all diſorder, and reforms us here.
The *formal youth*, that knew *no* other *grace*,
Or *value*, but his *title*, and his *lace*,
Glaſſes himſelf, and, in *this faithful mirror*,
Views, *diſapproves*, *reforms*, *repents* his *error*.
The *credulous*, *bright girl*, that *believes all*
Language, in *oaths* (if *good*) *canonical*,
Is *fortified*, and *taught*, *here*, to *beware*
Of *ev'ry* ſpecious *bait*, of *ev'ry ſnare*
Save *one*; and *that* ſame *caution* takes her *more*,
Than *all* the *flattery* ſhe *felt before*.
She finds her *boxes*, and her *thoughts betray'd*
By the *corruption* of the *chamber-maid*;
Then throws her *waſhes* and *diſſemblings* by,
And *vows* nothing but *ingenuity*.
The *ſevere ſtateſman quits* his *ſullen form*
Of *gravity* and *buſ'neſs*; the *lukewarm*
Religious, his *neutrality*; the *hot*
Brainſick illuminate, his *zeal*; the *ſot*,
Stupidity; the *ſoldier*, his *arrears*;
The *court*, its *confidence*; the *plebs*, their *fears*;
Gallants, their *apiſhneſs* and *perjury*;
Women, their *pleaſure* and *inconſtancy*;
Poets, their *wine*; the *uſurer*, his *pelf*;
The *world*, its *vanity*; and *I*, my *ſelf*. *Roger L'Eſtrange*[49].

XXII.

On the EDITION.

FLETCHER (whoſe fame no age can ever waſte;
Envy of ours, and glory of the laſt)
Is now alive again; and with his name
His ſacred aſhes wak'd into a flame;
Such as before, did by a ſecret charm
The wildeſt heart ſubdue, the coldeſt warm;

[49] For the ſame reaſon that Sir Aſton Cokaine's poem is reprinted, Sir Roger L'Eſtrange's keeps its place. His name is well known to the learned world, but this copy of verſes does no great honour either to himſelf or our Authors. *Seward.*

And

And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Diſpenſing thus to either heat and light.
He to a ſympathy thoſe ſouls betray'd,
Whom love, or beauty, never could perſuade;
And in each mov'd ſpectator could beget
A real paſſion by a counterfeit:
When firſt Bellario bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aſpatia wept, not any eye
But ſeem'd to wear the ſame ſad livery;
By him inſpir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More ſtreams of melting ſorrow than the true;
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their eaſy griefs, and teach them all to ſmile.
Thus he affections could or raiſe or lay;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey;
He Nature taught her paſſions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which ſuch a happy likeneſs ſeem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obſcurely kept
In the ſame urn wherein his duſt hath ſlept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying ſcene expir'd his name;
Deſpair our joy hath doubled, he is come;
Thrice welcome by this *poſt-liminium*.
His loſs preſerv'd him; They, that ſilenc'd Wit,
Are now the authors to eternize it;
Thus poets are in ſpite of Fate reviv'd,
And plays by intermiſſion longer-liv'd.

Tho. Stanley [50].

XXIII.

To the Memory of the Deceaſed but Ever-living Author, in theſe his Poems, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

ON the large train of Fletcher's friends let me
(Retaining ſtill my wonted modeſty)
Become a waiter, in my ragged verſe,
As follower to the *muſes'* followers.
Many here are of noble rank and worth,
That have, by ſtrength of Art, ſet Fletcher forth

[50] Mr. *Stanley* educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, was a poet of ſome eminence, and his verſes have merit; and contain a proof of what is aſſerted in the Preface, of plays being kept unpubliſhed for the benefit of the players. *Seward.*

In

In true and lively colours, as they ſaw him,
And had the beſt abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their lines ſet before Fletcher's book;
Some, that have known him too; ſome more, ſome leſs;
Some only but by hear-ſay, ſome by gueſs;
And ſome for faſhion-ſake would take the hint,
To try how well their wits would ſhew in print.
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,
And princes of Parnaſſus by the pen,
And your juſt judgments of his worth, that have
Preſerv'd this Author's memory from the grave,
And made it glorious; let me, at your gate,
Porter it here, 'gainſt thoſe that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deſerve here: For, where you verſify
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,
I'll write, tho' not rich verſes, honeſt rhime.
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout
Of thoſe that would crowd in, but muſt keep out.
Bear back, my maſters; pray keep back; forbear:
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by interceſſion,
Find entertainment at the next impreſſion.
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this ſhrine they owe:
All ſuch muſt be excluded; and the ſort,
That only upon truſt, or by report,
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
To have their verſes planted before him:
Let them read firſt his works, and learn to know him;
And offer, then, the ſacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be ſuch, as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this *author*, not his fame;
And ſuch, as would pretend, of all the reſt,
To be the beſt *wits* that have known him beſt.
Depart hence, all ſuch writers, and before
Inferior ones thruſt in, by many a ſcore;
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
Whoſe work, before his praiſers, had the fate
To periſh: For the witty copies took
Of his *encomiums* made themſelves a *book*.
Here's no ſuch ſubject for you to out-do,
Out-ſhine, out-live, (tho' well you may do too
In other ſpheres) for Fletcher's flouriſhing bays
Muſt never fade, while Phœbus wears his rays.

Therefore

Therefore forbear to preſs upon him thus.
Why, what are you, (cry ſome) that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flaſhy meteor?
And ſtil'd (at beſt) the *muſes'* ſerving-creature?
Do you controul? Ye've had your jeer: Sirs, no;
But, in an humble manner, let you know,
Old ſerving-creatures oftentimes are fit
T' inform young maſters, as in land, in wit,
What they inherit; and how well their dads
Left one, and wiſh'd the other, to their lads.
And from departed poets I can gueſs
Who has a greater ſhare of wit, who leſs.
'Way fool, another ſays. I let him rail,
And 'bout his own ears flouriſh his wit-flail,
'Till with his ſwingle he his noddle break;
While this of Fletcher, and his *Works*, I ſpeak:
His *works?* (ſays Momus) nay, his *plays*, you'd ſay:
Thou haſt ſaid right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil: With eaſe
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled ſeas.
His nimble births have longer liv'd than theirs
That have, with ſtrongeſt labour, divers years
Been ſending forth the iſſues of their brains
Upon the *ſtage*; and ſhall, to th' *ſtationer's* gains,
Life after life take, till ſome after-age
Shall put down *printing*, as this doth the *ſtage*;
Which nothing now preſents unto the eye,
But in *dumb-ſhows* her own ſad *tragedy*.
'Would there had been no ſadder works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!
But to the man again, of whom we write,
The *writer* that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. *He* did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget *wit*, or manage it; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,
Or ſteal, ſome jeſts to foiſt into a ſcene:
He ſcorn'd thoſe ſhifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talk; That from his lips did flow,
And run at waſte, did favour more of wit,
Than any of his time, or ſince, have writ
(But few excepted) in the ſtage's way:
His *ſcenes* were *acts*, and every *act* a *play*.
I knew him in his ſtrength; even then, when he,
That was the maſter of his art and me [51],

[51] *Maſter of his art and me.*] Mr. Richard Brome was many years a ſervant to Ben Jonſon (an amanuenſis, I preſume), and learn-

ed

Moſt knowing Jonſon (proud to call him *ſon*),
In friendly envy ſwore he had out-done
His very ſelf. I knew him, till he died;
And, at his diſſolution, what a tide
Of ſorrow overwhelm'd the *ſtage*; which gave
Vollies of ſighs to ſend him to his grave,
And grew diſtracted in moſt violent fits,
For *ſhe* had loſt the beſt part of her *wits*.
In the firſt year, our famous Fletcher fell,
Of good king Charles, who grac'd theſe *poems* well,
Being then in life of action: But they died
Since the king's abſence; or were laid aſide,
As is their *poet*. Now, at the report
Of the *king*'s ſecond coming to his court,
The *books* creep from the *preſs* to life, not *action*;
Crying unto the world, that no protraction
May hinder *ſacred majeſty* to give
Fletcher, in them, leave on the *ſtage* to live.
Others may more in lofty verſes move;
I only, thus, expreſs my truth and love. *Rich. Brome.*

XXIV[51].

Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

WHAT means this numerous guard? or, do we come
To file our names, or verſe, upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Againſt ourſelves, no wit, no poet now;

---

ed the art of writing comedy under him: Upon this, Ben compliments him in a ſhort poem prefix'd to Brome's Northern Laſs.

'I had you for a ſervant, once Dick Brome,
'And you perform'd a ſervant's faithful parts;
'Now you are got into a nearer room
'Of fellowſhip, profeſſing my old arts, &c.' *Theobald.*

[51] The Commendatory Poems were printed without judgment or order; ſeveral of them (particularly the firſt as rank'd in the late editions) greatly injure our Authors by injudicious encomiums, and have too little merit to be republiſhed. Mr. Theobald left ſeveral corrections upon theſe obſcure Poems, and many others would have been added, had not *una litura* appeared the beſt remedy. All are therefore now diſcarded but what appeared worthy of the reader's attention, and theſe are ranged according to the order of time in which they ſeem to have been wrote. Beaumont himſelf now leads in defence of his friend Fletcher's charming dramatic paſtoral the Faithful Shepherdeſs,

Or if he be return'd from his cool ſhade
To us, this book his reſurrection's made:
We bleed ourſelves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to ſhew him alive.
But let him live! and let me propheſy,
As I go ſwan-like out [51], our peace is nigh:
A balm unto the wounded age I ſing;
And nothing now is wanting, but the king.

Ja. Shirley [52].

XXV.

On the Dramatic Poems of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

WONDER! who's here? Fletcher, long buried,
Reviv'd? 'Tis he! he's riſen from the dead;
His winding-ſheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound.
And may he not, if rightly underſtood,
Prove plays are lawful? he hath *made them good.*
Is any *Lover Mad?* ſee, here *Love's Cure*;
Unmarried? to a *Wife* he may be ſure,

---

which having been damn'd at its firſt appearance on the ſtage, Beaumont and Jonſon, with the ſpirits of Horace and Juvenal, laſh the dull herd for their ſtupid ingratitude. *Seward.*

In addition to the above, which Mr. Seward makes an introductory Note, it may not be amiſs to remark, that the Firſt Folio had thirty-ſix Commendatory Poems; from which the Editors of the Second Folio ſelected no more than eleven. In the Octavo of 1711, all but one were copied from the Firſt Folio; and to theſe were added Beaumont's and Jonſon's Verſes on the Faithful Shepherdeſs. Of theſe thirty-ſeven Mr. Seward retained twenty-three, and added Poem IV. ſigned *J. F.* We think that Seward, ſo far from rejecting any pieces worth preſervation, has kept ſome which might very well have been ſpared: We have, however, adopted his ſelection, which ends with Shirley's poem; and ſhall now reſtore the Verſes written by Gardiner and Hills, (not becauſe they poſſeſs any poetick merit, but that the Reader may judge what reſpect is due to the teſtimony of thoſe Verſes, which are frequently mentioned as aſcribing particular plays to Fletcher), and add a paſſage, relative to our Authors, written by the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

[51] *As I go ſwan-like out.*] This ſeems to allude to his verſes having been the laſt in the Collection.

[52] Mr. Shirley was publiſher of the Firſt Folio edition in 1647. *Seward.*

By *publiſher* we ſuppoſe Mr. Seward means *editor:* This Mr. Shirley certainly was not. It is true he wrote the Preface; but it would be exceedingly unjuſt to that great man, to believe he did more for, or at leaſt could be *editor* of, ſo incorrect a book.

A rare

A rare one, *for a Month*; if ſhe diſpleaſe,
The *Spaniſh Curate* gives a writ of eaſe.
Enquire the *Cuſtom of the Country*, then
Shall the *French Lawyer* ſet you free again.
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill,
(One of the *Inn*, the other of the *Mill*)
That th' *Lovers' Progreſs'* ſtopt, and they defam'd,
Here's that makes *Women Pleas'd*, and *Tamer Tam'd*.
But who then plays the *Coxcomb?* or will try
His *Wit at Several Weapons*, or elſe die?
Nice Valour, and he doubts not to engage
The *Noble Gentleman*, in *Love's Pilgrimage*,
To take revenge on the *Falſe One*, and run
The *Honeſt Man's Fortune*, to be undone
Like *Knight of Malta*, or elſe *Captain* be,
Or th' *Humorous Lieutenant*; go to ſea
(*A Voyage* for to ſtarve) he's very loath,
'Till we are all at peace, to ſwear an oath,
That then the *Loyal Subject* may have leave
To lie from *Beggars' Buſh*, and undeceive
The creditor, diſcharge his debts; why ſo,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?
Oh, could his *Propheteſs* but tell one *Chance*,
When that the *Pilgrims* ſhall return from France,
And once more make this kingdom as of late,
The *Iſland Princeſs*, and we celebrate
A *Double Marriage*; every one to bring
To Fletcher's memory his offering,
That thus at laſt unſequeſters the ſtage,
Brings back the ſilver, and the golden age! *Robert Gardiner.*

XXVI.

Upon the ever-to-be-admired Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his Plays.

WHAT's all this preparation for? or why
Such ſudden triumphs? Fletcher, the people cry!
Juſt ſo, when kings approach, our conduits run
Claret, as here the ſpouts flow *Helicon*:
See, every ſprightful *muſe*, dreſs'd trim and gay,
Strews herbs and ſcatters roſes in his way.
Thus th' outward yard ſet round with *bayes* we've ſeen,
Which from the garden hath tranſplanted been;
Thus, at the prætor's feaſt, with needleſs coſts,
Some muſt b'employ'd in painting of the poſts;

And ſome, as diſhes made for ſight, not taſte,
Stand here as things for ſhow to Fletcher's feaſt.
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,
T' have had his cook in *Rollo* ſerve them in!
Fletcher, the king of poets! ſuch was he,
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all ſovereignty;
And may he that denies it, learn to bluſh
At's *Loyal Subject*, ſtarve at's *Beggars' Buſh*;
And, if not drawn by example, ſhame, nor grace,
Turn o'er to's *Coxcomb*, and the *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe*.
Monarch of wit! great magazine of wealth!
From whoſe rich *bank*, by a Promethean ſtealth,
Our leſſer flames do blaze! His the true fire,
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.
'Twas firſt believ'd, becauſe he always was
The *ipſe dixit*, and Pythagoras
To our diſciple-wits, his ſoul might run
(By the ſame dreamt-of tranſmigration)
Into their rude and indigeſted brain,
And ſo inform their chaos-lump again;
For many ſpecious brats of this laſt age
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.
This rous'd his rage, to be abuſed thus,
Made's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.
Thus *ends of gold and ſilver-men* are made
(As th' uſe to ſay) goldſmiths of his own trade;
Thus *rag-men* from the dunghill often hop,
And publiſh forth by chance a broker's ſhop.
But by his own light, now, we have deſcried
The droſs, from that hath been ſo purely tried.
Proteus of wit! who reads him doth not ſee
The manners of each ſex, of each degree?
His full-ſtor'd fancy doth all humours fill,
From th' *Queen of Corinth* to the *Maid o'th' Mill*;
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Propheteſs*,
Shew he was all and every one of theſe;
He taught (ſo ſubtly were their fancies ſciz'd)
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Pleas'd*.
Parnaſſus is thine own; claim it as merit,
Law makes the *Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. Hills.

EXTRACT from FENTON'S POEMS.

——like the radiant twins that gild the ſphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The firſt a fruitful vine, in bloomy pride,
Had been by ſuperfluity deſtroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciouſly ſevere,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care:
On various ſounding harps the muſes play'd,
And ſung, and quaff'd their nectar in the ſhade.
Few moderns in the liſts with theſe may ſtand,
For in thoſe days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakeſpeare's fame;
The ſecond honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord,
To wear his armour, and to wield his ſword.

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune[52].

By Mr. John Fletcher.

YOU that can look thro' Heav'n, and tell the ſtars,
Obſerve their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you pleaſe,
To thoſe men honours, pleaſures, to thoſe eaſe;
You that are God's ſurveyors, and can ſhew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will ſhoot over, or fall under;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what ſhall become of me?
Find out my ſtar, if each one, as you ſay,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way[53];
Obſerve my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houſes, and new-line your ſchemes,
Then ſay your worſt! Or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or am I poor? not able, no full flame?
My ſtar, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on thoſe
That deal with dangers, dignities, and cloaths?
With love, or new opinions? You all lie!
A fiſh-wife hath a fate, and ſo have I;
But far above your finding! He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treaſure, no, not you!
He that made Ægypt blind, from whence you grew

[52] Theſe Verſes are in all former Editions printed at the end of the Comedy of *The Honeſt Man's Fortune:* As they have not the leaſt reference to that Play, we have choſe to place them here.

[53] *Have his peculiar angel, and his way:*] *Way*, in its common acceptation, is not nonſenſe; it may ſignify his *path of life mark'd out to him by the ſtars.* But Mr. Sympſon thinks it certainly corrupt, and conjectures firſt *fay*, which, he ſays, ſignifies *ſpirit*, or *faie*, which he ſays, though a very uncommon word, ſignifies *fate:* As he quotes no authority, I can only ſay, that I remember *fay* uſed by Spenſer as the ſame with *fairy*, but none of my gloſſaries know ſuch a word as *faie*; and if an obſolete word muſt be uſed, we need not depart at all from the trace of the letters; for *wey* or *way* (the ſpelling of former ages, as well as the preſent, being extremely uncertain) may ſignify *fate*; the *weys* were the *fates* of the Northern nations, from whence the Witches in Macbeth are called *weyward ſiſters.* See Mr. Warburton's ingenious and learned note upon them. *Seward.*

Scabby

Scabby and louſy, that the world might ſee
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the ſtars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own ſtar, and the ſoul that can
Render an honeſt and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal ſhadows that walk by us ſtill;
And when the ſtars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For ſtubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uſes, are at war,
E'en we among ourſelves; and from the ſtriſe,
Your firſt unlike opinions got a life.
Oh, man! thou image of thy Maker's good [54],
What canſt thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His ſpirit is, that built thee? what dull ſenſe
Makes thee ſuſpect, in need, that Providence
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like ſweet ſhowers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge, who ſo truſted thee,
To let thee grow ſo near himſelf, the tree;
Muſt he then be diſtruſted? ſhall his frame
Diſcourſe with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy ſervants, when devotions call.
Oh, canſt thou be ſo ſtupid then, ſo dim,
To ſeek a ſaving influence, and loſe him?
Can ſtars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heav'n [55], put out his eye?

54 —*Thou image of thy Maker's good,*] Mr. Sympſon would read,
——*thy Maker good,*
but I ſee not ſufficient reaſon for a change, ſince good men are, and all men ſhould endeavour to make themſelves, *images of the goodneſs of God.* Nay, the man who baniſhes virtue from his ſoul, forfeits the only valuable likeneſs which he bears to his Maker. *Seward.*

55 —— —— *Or can poverty,*
Which is the light to Heav'n, put out his eye?] This Poem has vaſt beauties; what Fletcher had often bantered in his comedies, the cheats of aſtrology (almoſt univerſally believed in his age) he now

He is my ſtar, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate! and when my mind
Is furniſh'd with his fullneſs, my poor ſtory
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!
The hand of danger cannot fall amiſs,
When I know what, and in whoſe power it is:
Nor want, the curſe of man [56], ſhall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourſelves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to beſt eyes,
The matter ſpent, and then the fool's fire dies!
Were I in love, and could that bright ſtar bring
Encreaſe to wealth, honour, and every thing;
Were ſhe as perfect good as we can aim,
The firſt was ſo, and yet ſhe loſt the game.
My miſtreſs, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.
And tho' to Time her lights and laws ſhe lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends:
Friends' promiſes may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer [57], and, the deeper, ſtill
We ſtill ariſe more image of his will;
Sickneſs, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longeſt, but another night!
Man is his own ſtar, and that ſoul that can
Be honeſt, is the only perfect man.

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now laſhes with the ſpirit of a claſſic ſatiriſt, and the zeal of a Chriſtian divine. But the line above, Mr. Sympſon ſays, *is ſad ſtuff*; I own it a little obſcure, but far from deſerving that title, Poverty and affliction often bring men to a due ſenſe of their own ſtate, and to an entire dependence on their Creator, therefore may be conſidered as *lights* that often guide men to Heaven. Poets, whoſe imaginations are ſo full of ſentiment as Shakeſpeare's and Fletcher's, do not always ſtudy perſpicuity in their expreſſions ſo much as thoſe of cooler diſpoſitions. *Seward.*

It is true, that *they do not always ſtudy perſpicuity*; but *the light of Heaven* refers to *his eye*, not to *poverty*. This mode of conſtruction is not uncommon with our Authors, and has often occaſioned miſinterpretations.

[56] *The* cauſe *of man.*] Corrected in 1750.

[57] *To* hear *the hammer.*] Seward falſely aſſerts, that this is the reading of the *former editions.*

LETTER

FROM

BEAUMONT TO BEN JONSON[1].

THE ſun (which doth the greateſt comfort bring
To abſent friends, becauſe the ſelf-ſame thing
They know they ſee, however abſent) is
Here, our beſt haymaker, (forgive me this!
It is our country's ſtile) in this warm ſhine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier hereſies
Than beer, good only for the ſonnet's ſtrain,
With fuſtian metaphors to ſtuff the brain;
So mix'd, that, given to the thirſtieſt one,
'Twill not prove alms, unleſs he have the ſtone:
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite ſpoil'd Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will[2], and make him write worſe yet.
Fill'd with ſuch moiſture, in moſt grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wiſdom write his ſinging-pſalms;

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[1] *Letter, &c.*] This Letter has hitherto been printed at the end of Nice Valour, with the following title: 'Mr. Francis Beaumont's 'Letter to Ben Jonſon, written before he and Maſter Fletcher 'came to London, with *two of the precedent comedies* then not 'finiſhed, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.' As we apprehend it is demonſtrated (p. lxxxix, *& ſeq*), that this ſituation was caſual, and the title not to be relied on, we have ventured to remove the one and alter the other.

[2] *Lie where* he *will.*] If we keep to the old reading, it muſt reflect upon Sutcliff's hiding himſelf for debt. I have not the Lives of the Poets now by me, but don't remember any thing of the poverty of this minor poet of our Author's age, by reading *it* for *he*, the archneſs is ſmarter as well as more good-humoured, let his wit lie in what part of his body it will. *Seward.*

We ſee no great archneſs in this alteration, nor think the old reading implies Sutcliff's hiding for debt.

And

And ſo muſt I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion ſent us down to drink,
By ſpecial Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our ſtates,
A medicine to obey our magiſtrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy ſtate,
Moves us; we are all equal; every whit [3]
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we conſider fully; for our beſt
And graveſt man will with his main houſe-jeſt,
Scarce pleaſe you; we want ſubtilty to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted ſhow,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow [4];
Who, like mills ſet the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only ſome fellows, with the ſubtleſt pate
Amongſt us, may perchance equivocate
At ſelling of a horſe, and that's the moſt.
Methinks the little wit I had is loſt
Since I ſaw you; for wit is like a reſt
Held up at tennis [5], which men do the beſt

[3] ——— *We are all equal every whit:*
Of land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we conſider fully.] This dark ſentence has been cleared up by Mr. Sympſon, who by pointing differently gives this ſentiment. Mens wit is here in exact proportion to their land; and then the next ſentence,

———— *for our beſt*
And graveſt men will with his main-houſe jeſt,
Scarce pleaſe you; ——

has a juſt connection with the former: *Main-houſe jeſt*, I read with a hyphen and underſtand by it the *jeſt* that receives its merit from the grandeur, riches, and antiquity of his family who utters it, as the hearers admire it upon theſe accounts. *Seward.*

Main-houſe is a ſtrange expreſſion; if there needs a hyphen, *houſe-jeſt* would be better.

[4] *Strike when you* winch, *and then lament the blow.*] This does not appear ſenſe: The poet ſpeaks of courtiers wearing a painted outſide (and perhaps *wear* in the former line would be a better reading than *bear*) and after they themſelves have ſtruck you ſecretly when you did not ſee them, will pretend to lament the blow. But what has *winch* to do with this ſenſe? I doubt not but the true reading is,
Strike when you wink, *and then lament the blow.* *Seward.*

[5] *Wit is like a* REST *held up at tennis.*] This, we think, tends to explain

With the beſt gameſters: What things have we ſeen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and ſo full of ſubtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jeſt,
And had reſolv'd to live a fool the reſt
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to juſtify the town
For three days paſt; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk fooliſhly
'Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; tho' but downright fools, mere wiſe [5].
When I remember this, and ſee that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs muſt cry,
I ſee my days of ballading grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can ſing
Catches, ſell bargains, and I fear ſhall bring
Myſelf to ſpeak the hardeſt words I find [6],
Over as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all theſe things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that ſhew
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the garden, have growing ſouls [7].
Only ſtrong Deſtiny, which all controls,

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explain the expreſſion that ſo often occurs of *ſetting up a reſt*, which commonly includes an alluſion to ſome *game*, and which game here appears to be *tennis*.

[5] *Though but downright fools*, more *wiſe*.] *More wiſe* is an anti-climax after *right witty*; but I believe the true reading is *meer wiſe*, *i. e.* nothing but meer wiſdom itſelf. It ſeems an expreſſion perfectly in the ſtile of the context. *Seward.*

[6] *To ſpeak the hardeſt words I find,*
Over, as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines.] This relates to the play of repeating hard words (ſuch as Chicheſter church ſtands in Chicheſter church-yard) ſeveral times in a breath, and generally they are ſuch as betray the ſpeaker into indecencies. But are we to underſtand *That takes no medicines* only for the ſake of ſtrengthning the wind? Or a ſecret ſling at the phyſicians and apothecaries for affecting hard words, and ſo one effect of their medicines may jocularly be ſuppoſed to enable a man to talk hard words more fluently? *Seward.*

The firſt of theſe interpretations is, we think, the true.

[7] *Who like trees of the* guard, *have growing ſouls.*] What, ſays Mr.

I hope hath left a better fate in ſtore
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Baniſh'd unto this home! Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee [8].
Ben, when theſe *ſcenes* are perfect, we'll taſte wine;
I'll drink thy muſe's health; thou ſhalt quaff mine.

Mr. Sympſon, can *trees of the guard* poſſibly mean? I believe it corrupt for *garden*, which the old poets would without ſcruple contract into one ſyllable *gard'n*, and how eaſily might a tranſcriber, not knowing what word it was, change it to *guard*. *Seward.*

It is probable *garden* is right; but how could our poets, or any poets, or mortals, contract *garden* into one ſyllable? The Editors of 1750, have preſented to our eyes many contractions and apoſtrophes which no tongue can expreſs, or human organs articulate.

[8] *To flow from thee.*] I had obſerved upon the Woman-Hater before I knew of theſe verſes of Beaumont's having any relation to that play, how much more it was wrote in Ben. Jonſon's manner than any other of our Authors foregoing plays: The ſame is true of The Nice Valour which conſiſts chiefly of *paſſions perſonated*, not of characters from real life; and which allows thoſe paſſions to be carried to the higheſt pitch of extravagance. Here is a confirmation of Jonſon being the writer they imitated. In the greateſt part of their works they ſeem to follow Shakeſpeare. I find from theſe verſes, that at note 32 in the Woman-Hater, I was miſtaken in ſuppoſing Fletcher was the ſole author of that play from the firſt edition, having his name only prefixt: It being printed after both their deaths, it was very eaſy to make the miſtake, which was corrected by the ſecond edition. The character of Lapet in this play has ſo much of that inimitable humour, which was diſplayed before in the character of Beſſus in the King or no King, that it was probably the work of the ſame hand, *viz.* Beaumont's, for to him Mr. Earle (in the moſt authentic copy of verſes prefixed to theſe plays, as being writ immediately after the death of Beaumont, and near ten years before that of Fletcher) aſcribes Beſſus together with Philaſter and the Maid's Tragedy. How wrong therefore is the prevailing opinion, that Beaumont's genius was only turned for tragedy, that he poſſeſs'd great correctneſs of judgment, but that the livelineſs of imagination, vivacity of wit, and comic humour which ſo much abounds in theſe plays were all to be aſcribed to Fletcher only? See Berkenhead's Poem on this ſubject prefixed to this edition. *Seward.*

See p. lxxxix, *& ſeq.*

Names

Names of the principal Actors who performed in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Plays.

N. B. *The names marked thus * are the names of the Players who dedicated the edition of 1647 to the Earl of Pembroke.*

William Allen
Hugh Atawell
Richard Burbadge
* Theophilus Byrd
* Robert Benfield
George Birch
William Barkſted
Thomas Baſſe

Henry Condel
Alexander Cooke
* Hugh Clearke

William Egleſtone

Nathaniel Field

Sander Gough
Giles Gary

Thomas Holcombe
* Stephen Hammerton
John Honyman
James Horn

* John Lowin

William Oſtler

* Thomas Pollard
William Penn

Emanuel Read
John Rice
* Richard Robinſon
William Rowly.

Richard Sharpe
Eylæard Swanſton
John Shank

* Joſeph Taylor
Nicholas Toolie
William Trigg
John Thomſon

John Underwood.

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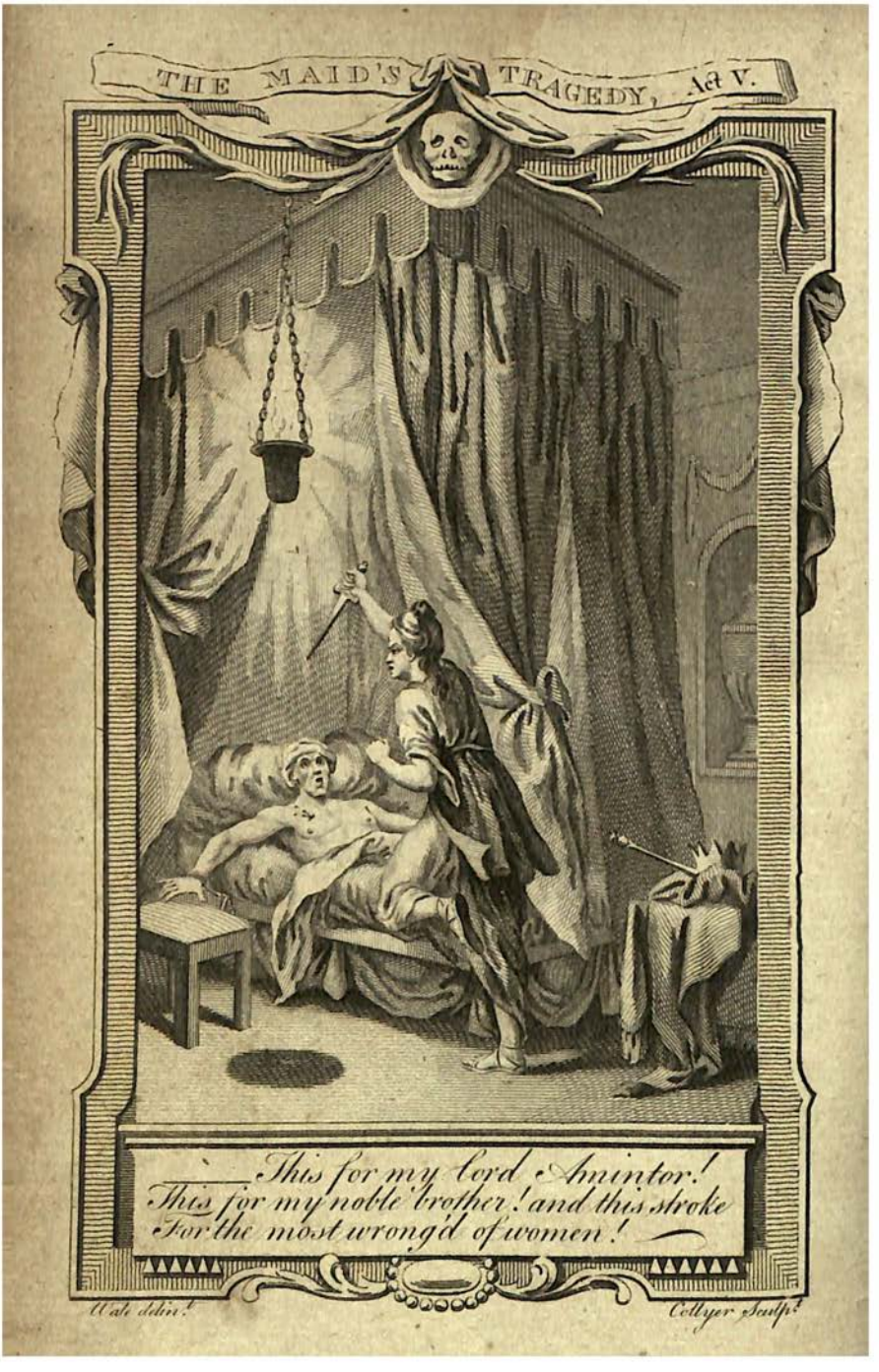
THE MAID'S TRAGEDY, Act V.
This for my Lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women!
Wale delin.t
Collyer Sculp.t

THE

MAID's TRAGEDY.

The firſt edition we meet with of this Tragedy was printed in 1619. *The Commendatory Verſes by Howard, Stanley, Herrick, and Waller, ſpeak of Fletcher as the ſole Author of it; thoſe by Earle, aſcribe it to Beaumont; but it is generally believed to be their joint production. It always met with great applauſe till the reign of Charles II. who forbid its repreſentation. Mr. Waller then wrote a new fifth act, rendering the cataſtrophe fortunate, which is printed in a volume of that gentleman's poems; and with which Langbaine, and all the dramatic hiſtoriographers ſince, aſſert it was again brought on the ſtage, and received as much applauſe as ever. But this revival is much doubted; becauſe Mr. Fenton, in his notes on Waller, ſays, he had been aſſured by his friend Southerne, that, in the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, he had ſeen this play acted at the Theatre-Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Waller's alterations.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King.
Lyſippus, *brother to the king.*
Amintor, *a noble gentleman.*
Melantius, Diphilus, } *brothers to Evadne.*
Calianax, *an old humourous lord, and father to Aſpatia.*
Cleon, Strato, } *gentlemen.*
Diagoras, *a ſervant to Calianax.*

WOMEN.

Evadne, *wife to Amintor.*
Aſpatia, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
Antiphila, Olympias, } *waiting-gentlewomen to Aſpatia.*
Dula, *a lady.*
Night, Cynthia, Neptune, Æolus, } *maſquers.*

SCENE, RHODES.

THE

MAID's TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lyſippus, and Diphilus.

Cleon. THE reſt are making ready, Sir.

Lyſ. So let them; there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; we'll take your word.

Lyſ. Strato, thou haſt ſome ſkill in poetry: What think'ſt thou of the maſque[1]? will it be well?

Strat. As well as maſque can be.

Lyſ. As maſque can be?

Strat. Yes; they muſt commend their king, and ſpeak in praiſe of the aſſembly; bleſs the bride and bridegroom, in perſon of ſome god. They're ty'd to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lyſ. Noble Melantius! the land, by me, Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.

[1] *What think'ſt thou of* a *maſque?*] It ſhould be, *the* maſque. It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to aſk, whether it will be well to have one; but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's anſwer and the ſequel of the play plainly ſhew. *Mr. Seward.*

Thou, that with blood abroad buy'ſt us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wiſh'd thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee with
Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but theſe ſcratch'd limbs of mine
Have ſpoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the ſame
It ever was to you: Where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In ſafety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;
I ſent for thee to exerciſe thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou cam'ſt not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuſe
Is my king's ſtraight command; which you, my lord,
Can witneſs with me.

Lyſ. 'Tis true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the ſolemnity
Of this great match was paſt.

Diph. Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes. I have given cauſe to thoſe, that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gameſome:
I have no other buſineſs here at Rhodes.

Lyſ. We have a maſque to-night, and you muſt tread
A ſoldier's meaſure.

Mel. Theſe ſoft and ſilken wars are not for me:
The muſic muſt be ſhrill, and all confus'd,
That ſtirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man ſo young my friend:

His

His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boaſt,
I brought home conqueſt) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do thoſe things he heard.
Then would he wiſh to ſee my ſword, and feel
The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me ſmile at this.
His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe years
Will ſee it all perform'd.

Enter Aſpatia, paſſing by.

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aſpatia, may the holy knot
That thou haſt ty'd to-day, laſt till the hand
Of age undo it! may'ſt thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Succeſſively with ſoldiers!

Aſp. My hard fortunes
Deſerve not ſcorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. [*Exit.*

Mel. How's this?

Lyſ. You are miſtaken,
For ſhe is not married.

Mel. You ſaid Amintor was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but——

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he ſhould marry her.

Diph. And ſo it ſtood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

Lyſ. A lady, Sir,
That bears the light above her, and ſtrikes dead
With flaſhes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous ſiſter.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is ſtrange.
Lyſ. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and theſe ſolemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himſelf. But I am ſad
My ſpeech bears ſo unfortunate a ſound
To beautiful Aſpatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breaſt, Calianax,
Bent long againſt me; and he ſhould not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So baſe revenges, as to ſcorn the ſtate
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he ſtill
His greatneſs with the king?
Lyſ. Yes. But this lady
Walks diſcontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when ſhe ſees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, ſhe with a ſigh will tell
Her ſervants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and ſtrew her over like a corſe.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That ſtrikes all her beholders; ſhe will ſing
The mournful'ſt things that ever ear hath heard,
And ſigh, and ſing again; and when the reſt
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in courſe, that fill the room
With laughter, ſhe will with ſo ſad a look
Bring forth a ſtory of the ſilent death
Of ſome forſaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in ſuch a phraſe, that, ere ſhe end,
She'll ſend them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother [2] under my command,
Like

[2] *She has a brother, &c.*] The critics, in all ages, upon dramatic poems, have laid it down for a rule, that an *incident* ſhould be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreſeen, ſo as to take off the ſurprize; For then the whole pleaſure of the *incident* is pall'd, and has no effect upon

Like her; a face as womaniſh as hers;
But with a ſpirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more haſtily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon thoſe eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my diſorder'd ſpeech
Cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is ſpoke in that. A ſacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In ſafety! Victory ſits on his ſword,
As ſhe was wont: May ſhe build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence!
What endleſs treaſures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee ſtill thus!

---

upon the audience or readers. Theſe preparatives, therefore, muſt ſeem by chance to the ſpectators, though they are always deſignedly thrown in by the poet. "*In multis œconomia comicorum poetarum* "*ità ſe habet, ut* caſu *putet ſpectator veniſſe quod* conſilio *ſcripto-* "*rum factum ſit:*" ſays Donatus upon Terence. This is the moſt artful preparation, that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an *incident* which is in no kind ſuſpected. Melantius ſays, he has a brother of Aſpatia under his command, moſt like her in the ſoftneſs of face and feature. This brother never appears in any ſcene through the play: But when Aſpatia comes in boy's cloaths to fight with Amintor, to obtain her death from his hand, and tells him,

'For till the chance of war mark'd this ſmooth face
'With theſe few blemiſhes, people would call me
'My ſiſter's picture; and her, mine; in ſhort,
'I am the brother to the wrong'd Aſpatia;'

this fore-mention of the brother, here, makes the *incident* the more probable, and ſtriking; as Amintor muſt have heard of ſuch a brother, and could have no ſuſpicion that he was going to draw his ſword againſt Aſpatia. The audience are equally amuſed with the fallacy. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mel.

Mel. I'm but poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to ſee thee
After long abſence: All the wounds I have
Fetch'd not ſo much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
In anſwer of ſuch noble tears as thoſe,
To weep upon my wedding-day.

Mel. I fear thou'rt grown too fickle; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men ſay, to death;
Forſaken of thee; on what terms, I know not.

Amin. She had my promiſe; but the king forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy ſiſter,
Accompanied with graces far above her;
With whom I long to loſe my luſty youth,
And grow old in her arms.

Mel. Be proſperous!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, the maſquers rage for you.

Lyſ. We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—[3]

Amin. We'll all attend you[4]. We ſhall trouble you
With our ſolemnities.

Mel.

---

[3] Mr. Theobald's edition ſays here,

Exeunt Lyſippus, Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus;

but as we find no authority for this note of direction, we have not ventured to inſert it, though we believe our Authors intended thoſe perſons to depart at this place.

[4] *We'll all attend you. We ſhall, &c.*] An explanation of this and Melantius's ſpeech ſeems requiſite. News being brought that the maſquers wait, Lyſippus is calling on the company, and Amintor ſays, 'We'll all attend you.' They depart, and Amintor, turning to Melantius, continues, 'We ſhall trouble you with [beg you to partake 'of] our ſolemnities.' 'No, replies Melantius; though you may 'laugh at my being ſo uncourtly, you muſt excuſe me: But I have a 'miſtreſs to bring to your diverſions.' He then enters into a digreſſion

Mel. Not ſo, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a miſtreſs
To bring to your delights; rough tho' I am,
I have a miſtreſs, and ſhe has a heart,
She ſays; but, truſt me, it is ſtone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't [5].
But you ſtand ſtill, and here my way lies [6].

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for ſhame; you let in all the world, and anon the king will rail at me—why, very well ſaid—by Jove, the king will have the ſhow i'th' court.

Diag. Why do you ſwear ſo, my lord? You know, he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wiſe, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wiſe, you are forſworn.

Cal. One may wear out his heart with ſwearing, and get thanks on no ſide. I'll be gone—look to't, who will.

Diag. My lord, I ſhall never keep them out. Pray, ſtay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly aſs, you! I'll be judg'd by all the company, whether thou haſt not a worſe face than I.

---

greſſion about this miſtreſs; till recollecting that it was neceſſary for Amintor to attend the exhibition, and for him to fetch the lady, he interrupts himſelf with 'But I detain you, and neglect my own 'engagement.'

[5] *There is no place that I can challenge,* gentlemen.] Thus the firſt edition reads; Mr. Theobald's,

There's no place I can challenge gentle in't;

All the intermediate copies exhibit the reading of the preſent text.

[6] At the end of this ſcene, the old editions ſay, *exit*; that of 1711, *exeunt*; Mr. Theobald's, *exeunt ſeverally*; which, we apprehend, is the proper reading.

Diag.

Diag. I mean, becauſe they know you and yet office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off: I am ſure I ſweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her among them; and now I muſt do ſervice for him that hath forſaken her. Serve, that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's ſo humourous ſince his daughter was forſaken.—Hark, hark! there, there! ſo, ſo! Codes, Codes! [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*within*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordſhip brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I muſt return them.

Enter Melantius and a Lady.

Mel. None but this lady, Sir.

Diag. The ladies are all plac'd above, ſave thoſe that come in the king's troop: The beſt of Rhodes ſit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, Sir. When I have ſeen you plac'd, madam, I muſt attend the king; but, the maſque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there—room for my lord Melantius—pray, bear back—this is no place for ſuch youths and their trulls—let the doors ſhut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll ſcratch them for you. —So, now thruſt and hang.—Again! who is't now? —I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiſer heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the ſpeech of the maſter-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook ſome of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues!—Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Enter

Enter Calianax.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I muſt. Make room there for my lord.

Enter Melantius.

Is your lady plac'd? [*To Mel.*

Mel. Yes, Sir,
I thank you. My lord Calianax, well met.
Your cauſeleſs hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do ſervice for your ſiſter here,
That brings my own poor child to timeleſs death:
She loves your friend Amintor; ſuch another
Falſe-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A moſt unmanly one, and I am ſlow
In taking vengeance! But be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be ſo. Who plac'd the lady there,
So near the preſence of the king?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, ſhe muſt not ſit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than ſhe? It miſ-becomes your age,
And place, to be thus womaniſh. Forbear!
What you have ſpoke, I am content to think
The palſy ſhook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 'tis well if I ſtand here to place mens' wenches.

Mel. I ſhall forget this place, thy age, my ſafety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor ſickly week,
Thou haſt to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the king, and be he fleſh and blood,
He lyes, that ſays it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and ſinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord!

Mel. Some god pluck threeſcore years from that fond man,

That

That I may kill him, and not ſtain mine honour.
It is the curſe of ſoldiers, that in peace
They ſhall be brav'd by ſuch ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg ſuccour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,
That ſea of blood, that I have loſt in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to ſay leſs, or able to maintain,
Should'ſt thou ſay more! This Rhodes, I ſee, is nought
But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may ſay your pleaſure.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. What vile injury
Has ſtirr'd my worthy friend, who is as ſlow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age, which I ſhould reverence
If it were temperate; but teſty years
Are moſt contemptible.

Amin. Good Sir, forbear.

Cal. There is juſt ſuch another as yourſelf.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to loſe,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He ſhould perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which haſt'ned him.

Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter King, Evadne, Aſpatia, lords and ladies.

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee ſtill: But this is not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.

Cal. He ſhall not have my hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both;
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.
Begin the maſque!

Mel.

Evad. Siſter, I joy to ſee you, and your choice.
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*
Evad. O, my deareſt brother!
Your preſence is more joyful, than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

Night riſes in miſts.

Night. OUR reign is come; for in the raging ſea
The ſun is drown'd, and with him fell the day.
Bright Cinthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'ſt about thy borrow'd light.
Appear; no longer thy pale viſage ſhroud,
But ſtrike thy ſilver horns quite [7] through a cloud,
And ſend a beam upon my ſwarthy face;
By which I may diſcover all the place
And perſons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our ſolemnities.

Enter Cinthia.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am ſo blind.
Methinks, they ſhew like to thoſe eaſtern ſtreaks
That warn us hence, before the morning breaks?
Back, my pale ſervant, for theſe eyes know how
To ſhoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cinth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my cleareſt moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyſelf and I
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon theſe mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keep 'em here;

[7] Quite *thro' a cloud.*] This is the reading of all the copies; but we think *quick* would be a much better word, and therefore more likely to have been uſed by our Authors.

And

And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-ſhine the day.

Cinth. Great queen of ſhadows, you are pleas'd to ſpeak
Of more than may be done: We may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Muſt drive away, and give the day our room [8].

Night. Then ſhine at full, fair queen, and by thy pow'r
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and ſhepherds: Let their ſongs diſcover,
Eaſy and ſweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the ſweet flow'ry bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away;
And of this long night let him make a day.

Cinth. Thou dream'ſt, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiſs him. Eaſe and wine
Have bred theſe bold tales: Poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.

---

[8] To this ſpeech of Cinthia the ten following lines are firſt added in the edition of 1630, fifteen years after the death of Beaumont, five after that of Fletcher. They have maintained their ſituation in the text ever ſince; but as we apprehend they contain not the leaſt poetic fire, nor ingenious imagery, which can entitle them to a place with the other parts of this maſque, or induce us to believe they came from either Beaumont's or Fletcher's pen, we have ventured to remove them to this place; and apprehend, if any apology is neceſſary, it muſt be for not totally cutting off their aſſociation with the writings of ſuch deſervedly-admired poets.

'Yet, while our reign laſts, let us ſtretch our pow'r
'To give our ſervants one contented hour,
'With ſuch unwonted ſolemn grace and ſtate,
'As may for ever after force them hate
'Our brother's glorious beams; and wiſh the night
'Crown'd with a thouſand ſtars, and our cold light:
'For almoſt all the world their ſervice bend
'To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend;
'Gaz'd on unto my ſetting from my riſe
'Almoſt of none, but of unquiet eyes.'

But

But I will give a greater ſtate and glory,
And raiſe to time a noble memory
Of what theſe lovers are. Riſe, riſe, I ſay,
Thou pow'r of deeps; thy ſurges lade away [9],
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

Neptune riſes.

Nept. Cinthia, ſee,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know,
Why I aſcend?

Cinth. Doth this majeſtic ſhow
Give thee no knowledge yet?

Nept. Yes, now I ſee
Something intended, Cinthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.

Cinth. Hie thee then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let looſe thy ſubjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him faſt chain'd: We muſt have none here
But vernal blaſts, and gentle winds appear;
Such as blow flow'rs, and thro' the glad boughs ſing
Many ſoft welcomes to the luſty ſpring:
Theſe are our muſic. Next, thy watry race
Bring on in couples (we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night), each in their richeſt things
Your own deeps, or the broken veſſel, brings [10].

Be

[9] *Thy ſurges* laid *away*.] The printed word hitherto has been *laid*; but I think it ſcarce ſenſe. Neptune in leaving the ocean is never ſuppoſed either to bring his ſurges with him, or lay them aſide, but barely to leave them. The word *lade* will ſignify his parting the waves with his trident to give him a free paſſage; which is an image quite poetical! *Mr. Seward.*

[10] It has been ſuggeſted to us, by a gentleman whoſe judgment we have the greateſt reaſon to rely on, and whoſe aſſiſtance we are happy to enjoy, that this paſſage wants explanation. We apprehend it means, 'Bring on, in couples your watry race, naïads, tritons, &c.

Be prodigal, and I ſhall be as kind,
And ſhine at full upon you.

Nept. Ho! the [11] wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter Æolus out of a Rock.

Æol. Great Neptune?

Nept. He.

Æol. What is thy will?

Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cinthia; but tie Boreas ſtraight;
He's too rebellious.

Æol. I ſhall do it.

Nept. Do [12].——

Æol. Great maſter of the flood, and all below,
Thy

[10] adorned with the richeſt ornaments your waters naturally produce, 'or which wrecked veſſels can furniſh them with.' So afterwards, in Neptune's charge to Æolus, he ſays, 'Tell them to put on their 'greateſt pearls, and the moſt ſparkling ſtone the *beaten rock* 'breeds.'

[11] *Ho! the wind*
Commanding Æolus!] All the editions have miſtaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known Æolus, in poetic fable, was the maſter and controuler of the winds; which he was ſuppoſed to keep bound in a cave, and to let looſe upon the ocean as he was commanded by Neptune. He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective which muſt be wrote with an *hyphen*, as I have reform'd the text. The editors were led into a miſtake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preſervation of the rhyme. I ought to take notice, for two reaſons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympſon join'd with me in ſtarting this correction: Becauſe it is doing juſtice to the ſagacity of my friends; and, beſides, it is certainly a great confirmation of the truth of an emendation, where three perſons, all diſtant from one another, ſtrike out the ſame obſervation. *Mr. Theobald.*

[12] In the firſt edition of this play we read,

Nept. *Do,* —— *maſter of the flood and all below;*
Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main;*
Neptune. Nept. *Here.*

In all the others, the blank between *do* and *maſter* is filled up with the

Thy full command has taken.——Ho! the Main!
Neptune!

Nept. Here.

Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, ſtruggling, with the reſt has got away.

Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at ſea;
He will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus, and the reſt; charge them put on
Their greateſt pearls, and the moſt ſparkling ſtone
The beaten rock breeds[13]; 'till this night is done
By me a ſolemn honour to the Moon.
Fly, like a full ſail.

Æol. I am gone.

Cinth. Dark Night,
Strike a full ſilence; do a thorough right
To this great chorus; that our muſic may
Touch high as Heav'n, and make the Eaſt break day
At mid-night. [*Muſic.*

SONG.

Cinthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day

---

the word *great*. Mr. Seward would fill it up with *We're*, and give the ſpeech to Neptune; thus,

Nept. *Do.*
We're *maſter of the flood, and all below*
Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main!*
Neptune!—*Nept. Here.*

We have followed Mr. Theobald's edition; thinking his mode, however aukward and haſty the departures and re-entrances of Æolus may be, preferable to Mr. Seward's conjecture; and alſo to the older editions, which cannot be followed; for our Authors could not mean to make Neptune call Æolus 'maſter of the flood.'

[13] *The* beaten *rock breeds*] The old quarto's read, *beating*; the edition of 1711, *bearing*; Mr. Theobald's, *beaten*; which we ſuppoſe to be the true reading.

Come to ſteal this night away,
'Till the rites of love are ended;
And the luſty bridegroom ſay,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watry pow'rs below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown meaſures, ſet
To the ſtill winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[*The meaſure.*

SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done:
The day will come too ſoon;
Young maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their loſſes open to the day:
Stay, ſtay, and hide
The bluſhes of the bride.
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all;
But help not, tho' ſhe call.

Nept. Great queen of us and Heav'n, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeaſure [14].

Cinth. Speak, ſea's king.

[14] *If not* her *meaſure.*] This is the reading of the old quarto's. Mr. Theobald, not comprehending the paſſage, arbitrarily expunges it. The eaſy alteration admitted into the text is the emendation of Mr. Seward; which certainly (as he ſays) 'by a very ſlight change, 'reſtores good ſenſe to the words.'

Nept.

Nept. The [15] tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the riſing wave,
And court me as the ſails. My Tritons, play
Muſic to lead a ſtorm; I'll lead the way.
[*Meaſure.*

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her huſband's ſide:
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiſs while they may ſay, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiſs'd, and ſaid.
Heſperus be long a-ſhining,
Whilſt theſe lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!
Æol. The ſeas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a ſtorm: Go and apply
Thy trident; elſe, I propheſy, ere day
Many a tall ſhip will be caſt away.
Deſcend with all the gods, and all their power [16],
To ſtrike a calm.

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[15] The *tunes my Amphitrite joys, &c.*] The old editions read, THY *tunes*, which is plainly an error of the preſs. The meaning of the paſſage is briefly this: Neptune tells Cynthia, that in order to add to the celebrity of the preſent hour, he has brought thoſe airs, with which Amphitrite was wont to be delighted, as the prelude to a ſtorm; and which, accordingly, he orders his tritons to play.

[16] Mr. Theobald remarks, 'As the rhymes are here interrupted, 'ſomething *muſt* be loſt; a defect which is not to be ſupplied by 'conjecture.' However, in that gentleman's edition we find this defect partly ſupplied; for he reads,

Deſcend with all thy *Gods, and all their power,*
To ſtrike a calm. *Cinth.* We thank you for this hour:
My favour to you all. *To gratulate*
So great a ſervice, &c.

We have followed the old copies; from which we never chuſe to depart, as Mr. Theobald often does, without any authority, without improving the poetry, or adding to the ſenſe.

Cinth. A thanks to ev'ry one, and to gratulate
So great a ſervice, done at my deſire,
Ye ſhall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wiſhed for; no ebb ſhall dare
To let the day ſee where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haſte,
Leſt your proud charge ſhould ſwell above the waſte,
And win upon the iſland.

Nept. We obey.

[*Neptune deſcends, and the ſea-gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; ſeeſt thou not Day?
The Eaſt begins to lighten: I muſt down,
And give my brother place.

Night. Oh, I could frown
To ſee the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to ſee
Another wild-fire in his axletree;
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot; ſpeak, queen,
The day grows on; I muſt no more be ſeen.

Cinth. Heave up thy drowſy head again, and ſee
A greater light, a greater majeſty,
Between our ſect and us[17]! Whip up thy team!
The day-break's here, and yon ſun-flaring beam

[17] *Between our ſect and us;*] This is nonſenſe. The Night and Cinthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they muſt go down; till the latter finds out, that they are only the rays of light ſhot from the king and court, which they miſtook for the day-break. Hence it's plain, it ſhould be wrote—*Between our ſet and us; i. e.* our ſetting, or, going down. *Mr. Seward.*

We admit the juſtice of Mr. Seward's explanation of the ſenſe of this paſſage; but do not ſee the neceſſity for any alteration. We have therefore followed the old copies; which only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightneſs of the court tranſcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the ſplendor of the Day.

Shot

Shot from the South. Say, which way wilt thou go?

Night. I'll vaniſh into miſts.

Cinth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there. Ladies, get the bride to bed.
We will not ſee you laid. Good-night, Amintor;
We'll eaſe you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my caſe, I ſhould think time run ſlow.
If thou be'ſt noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.

Amin. All happineſs to you.

King. Good-night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Evadne, Aſpatia, Dula, and other ladies.

Dula. MADAM, ſhall we undreſs you for this fight?
The wars are naked, you muſt make to-night.

Evad. You are very merry, Dula.

Dula. I ſhould be merrier far, if 'twere
With me as 'tis with you.

Evad. How's that?

Dula. That I might go to bed with him
Wi' th' credit that you do [18].

Evad. Why, how now, wench?

Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?

[18] Mr. Theobald apprehends (we think with reaſon) that theſe and Dula's two preceding lines form a ſtanza of ſome old known ballad.

Evad. I am ſoon undone.
Dula. And as ſoon done:
Good ſtore of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'ſt, belike, there is no modeſty
When we are alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
Dula. 'Tis againſt my will.
Anon you muſt endure more, and lie ſtill:
You're beſt to practiſe.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your huſband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ableſt man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainſt any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aſpatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuſe it.
She will pluck down aſide; ſhe does not uſe it.
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, becauſe your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula, 'Would, thou could'ſt inſtil
Some of thy mirth into Aſpatia!

Nothing

Nothing but ſad thoughts in her breaſt do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were ſo,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do thoſe things that people in love do.

Aſp. It were a timeleſs ſmile ſhould prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious prieſt
Were pacifying the offended powers
With ſacrifice, than now. This ſhould have been
My night; and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a ſpotleſs offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought ſo! Perhaps, he found me worthleſs:
But, till he did ſo, in theſe ears of mine,
Theſe credulous ears, he pour'd the ſweeteſt words
That art or love could frame. If he were falſe,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you ſafely may forgive that too;
For I have loſt none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this ſad talk, madam.

Aſp. 'Would, I could! then ſhould I leave the cauſe.

Evad. See, if you have not ſpoil'd all Dula's mirth.

Aſp. Thou think'ſt thy heart hard; but if thou be'ſt caught,
Remember me; thou ſhalt perceive a fire
Shot ſuddenly into thee.

Dula. That's not ſo good; let 'em ſhoot any thing but fire, I fear 'em not.

Aſp. Well, wench, thou may'ſt be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the reſt myſelf.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do ſome.

Aſp. Lay a garland on my hearſe,
Of the diſmal yew.

Evad. That's one of your ſad ſongs, madam.

Aſp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad.

Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Aſp. Lay a garland on my hearſe,
Of the diſmal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was falſe, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are ſo ſtrange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. 'I could never have the pow'r:' Sing that, Dula.

Dula. I could never have the pow'r
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On ſome other man to fly:
Venus, fix thou mine eyes faſt,
Or if not, give me all that I ſhall ſee at laſt.

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we muſt ſee you laid.

Aſp. Madam, good-night. May all the marriage joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove ſo unto you. May no diſcontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your ſorrow waking. Love your lord
No worſe than I; but if you love ſo well,
Alas, you may diſpleaſe him; ſo did I.
This is the laſt time you ſhall look on me.
Ladies, farewell. As ſoon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearſe;
Bring each a mournful ſtory, and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth.

With

With flatt'ring ivy claſp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that ſhall ſing, by courſe,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit Evad.*

Omnes. Madam, good-night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter Amintor.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your lady's ſcarce a-bed yet; you muſt help her.

Aſp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiſs, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my lord, and ſee the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourſelf
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myſelf
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and muſt try
Some yet-unpractis'd way to grieve and die. [*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

Omnes. Good-night, my lord.

Amin. Much happineſs unto you all! [*Exeunt ladies.*
I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief ſhoot ſuddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is ſtrange at ſuch a time.
It was the king firſt mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myſelf thus? Something whiſpers me,
'Go not to bed.' My guilt is not ſo great
As my own conſcience, too ſenſible,
Would make me think: I only brake a promiſe,

And

And 'twas the king that forc'd me. Tim'rous fleſh,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder ſhe is, the luſtre of whoſe eye
Can blot away the ſad remembrance
Of all theſe things. Oh, my Evadne, ſpare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed, my love. Hymen will puniſh us
For being ſlack performers of his rites,
Cam'ſt thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us looſe ourſelves to one another.
Why art thou up ſo long?

Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in theſe arms,
'Till I have baniſh'd ſickneſs.

Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot ſleep.

Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no ſleeping.

Evad. I'll not go to bed.

Amin. I prithee, do.

Evad. I will not for the world.

Amin. Why, my dear love?

Evad. Why? I have ſworn I will not.

Amin. Sworn!

Evad. Ay.

Amin. How! ſworn, Evadne?

Evad. Yes, ſworn, Amintor;
And will ſwear again, if you will wiſh to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you ſworn this?

Evad. If I ſhould name him, the matter were not great.

Amin. Come, this is but the coyneſs of a bride.

Evad. The coyneſs of a bride?

Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee.

Evad.

Evad. Do you like it ſo?
Amin. Thou canſt not dreſs thy face in ſuch a look,
But I ſhall like it.
Evad. What look likes you beſt?
Amin. Why do you aſk?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jeſts in milder looks.
It ſhews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyſelf I ſwear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd ſelf, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I ſhall try thy truth. If thou doſt love me,
Thou weigh'ſt not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this.* Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiſs the ſin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not ſwear, ſweet love,
Till I do know the cauſe.
Evad. I would, thou would'ſt.
Why, it is thou that wrong'ſt me; I hate thee;
Thou ſhould'ſt have kill'd thyſelf.
Amin. If I ſhould know that, I ſhould quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look ſoe'er thou ſhalt put on
To try my faith, I ſhall not think thee falſe:
I cannot find one blemiſh in thy face,
Where falſhood ſhould abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have ſworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preſerve

Your

Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.

Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years [19]?

Amin. Sure, ſhe raves. This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful ſleep hath left thee long,
Or elſe ſome fever rages in thy blood.

Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am mad,
Becauſe I ſpeak the truth?

Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?

Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.

Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I ſhall utter; for the oracle

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[19] ——*A maidenhead, Amintor,*
At my years?] Mr. Rhymer, (in his *Tragedies* of the laſt age *conſider'd* and *examin'd* by the practice of the *ancients*) not without juſtice exclaims againſt the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character. But as the colouring of his critical reflections is generally ſo groſs and glaring, I ſhall refer thoſe readers, who have curioſity enough, to his book, without quoting from him on this ſubject.
Mr. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald allows the juſtice of Mr. Rhymer's exclamation at the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character; as if the poets were not as ſenſible of it as Mr. Rhymer, and had not ſufficiently puniſhed her for it. The anger of theſe gentlemen at the *character*, is the very paſſion deſigned to be raiſed by it; but they miſtook the *object* of their anger, and were as much in the wrong as an audience would be, who were violently angry with a good player for repreſenting Macbeth, Iago, or Richard, as ſuch conſummate villains. The queſtions which a critic ſhould aſk are, *whether the character is natural?* and *whether proper for the ſtage or not?* As to the firſt, Nature, we fear, gives but too many ſad examples of ſuch effrontery in women, who, when abandoned to their vices, are obſerved to be ſometimes more rebrobate in them than the worſt of men. Beſide this, there is a remarkable beauty in the effrontery and haughtineſs of Evadne's character; ſhe has a *family likeneſs* to her *brother*; ſhe is a *female* Melantius depraved by vicious love. And if there are any of her expreſſions which ſeem now too groſs for the ſtage, it is ſufficient to ſay, they were far from being thought groſs in the age they were wrote. *Mr. Seward.*

Much in ſupport of this obſervation may be ſeen in Mr. Seward's preface.

Knows

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I ſooner will find out the beds of ſnakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold fleſh,
Letting them curl themſelves about my limbs,
Than ſleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor ſounds it like the coyneſs of a bride.
Amin. Is fleſh ſo earthly to endure all this?
Are theſe the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This ſtory (that will make ſucceeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not riſe up, for thy ſhame and mine,
To after-ages: We will ſcorn thy laws,
If thou no better bleſs them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou haſt ſent me, or the world
Shall know: There's not an altar that will ſmoke
In praiſe of thee; we will adopt us ſons;
Then virtue ſhall inherit, and not blood.
If we do luſt, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourſelves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her iſſue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jeſt. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I muſt break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have ſworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted ſtill!

Was

Was ever ſuch a marriage-night as this!
Ye pow'rs above, if you did ever mean
Man ſhould be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himſelf, and ſave his honour.
Inſtruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate courſe to run:
I muſt live ſcorn'd, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night ſo calm[20]?
Why does not Heaven ſpeak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou haſt ta'en an oath,
But ſuch a raſh one, that, to keep it, were
Worſe than to ſwear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as thoſe never aſcend the Heav'n;
A tear or two will waſh it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boaſt,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this iſle,
That would have ſhun'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That truſt out all our reputation,
To reſt upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not ſtone;
Thy fleſh is ſoft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The ſpirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of deſpair,
To all the joys thou haſt; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, leſt the ſudden change
O'ercome my ſpirits.

Evad. When I call back this oath,

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[20] ——*Why is this night ſo calm?*
Why does not Heaven ſpeak in thunder to us?] The Poets ſeem manifeſtly to have had in their eye this paſſage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus.

——*Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tàm lentus vides?
Ecquando ſævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc ſerenum eſt? *Mr. Theobald.*

The

The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I ſleep, and am too temp'rate! Come to bed!
Or by thoſe hairs, which, if thou hadſt a ſoul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——

Evad. Why, ſo, perhaps, they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy fleſh
I'll print a thouſand wounds to let out life!

Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'ſt to me!
Ev'ry ill-ſounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou ſhew'ſt to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not ſure, Evadne?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Have you your champions?

Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'ſt thou I forbear
To ſleep with thee, becauſe I have put on
A maiden's ſtrictneſs? Look upon theſe cheeks,
And thou ſhalt find the hot and riſing blood
Unapt for ſuch a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much deſire, and as much will
To put that wiſh'd act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been ſhewn,
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land ſoe'er
It ſhall be call'd, ſhall ſtoop to any ſecond.
I do enjoy the beſt, and in that height
Have ſworn to ſtand or die: You gueſs the man.

Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me ſo,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And ſcatter it before the northern wind.

Evad. You dare not ſtrike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me ſo.
Yes, if his body were a pois'nous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a ſoul
Will throw me on him.

Evad. Why, it is the king.

Amin. The king!

Evad. What will you do now?

Amin. 'Tis not the king!

Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?

Amin. Oh, thou haſt nam'd a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that ſacred name,
'The king,' there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand againſt it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they pleaſe; 'till when, let us
Suffer, and wait.

Evad. Why ſhould you fill yourſelf ſo full of heat,
And haſte ſo to my bed? I am no virgin.

Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?

Evad. Alas, I muſt have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of huſband to me, that my ſin may be
More honourable.

Amin. What a ſtrange thing am I!

Evad. A miſerable one; one that myſelf
Am ſorry for.

Amin. Why, ſhew it then in this:
If thou haſt pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that ſhall live
In after-ages croſs'd in their deſires,
Shall bleſs thy memory, and call thee good;
Becauſe ſuch mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a ling'ring wretch.

Evad. I muſt have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Elſe, by this night, I would: I pity thee.

Amin. Theſe ſtrange and ſudden injuries have fall'n
So thick upon me, that I loſe all ſenſe
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the cenſuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation!
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou haſt ſhewn
An impudence ſo high, that to the world,
I fear thou wilt betray or ſhame thyſelf.

Evad.

Evad. To cover ſhame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myſelf.

Amin. Nor let the king
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thruſt me into action, tho' [21] my fleſh
Could bear with patience. And it is ſome eaſe
To me in theſe extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; elſe, had all the ſins
Of mankind ſtood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have loſt one deſire [22]: 'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed now, I reſolve,
He has diſhonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and ſin cloſe;

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[21] That *my fleſh, &c.*] The ſenſe plainly requires *tho'*. 'Tho' 'my nature, ſays Amintor, could brook the injury, my honour would 'oblige me to revenge it.'

[22] *I have* left *one deſire; ('tis not his crown*
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I reſolve,
He has diſhonour'd thee;) give me thy hand,
Be careful, &c.] Thus Mr. Theobald prints theſe lines, preferring the word *left* (which he found in no edition but the firſt) to *loſt*. He has, as appears by his note, miſunderſtood the whole paſſage; the obvious meaning of which is, 'I have ſo totally given 'up the deſire of conſummating our nuptials, that, I reſolve, even 'the regal power ſhould not induce me to partake your bed *now*, 'as the king has diſhonoured you.' Either word will make ſenſe, *have left* meaning *have departed from, got rid of.*

Mr. Theobald's explanation is, 'I have one deſire *left*; for it is 'not his crown ſhould buy me to thy bed, now I *reſolve*, (*i. e.* am 'reſolved, aſcertained,) that he has diſhonoured thee. The deſire 'is, to be careful of her credit, and ſin cloſe.' Had this been our Authors' meaning, they ſurely would not have ſo glaringly bid defiance to grammar, as thus wantonly to uſe an active verb paſſively; we ſay *wantonly*, becauſe, while the uſe of it embarraſſes the ſenſe, it does not in the leaſt aſſiſt the poetry; to which *I'm reſolv'd* would have been fully as agreeable; and, beſides, it is moſt probable they would have ſaid,

'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I'm convinc'd
He has diſhonour'd thee.

We have followed the majority of the editions; to which our principal inducement was, that, as the word *loſt* appears ſo early as 1622, it was probably a correction by Mr. Fletcher.

'Tis all I wiſh. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll reſt to-night, that morning-viſitors
May think we did as married people uſe.
And, prithee, ſmile upon me when they come,
And ſeem to toy, as if thou hadſt been pleas'd
With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practiſe; and, as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the ſwellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes ſee
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aſpatia, Antiphila and Olympias[23].

Aſp. Away, you are not ſad; force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young baſhful brides put on. Sure, you are new married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.

Aſp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love firſt; learn to loſe yourſelves;
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bleſs
The double tongue that did it[24]. Make a faith
Out of the miracles of antient lovers,

[23] Mr. Seward, in his Preface, propoſes ſeveral alterations in the ſcene which is now coming on; all of which we intended mentioning, and giving our reaſons for diſſenting from, as the paſſages occurred. But as a gentleman, to whoſe opinion and abilities the greateſt reſpect is due, has remarked to us, that thereby the pages would be ſo much occupied by notes as would be diſagreeable to many readers, when the ſame obſervations might appear, with even more propriety, in our Preface, for that we ſhall reſerve them.

[24] *The double tongue that did it.*
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? ſpeak Olympias,
Such as ſpeak truth and dy'd in't,
And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miſerable;
Thou haſt an eaſy temper, fit for ſtamp.] The tranſpoſition in theſe lines is preſcribed (with great propriety) by Mr. Theobald.

Such

Such as ſpake truth, and dy'd in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miſerable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou haſt an eaſy temper, fit for ſtamp.

Olym. Never.

Aſp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Aſp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wiſe:
At leaſt, be more than I was; and be ſure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the ſea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant ſails,
When the ſtrong cordage cracks; rather, the ſun
Comes but to kiſs the fruit in wealthy Autumn,
When all falls blaſted. If you needs muſt love,
(Forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden boſoms
Two dead-cold aſpicks[25], and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forſwear; one kiſs
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beaſt man! Come, let's be ſad, my girls!
That down-caſt of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine ſorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Juſt ſuch another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expreſſing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold ſea-rock,
Full with her ſorrow, ſhe ty'd faſt her eyes
To the fair Trojan ſhips; and, having loſt them,
Juſt as thine eyes do, down ſtole a tear. Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if ſhe were Aſpatia?
Here ſhe would ſtand, till ſome more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench!
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

[25] *Two* dead cold *aſpicks.*] Theſe muſt not be two diſtinct epithets, but one compound adjective with a hyphen, *dead-cold, i. e.* cold as death: for if the aſpicks were dead, how could the kiſs of them do any hurt? *Mr. Theobald.*

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Aſp. Yes, that piece.
This ſhould be Theſeus; h' as a coz'ning face:
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was ſo, madam.

Aſp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back;
You have a full wind, and a falſe heart, Theſeus!
Does not the ſtory ſay, his keel was ſplit,
Or his maſts ſpent, or ſome kind rock or other
Met with his veſſel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Aſp. It ſhould have been ſo. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raiſe a ſtorm?
But they are all as ill! This falſe ſmile was
Well expreſs'd; juſt ſuch another caught me!
You ſhall not go on ſo[26], Antiphila:
In this place work a quickſand,
And over it a ſhallow ſmiling water,
And his ſhip ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear to the life, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the ſtory.

Aſp. 'Twill make the ſtory, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long, and be believ'd. But where's the lady?

Ant. There, madam.

Aſp. Fie! you have miſs'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much miſtaken, wench:
Theſe colours are not dull and pale enough
To ſhew a ſoul ſo full of miſery
As this ſad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the loſt Aſpatia,
And you ſhall find all true, but the wild iſland[27].

Suppoſe

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[26] *You ſhall not go ſo.*] Mr. Seward here reſtores the verſe, by introducing the particle *on*.

[27] *And you ſhall find all true but the wild iſland.*] Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, it is well known, was deſperately in love with Theſeus. She by the help of a clue extricated him from the labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his return for Athens: But he ungenerouſly gave her the drop or the

more

Suppoſe I ſtand upon the ſea-beach now [28],
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that deſart; and let all about me
Tell that I am forſaken [29]. Do my face
(If thou hadſt ever feeling of a ſorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafleſs; let the rocks
Groan with continual ſurges; and, behind me,
Make all a deſolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miſerable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Aſp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull ſilence, till you feel a ſudden ſadneſs
Give us new ſouls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, diſgrac'd. Well, how now, huſwives!
What, at your eaſe? Is this a time to ſit ſtill?

ſhore of the iſland Naxos. Aſpatia ſays, her caſe is in every particular ſimilar, except as to the wild iſland. *Mr. Theobald.*

[28] *Suppoſe, I ſtand*] This is one of thoſe paſſages, where the poets, rapt into a glorious enthuſiaſm, ſoar on the rapid wings of fancy. Enthuſiaſm I would call the very eſſence of poetry, ſince, without it, neither the happy conduct of the fable, the juſtneſs of characters or ſentiments, nor the utmoſt harmony of metre, can altogether form the poet. It is the frequency of ſuch noble flights as theſe, and their amazing rapidity, that ſets the immortal Shakeſpeare above all other dramatick poets; and ſuffers none of our own nation in any degree to approach him, but Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mr. Seward.

[29] *And let all about me*

Be teares *of my ſtory.*] Thus reads the oldeſt copy; from which Mr. Theobald alters the paſſage to 'be teachers *of my ſtory.*' The ſecond edition, printed in Fletcher's time, and every other till Mr. Theobald's, exhibit the reading we have adopted.

Mr. Theobald's reading, however, coming ſo near that of the oldeſt copy, and reſembling the manner of our Authors, is extremely plauſible.

Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll ſwinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord.

Cal. You'll lie down ſhortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown ſo reſty you want heats[30]?
We ſhall have ſome of the court-boys heat you ſhortly,

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charg'd.
It is the lady's pleaſure we be thus in grief:
She is forſaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young diſſembling ſlave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confeſs my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an aſs?
A court-ſtale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat ſome dozen of theſe whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating ſoldier;
I'll maul that raſcal; h'as out-bray'd me twice.
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.
Go, get you in! I'll take a courſe with all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

Cle. YOUR ſiſter is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides muſt take their morning's reſt; the night is troubleſome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my ſiſter's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds, againſt any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my ſiſter; you'll pleaſe to allow me the ſame freedom with your mother.

[30] *What, are you grown ſo reſty, &c.*] The old man, in this alluſion, compares theſe young wenches to lazy, *reſty* mares, that want to be rid ſo many *heats*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Stra.

Stra. She's at your ſervice.

Diph. Then, ſhe's merry enough of herſelf; ſhe needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We ſhall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them. Good-morrow, ſiſter! Spare yourſelf to-day; the night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet. Your ſiſter is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had loſt your eyes to-night: I think you have not ſlept.

Amin. I'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better, then.

Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: When he is twelve, He ſhall command againſt the foes of Rhodes. Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want ſleep.

Amin. 'Tis true.—But ſhe,
As if ſhe had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heav'n, did fetch ſo ſtill a ſleep,
So ſweet and ſound—— [*Aſide.*

Diph. What's that?

Amin. Your ſiſter frets
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headſman. She does chafe,
And kiſs, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.

Diph. Then I had loſt: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to night.

Amin. Ha! he does not mock me?—You had loſt, indeed;
I do not uſe to bungle.

Cleo. You do deſerve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was ſo rude and rough to me laſt night,
Was ſweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If theſe be the effects. [*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too diſtant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it poſſible?

Mel. What ſudden gaze is this?

Amin. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange!

Mel. Why does thine eye deſire ſo ſtrict a view
Of that it knows ſo well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To ſee thoſe noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the ſudden,
'Tis ſtrange to me thou ſhouldſt have worth and honour;
Or not be baſe, and falſe, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——

Mel. Stay, ſtay, my friend;
I fear this ſound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.

Amin. Oh, miſtake me not:
I know thee to be full of all thoſe deeds
That we frail men call good; but, by the courſe
Of nature, thou ſhouldſt be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; diſſembling as the ſea,
That now wears brows as ſmooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And ſhoots 'em at the ſun, deſtroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my ſick thoughts! [*Aſide.*

Mel. But why, my friend, ſhould I be ſo by nature?

Amin. I've wed thy ſiſter, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is ſtrange
That you ſhould feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.

Diph. What ſhould I be then, by the courſe of nature,
They having both robb'd me of ſo much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may ſee her bluſh, and turn her eyes down;
'Tis the prettieſt ſport!
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wiſh you joy.
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou ſhalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good-morrow, ſiſter! He that underſtands
Whom you have wed, need not to wiſh you joy;
You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, ſiſter, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor ſwears you are no maid now.
Evad. Piſh!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I ſhould be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [*Aſide.*
Diph. Siſter, Dula ſwears ſhe heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's ſee you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're ſpoil'd [31].

[31] Diph. *Let's ſee you walk.*
Evad. *By my troth, you're ſpoil'd.*] This is the reading of all the editions, even Mr. Theobald's. As it is impoſſible the words thus given to Evadne ſhould be ſpoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by giving them to her brother.

Mel.

Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Ha?
Mel. Thou art ſad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, ſing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's,
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am ſo light'ned with my happineſs!
How doſt thou, love? kiſs me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what become us. Gentlemen,
'Would you had all ſuch wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You're all ſad;
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er ſink, I am ſo light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are ſo.
Amin. Well? how can I be other, when ſhe looks thus.
Is there no muſic there? let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is ſtrange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myſelf;
Yet I could wiſh my joy were leſs.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aſide.*
Amin. What ſays my love? I muſt obey.
Evad. You do it ſcurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.

Enter King and Lyſippus.

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are alter'd ſince I ſaw you;
I muſt ſalute you; you are now another's.
How lik'd you your night's reſt?
Evad. Ill, Sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.

Evil.

Lyſ. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, ſhortly.
King. Amintor, wert
Thou truly honeſt 'till thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, Sir.
King. Tell me, then, how ſhews the ſport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more, nor leſs, than other couples uſe;
You know, what 'tis; it has but a coarſe name.
King. But, prithee,[32] I ſhould think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, ſhe ſhould be quick and ſtirring
In this ſame buſineſs; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell; I ne'er try'd other, Sir;
But I perceive ſhe is as quick as you deliver'd.
King. Well, you will truſt me then, Amintor,
To chuſe a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, Sir.
King. Why? like you this ſo ill?

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[32] *But, prithee, I ſhould think,* &c.] This king is a very vicious character throughout; firſt, in debauching the ſiſter of his brave and victorious general; and then in marrying her to a young nobleman of great hopes, his general's darling friend; and forcing him to break a contract made with the daughter of his conſtable, or keeper, of his citadel. But why is his character ſo monſtrouſly overcharged, that he ſhould, to the impeachment of common decency, queſtion the abuſed huſband about his wife's complexion and vigour in conjugal careſſes; and then withdraw her, out of the huſband's hearing, to ſift whether ſhe had not ſubmitted to let him pay the rites of an huſband? This is a piece of conduct ſo flagrantly impudent, that, abandon'd as we may be in private enormities, even our worſt rakes would ſhew ſo much deference to the fair ſex, as not to let it paſs without a rebuke. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald is much miſtaken in his impeachment of the king's character.—He ſays, it is monſtrouſly overcharged with vices. But does not hiſtory afford us a hundred inſtances of ſuch royal monſters? Indeed, when a vicious king is once perſuaded that he has a *divinity* about him, that protects his *vices* and exalts him above the reach of law or juſtice, there is no wonder that he ſhould abandon himſelf to all manner of enormities. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Theobald's remark is ſenſible and natural.

Amin.

Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we ſhall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the pow'rs
That rule us pleaſe to call her firſt away,
Without pride ſpoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have ſome ſpeech with you,
That may concern your after living well.
Amin. He will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, ſomething heav'nly ſtay my heart,
For I ſhall be apt to thruſt this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will ſuffer me to talk
With her, Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare truſt my wife with whom ſhe dares
To talk, and not be jealous.
King. How do you like
Amintor?
Evad. As I did, Sir.
King. How is that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleaſure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I ſee there is no laſting faith in ſin;
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break again
With all the world, and ſo doſt thou with me.
Evad. How, Sir?
King. This ſubtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuſe you: thou haſt taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldſt ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did ſwear ſo; you do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.

Exeunt.

Evad. I ſwore, indeed, that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bad you truſt
I would forſake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leproſy light here
Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not ſtain!

King. Why, thou diſſembleſt, and it is in me
To puniſh thee.

Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict your body,
Than your puniſhment can mine.

King. But thou haſt let Amintor lie with thee.

Evad. I have not.

King. Impudence! he ſays himſelf ſo.

Evad. He lyes.

King. He does not.

Evad. By this light he does, ſtrangely and baſely!
And I'll prove it ſo. I did not ſhun him
For a night; but told him, I would never cloſe
With him.

King. Speak lower; 'tis falſe.

Evad. I am no man
To anſwer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the king! But urge me not; it is moſt true.

King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation, and deſire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his ſpirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant ſtrain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If ſuch a ſudden ſpeech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever? If he had not kill'd thee,
He could not bear it thus—(he is as we)—
Or any other wrong'd man [33].

[33] *He could not bear it thus; he is as we,*
Or any other wrong'd man.] Thus all the editions read; but as

Evad. It is diſſembling.

King. Take him! farewel! henceforth I am thy foe;
And what diſgraces I can blot thee, look for.

Evad. Stay, Sir!—Amintor!—You ſhall hear.—
Amintor!

Amin. What, my love?

Evad. Amintor, thou haſt an ingenuous look,
And ſhouldſt be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canſt make ſuch baſe malicious lyes!

Amin. What, my dear wife!

Evad. Dear wife! I do deſpiſe thee.
Why, nothing can be baſer than to ſow
Diſſention amongſt lovers.

Amin. Lovers! who?

Evad. The king and me.

Amin. O, Heav'n!

Evad. Who ſhould live long, and love without diſtaſte,
Were it not for ſuch pickthanks as thyſelf!
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be puniſh'd
In hell for this!

Amin. The faithleſs ſin I made
To fair Aſpatia, is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. I will not loſe a word
To this vile woman[34]: But to you, my king,
The anguiſh of my ſoul thruſts out this truth,
You are a tyrant!
And not ſo much to wrong an honeſt man thus,
As to take a pride in talking with him of it.

Evad. Now, Sir, ſee how loud this fellow ly'd.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, ſhould know how men
Muſt right themſelves: What puniſhment is due
From me to him that ſhall abuſe my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that ſatisfy,

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as there is no making ſenſe of the paſſage ſo, we have ventured at a ſlight alteration, which, we think, reſtores the Author's meaning.

[34] *To this* wild *woman.*] Thus all the editions read. We have no doubt of *vile* being the original word.

Unleſs

Unleſs I ſend your Lives through all the land [35],
To ſhew how nobly I have freed myſelf.

King. Draw not thy ſword; thou know'ſt I cannot fear
A ſubject's hand; but thou ſhalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou doſt rage.

Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heav'n's ſake, think
I fear not ſwords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as eaſily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is [36]
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing paſſions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and preſent my ſword
To cut mine own fleſh, if it be your will.
Alas! I'm nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, ſhould I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuſe
Of madneſs: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too ſad a weight
For reaſon to endure! But, fall I firſt
Amongſt my ſorrows, ere my treacherous hand

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35 *Unleſs I ſend your* Lives *through all the land*] To ſend people's *Lives* through all the land is certainly a very odd and unprecedented expreſſion. The poets, doubtleſs, muſt have wrote *limbs*, i. e. Unleſs I hew you to pieces, and ſend your quarters, (as is done by malefactors) through the kingdom, to let your ſubjects know my injuries, and the juſtice of my revenge: Your bare deaths cannot ſatisfy me. *Mr. Sympſon.*

We muſt differ from Mr. Sympſon, even in the firſt obſervation of his we meet with. To ſend their *Lives* through all the land, means, to ſend an account through the land of their vicious mode of life, and criminal connection.

36 ——— *but there is*
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing paſſions;] So Shakeſpeare ſaid, before our Poets, in his Hamlet:

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would;
Acts little of its will. *Mr. Theobald.*

Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to ſay) why did you chuſe out me
To make thus wretched? There were thouſand fools
Eaſy to work on, and of ſtate enough,
Within the iſland.

Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.

Amin. Worſe and worſe!
Thou, that dar'ſt talk unto thy huſband thus,
Profeſs thyſelf a whore, and, more than ſo,
Reſolve to be ſo ſtill——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thouſand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wiſe ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.

King. No; for I believe thee honeſt,
As thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happineſs
Beſtow'd upon me, turns into diſgrace.
Gods, take your honeſty again, for I
Am loaden with it! Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.

King. Thou may'ſt live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in ſecret.

Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breaſt! A bitter curſe
Seize me, if I forget not all reſpects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and, through a ſea of ſins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I ſhould call
Pains here, and, after life, upon my ſoul!

King. Well, I am reſolute you lie not with her;
And ſo I leave you. [*Exit King.*

Evad. You muſt needs be prating;
And ſee what follows.

Amin. Prithee, vex me not!
Leave me: I am afraid ſome ſudden ſtart
Will pull a murder on me.

Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit Evadne.*
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I ſhould be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. I'll know the cauſe of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendſhip ſhall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O Melantius, my daughter will die.
Mel. Truſt me, I am ſorry.
'Would thou hadſt ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a ſlave,
A cut-throat ſlave, a bloody treacherous ſlave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And loſe thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown,
At all theſe years, and thou art but a ſlave!
Mel. Leave! Some company will come, and I reſpect
Thy years, not thee, ſo much, that I could wiſh
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll ſpoil your mirth: I mean to fight with thee.
There lie, my cloak! This was my father's ſword,
And he durſt fight. Are you prepar'd?
Mel. Why wilt thou doat thyſelf out of thy life?
Hence, get thee to-bed! have careful looking-to,
And eat warm things, and trouble not me:
My head is full of thoughts, more weighty
Than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you ſtand ſafe
Amongſt a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man,
In ſingle fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unleſs thou pull'ſt thy death
Upon thee with a ſtroke. There's no one blow,

That thou canſt give, hath ſtrength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not ſo far then: The pow'r of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I muſt let him alone;
He's ſtout and able; and, to ſay the truth,
However I may ſet a face, and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a teſty trick I had,
Amongſt cowards, but durſt never fight.

Mel. I will not promiſe to preſerve your life,
If you do ſtay.

Cal. I would give half my land
That I durſt fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he aſk'd me mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not ſtay; but I'll go home, and beat
My ſervants all over for this. [*Exit Calianax.*

Mel. This old fellow haunts me!
But the diſtracted carriage of my Amintor
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cauſe.
I fear his conſcience cries, he wrong'd Aſpatia.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens' eyes are not ſo ſubtle to perceive
My inward miſery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all huſbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well diſſembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it; for the rareneſs
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendſhip of late, for we were wont to change our ſouls in talk[37].

Amin.

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[37] *For we were wont to* charge *our ſouls in talk.*] This is flat nonſenſe, by the miſtake of a ſingle letter. The ſlight alteration I have made, [inſerting *change* for *charge*] gives us the true meaning. So, in *A King and no King*,

——for

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jeſt of Strato and a lady the laſt day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, ſuch an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to ſpeak with you; not of an idle jeſt, that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have obſerv'd your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that ſtrove to ſhew his merry mood,
When he were ill diſpos'd: You were not wont
To put ſuch ſcorn into your ſpeech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some ſadneſs ſits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with ſmiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?

Amin. A ſadneſs here! what cauſe
Can fate provide for me, to make me ſo?
Am I not lov'd through all this iſle? The king
Rains greatneſs on me. Have I not receiv'd
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks [38]
Immutable

——— *or for honeſty to* interchange *my boſom with*, &c.

And, again,

And then how dare you offer to change *words with her?*

Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympſon, concurred with me in ſtarting this emendation. *Mr. Theobald.*

[38] ——————— *and on her tender cheeks*

Inevitable *Colour*,] This epithet, I know, ſignifies, not to be *avoided*, not to be *eſchewed*; but I don't remember that it takes in the idea of *not to be reſiſted*; which is the ſenſe required here. The old quarto of 1619 has it, *Immutable* colour,—But metre and emphaſis prove that to be a corrupted reading; out of which, I dare be confident, I have extracted the genuine lection: *Inimitable* colour; *i. e.* a complection not to be paragon'd by nature, nor imitated by art. We may eaſily account for the depravation at preſs. The hand-writing in thoſe times was almoſt univerſally what we call ſecretary: And their i's were wrote without tittles over them. Let us then ſee how minute is the difference betwixt

Immutable colour, in her heart
A priſon for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my conſtant friend?
What ſadneſs can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courſes of my blood more warm
And ſtirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel ſo unexpreſs'd a joy
In chaſte embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.

Mel. You may ſhape, Amintor,
Cauſes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourſelf too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your ſoul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have ſeen you ſtand
As you were blaſted, 'midſt of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then ſtart, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heav'n, I would have told that man
My ſecret ſins! I'll ſearch an unknown land,
And there plant friendſhip; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend 'he ly'd,' ere ſooth'd him ſo,
Out of my boſom!

Amin. But there is nothing——

Mel. Worſe and worſe! farewel!
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. Melantius, ſtay: You ſhall know what it is.

Mel. See [39], how you play'd with friendſhip! Be advis'd

How

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the two words, and how liable they might be to be miſtaken one for the other:

Inimitable,
Immutable. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inſerted Mr. Theobald's note, becauſe we think his conjecture ingenious; but have not ventured to diſturb the text.

39 Mel. *See, how you play'd with friendſhip.*] The quarrelling ſcene, which is now coming on, has been the ſubject of much criticiſm and controverſy. Some have cry'd it up above that celebrated quarrel in Euripides's Iphigenia at Aulis, betwixt Agamemnon and

How you give cauſe unto yourſelf to ſay,
You have loſt a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am ſo o'ergone with injuries
Unheard-of, that I loſe conſideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!
Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!
Amin. I had ſpoke at firſt,
But that——
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it moſt unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou ſeeſt my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the cauſe of thy diſtemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myſelf,
My reſolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable as ſpotleſs innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this——It is too big
To get out——Let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Puniſh me ſtrangely, Heav'n, if he eſcape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your ſiſter——
Mel. Well ſaid.
Amin. You will wiſh't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.

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and his brother Menelaus: And others have decry'd it, as egregiouſly faulty in the motives, and progreſs; the working up, and declination of the paſſions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an umpire in the caſe, than in pronouncing that I have always ſeen it received with vehement applauſe; and that I think it very affecting on each ſide. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldſt not utter this elſe. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to ſay, 'a whore,'
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendſhip, theſe.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, ſhall the name of Friend
Blot all our family, and ſtick the brand
Of whore upon my ſiſter, unreveng'd?
My ſhaking fleſh, be thou a witneſs for me,
With what unwillingneſs I go to ſcourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd Friend!
I will not take thee baſely; thy ſword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy raſhneſs to repentance. Draw thy ſword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger ſwell as high
As the wild ſurges. Thou ſhouldſt do me eaſe
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my ſorrows.
Mel. This is baſe
And fearful. They that uſe to utter lies
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou haſt a guilty cauſe.
Amin. Thou pleaſeſt me; for ſo much more like this
Will raiſe my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a paſſion eaſier to be borne)
And I ſhall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more
To raiſe thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art ſo much preſs'd
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a ſcandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,

As juſtly as our magiſtrates their ſwords
To cut offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your ears; but it was baſe in you
To urge a weighty ſecret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I ſhall be at eaſe,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I ſhall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay awhile.
The name of Friend is more than family,
Or all the world beſides: I was a fool!
Thou ſearching human nature, that didſt wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquiſitive,
And thruſt'ſt me upon queſtions that will take
My ſleep away! 'Would I had dy'd, ere known
This ſad diſhonour! Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt ſtrike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou haſt in me!
I do believe my ſiſter is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy ſword, young man.

Amin. How ſhould I bear it then, ſhe being ſo?
I fear, my friend, that you will loſe me ſhortly;
And I ſhall do a foul act on myſelf,
Through theſe diſgraces.

Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou ſhalt have eaſe. Oh, this adult'rous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the ſpirit
To wrong me ſo?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why, not ſo much:
The credit of our houſe is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honeſty
Shall ſteel my ſword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cauſe, that ſhall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Amin.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watry eyes,
And caſt a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is ſo wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this ſwelling breaſt!
I go thus from thee, and will never ceaſe
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It muſt not be ſo. Stay! Mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy. Thou haſt wrought
A ſecret from me, under name of Friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my boſom: Give it me again;
For I will find it, whereſoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'ſt part! Invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death purſue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood ſo high, that thou wilt ſtir in this,
And ſhame me to poſterity. Take to thy weapon!
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear! but draw, or I——
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw then; for I am full as reſolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be!
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. But is not
My ſhare of credit equal with thine,
If I do ſtir?
Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to ſpill thy ſiſter's blood,
If ſhe her birth abuſe; and, on the king,
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then join with me.

Amin.

Amin. I dare not do a ſin, or elſe I would,
Be ſpeedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me; for that's a ſin,
His grief diſtracts him: Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyſelf pronounce the name of Friend,
And ſee what that will work. I will not fight.

Amin. You muſt.

Mel. I will be kill'd firſt. Though my paſſions
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reaſon to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I muſt weep, when I ſpeak that)
Almoſt beſides yourſelf.

Amin. Oh, my ſoft temper!
So many ſweet words from thy ſiſter's mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care
Of me in what thou doſt.

Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to ſave
The brav'ry of our houſe, will loſe his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majeſty?

Amin. A curſe will follow that; but rather live
And ſuffer with me.

Mel. I'll do what worth ſhall bid me, and no more.

Amin. 'Faith, I am ſick, and deſp'rately, I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of eaſe.

Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.

Amin. I ſhall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all ſhall be well again.

Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!
Why, I have nothing elſe.

Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius again.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himſelf; but I have cheriſh'd him

To

To my beſt pow'r, and ſent him ſmiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me. Diphilus!
Thou com'ſt as ſent [40].

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has been ſuch laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why, our ſiſter and the king; I thought their ſpleens would break; they laugh'd us all out of the room.

Mel. They muſt weep, Diphilus.

Diph. Muſt they?

Mel. They muſt.
Thou art my brother; and if I did believe
Thou hadſt a baſe thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durſt.

Diph. You ſhould not; I would firſt mangle myſelf, and find it.

Mel. That was ſpoke according to our ſtrain.
Come, join thy hands to mine,
And ſwear a firmneſs to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter ſhall not ſay, there paſs'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly ſaid as I would wiſh.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourſelves.

Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my houſe;
And what friends you can draw unto our ſide,

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[40] *Thou com'ſt as ſent.*] This is, as *Horace* ſays of himſelf, *Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio.* The meaning is, thou com'ſt as critically, as if I had ſent for thee. *Mr. Theobald.*

Melantius means, you come at ſuch a juncture, it ſeems as if Heaven had ſent you to aid my ſcheme of vengeance.

Not

Not knowing of the cauſe, make ready too.
Haſte, Diphilus, the time requires it, haſte!
[*Exit Diphilus.*
I hope my cauſe is juſt; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and loſe myſelf withal,
Were idle; and to 'ſcape impoſſible,
Without I had the fort, which (miſery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——But I muſt have it. See,

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes ſhaking by me. Good my lord,
Forget your ſpleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with ev'ry man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durſt fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all cauſe.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I ſpeak truth.
Cal. Honour? where is't?
Mel. See, what ſtarts you make into your hatred, to my love and freedom to you. I come with reſolution to obtain a ſuit of you.
Cal. A ſuit of me! 'Tis very like it ſhould be granted, Sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wiſh you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reaſon
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but ſtay: I cannot 'ſcape, the deed once done

Without

Without I have this fort.

Cal. And ſhould I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itſelf.

Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a ſudden anſwer, or already
Thy laſt is ſpoke! refuſe not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in ſecrets.

Cal. If I ſay
I will not, he will kill me; I do ſee't
Writ in his looks; and ſhould I ſay I will,
He'll run and tell the king. I do not ſhun
Your friendſhip, dear Melantius, but this cauſe
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it. I know this goes unto the king;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Methinks I feel myſelf
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy: I ſhall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will laſt that pace that I will carry them:
I ſhall want breath, before I find the king.

ACT IV.

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a lady.

Mel. SAVE you!

Evad. Save you, ſweet brother!

Mel. In my blunt eye,
Methinks, you look, Evadne——

Evad. Come, you would make me bluſh.

Mel. I would, Evadne: I ſhall diſpleaſe my ends elſe.

Evad. You ſhall, if you commend me[41]; I am baſhful.
Come, Sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not ſeemly.

Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery. Now ſpeak.
[*Exeunt ladies.*

Mel. I'll lock the door firſt.

Evad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In viſitation with their Milan ſkins,
Choke up my buſineſs.

Evad. You are ſtrangely diſpoſed, Sir.

Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No; if you praiſe me, it will make me ſad.

Mel. Such a ſad commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praiſe the court for't: Has it learnt you nothing?

Evad. Me?

---

[41] *You ſhall, if you* command *me*;] Thus all the editions: *i. e.* If you bid me bluſh, I ſhall. Evadne is very obſequious in this condeſcention: but this, I dare ſay, was not the Poets' intentions. They meant ſhe ſhould ſay; 'Nay, if you commend me, I am 'baſhful, and ſhall bluſh at your praiſes:' And this is confirmed by what Melantius immediately ſubjoins to it. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mel.

Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handſome,
A lady of a ſweet complection,
And ſuch a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuſe but inflame a kingdom.

Evad. Gentle brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, fooliſh woman,
To make me gentle.

Evad. How is this?

Mel. 'Tis baſe;
And I could bluſh, at theſe years, thorough all
My honour'd ſcars, to come to ſuch a parly.

Evad. I underſtand you not.

Mel. You dare not, fool!
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Evad. My faults, Sir! I would have you know,
I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the ſtory [42];
The luſts of which would fill another woman,
Though ſhe had twins within her.

Evad. This is ſaucy:
Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find truth out.

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[42] *Thy body is too little for the ſtory,*
The luſts of which would fill another woman,
Though *ſhe had twins within her.*] This is mock-reaſoning, and *primâ facie* ſhews its abſurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, ſhe can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident, I have reſtored the Poets' genuine reading. The propriety of the reaſoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation.
Mr. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald reads,

——— *would fill another woman,*
As though *ſh'ad twins within her*;

from which it is evident, he has miſunderſtood our Authors: They do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, ſays Melantius, is ſo far from being large enough to contain an account of your luſts, that, if it was wrote all over, there would ſtill remain enough of the ſtory to cover the body of another woman, even though ſhe were ſwelled with twins. Either way, however, it muſt be allowed, the thought and expreſſion are rather uncouth.
Evad.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-loſt honour. 'Would the gods had ſet me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or ſtand
One of their loudeſt bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You ſwell me not above my temper.

Evad. How, Sir! where got you this report?

Mel. Where there were people, in every place.

Evad. They and the ſeconds of it are baſe people:
Believe them not, they ly'd.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch!
I come to know that deſperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wiſe, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another
Forgetfulneſs forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whoſe whore you are; for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honours periſh, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be ſudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, 'till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy ſickneſs.

Evad. Be gone! You are my brother; that's your ſafety.

Mel. I'll be a wolf firſt! 'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the ſin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred
'Mongſt ſenſual beaſts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you ſtay here and rail thus, I ſhall tell you,
I'll have you whipp'd! Get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I ſhall laugh at you.

Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?

What mortal fool durſt raiſe thee to this daring,
And I alive? By my juſt ſword, h' ad ſafer
Beſtrid a billow when the angry North
Plows up the ſea, or made Heav'n's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you diſcover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep, and ſpeak ſenſe.
Mel. Force my ſwoll'n heart no further: I would ſave thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
'Would they were all, and arm'd! I would ſpeak loud;
Here's one ſhould thunder to'em! will you tell me?
Thou haſt no hope to 'ſcape: He that dares moſt,
And damns away his ſoul to do thee ſervice,
Will ſooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to reſcue thee; thou'ſt death about thee[43],
Who has undone thine honour, poiſon'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely roſe, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me conſider.
Mel. Do, whoſe child thou wert,
Whoſe honour thou haſt murder'd, whoſe grave open'd,
And ſo pull'd on the gods, that in their juſtice
They muſt reſtore him fleſh again, and life,
And raiſe his dry bones to revenge this ſcandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie ſweet ſtill in the earth; they'll ſtink here.
Mel. Do you raiſe mirth out of my eaſineſs?
Forſake me, then, all weakneſſes of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, ſpeak truth!
Or, by the dear ſoul of thy ſleeping father,
This ſword ſhall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou haſt told all, thou wilt deſerve it.

---

[43] *Thou'ſt death about thee:*
Has *undone thine honour.*] The latter editions read, '*he* has 'undone;' that it ſhould be *who*, and that Melantius is ſtill queſtioning Evadne about the deſtroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted.

Evad.

Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a juſtice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of ſuch baſe offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul ſelf, no human help ſhall help thee,
If thou crieſt! When I have kill'd thee, as I have
Vow'd to do if thou confeſs not, naked,
As thou haſt left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded fleſh the world may read
Thy black ſhame, and my juſtice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your ſtory.
Evad. Oh, I am miſerable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth ſtill.
Evad. I have offended:
Noble Sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what ſecure ſlave?
Evad. Do not aſk me, Sir:
Mine own remembrance is a miſery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My ſword's unſheathed yet.
Evad. What ſhall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault leſs.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I muſt aſk
Mine honour firſt.—I've too much fooliſh nature
In me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none elſe here?
Mel. None but a fearful conſcience; that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my ſervices
Are lib'rally rewarded. King, I thank thee!

For all my dangers and my wounds, thou haſt paid me
In my own metal: Theſe are ſoldiers' thanks!
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be ſorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameleſs.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. Firſt to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods th' hadſt been ſo bleſt.
Doſt thou not hate this king now? prithee hate him.
Couldſt thou not curſe him? I command thee, curſe him.
Curſe till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy juſt wiſhes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many ſad confuſions here, to let in
Any looſe flame hereafter.
Mel. Doſt thou not feel, 'mong all thoſe, one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this baſe king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it, they are diſhonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a ſtale whore, and have your madam's name
Diſcourſe for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majeſty hath laid you by,
To be at penſion with ſome needy Sir,
For meat and coarſer cloaths: Thus far you know no fear.
Come, you ſhall kill him.
Evad. Good Sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiſs him dead, thou'dſt ſmother him.
Be wiſe, and kill him. Canſt thou live, and know

What

What noble minds ſhall make thee, ſee thyſelf
Found out with ev'ry finger, made the ſhame
Of all ſucceſſions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble huſband broken?
Thou ſhalt not live thus. Kneel, and ſwear to help me,
When I ſhall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heav'n and earth, thou ſhalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands [44],
And, both to Heav'n held up, ſwear, by that wealth
This luſtful thief ſtole from thee, when I ſay it,
To let his foul ſoul out.

Evad. Here I ſwear it;
And, all you ſpirits of abuſed ladies,
Help me in this performance!

Mel. Enough. This muſt be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wiſe and noble, and a fellow
Dares ſtep as far into a worthy action
As the moſt daring; ay, as far as juſtice.
Aſk me not why. Farewel. [*Exit Mel.*

Evad. 'Would I could ſay ſo to my black diſgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
That I ſhould loſe myſelf thus deſp'rately,
And none for pity ſhew me how I wand'red?
There is not in the compaſs of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monſtrous!
For I have done thoſe follies, thoſe mad miſchiefs,
Would dare a woman [45]. Oh, my loaden ſoul,
Be not ſo cruel to me; choke not up

Enter Amintor.

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!

---

[44] *Give me thy* hand] Thus ſay all the editions; but the ſenſe of the following lines requires us to read *hands*, in the plural—'*both* to 'Heaven held up.'

[45] *Would* dare *a woman.*] *i. e.* would ſcare, would fright her out of her wits to commit. *Mr. Theobald.*

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much-abuſed lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more ſorrow [46]:
Heav'n knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foſter-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildneſs,
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is ſo leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the higheſt ſet; even with my life.
That ſlight contrition, that's no ſacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman
That knows no god more mighty than her miſchiefs.
Thou doſt ſtill worſe, ſtill number on thy faults,
To preſs my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any ſeed of virtue in that woman
Left to ſhoot up, that dares go on in ſin,
Known, and ſo known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any ſafety in thy ſex [47],
That I might put a thouſand ſorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I muſt not:
Thou haſt brought me to that dull calamity,
To that ſtrange miſbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear

---

[46] *This is* no *new way, &c.*] This is the reading of the majority of the copies. It is undoubtedly ſenſe; but that which we have followed is more elegant.

[47] *Would there were any* ſafety *in thy ſex,*] i. e. any ſecurity, any truſt, or belief, to be repoſed in them. *Mr. Theobald.*

I ſhall

I ſhall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A ſoul as white as Heav'n; let not my ſins
Periſh your noble youth. I do not fall here
To ſhadow, by diſſembling with my tears,
(As, all ſay, women can) or to make leſs,
What my hot will hath done, which Heav'n and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the ſame, the ſame Evadne,
Dreſt in the ſhames I liv'd in; the ſame monſter!
But theſe are names of honour, to what I am:
I do preſent myſelf the fouleſt creature,
Moſt pois'nous, dang'rous, and deſpis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
'Till you, my dear lord, ſhoot your light into me;
The beams of your forgiveneſs. I am ſoul-ſick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
'Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Riſe, Evadne.
Thoſe heav'nly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyſelf worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be ſerious.
Mock not the pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their juſtice
To all enſuing eyes, if thou playeſt
With thy repentance, the beſt ſacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been ſo faithleſs. All the creatures,
Made for Heav'n's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the coz'ning crocodiles, falſe women!
They reign here like thoſe plagues, thoſe killing ſores,
Men pray againſt; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they paſs away,

And go to duſt forgotten! But, my lord,
Thoſe ſhort days I ſhall number to my reſt
(As many muſt not ſee me) ſhall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, becauſe a woman,
Reach conſtantly at ſomething that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
'Till I am water.

Amin. I am now diſſolv'd:
My frozen ſoul melts. May each ſin thou haſt,
Find a new mercy! Riſe; I am at peace.
Hadſt thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadſt made a ſtar! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will ſalute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity ſhall go along with thee,
Though my embraces muſt be far from thee.
I ſhould have kill'd thee, but this ſweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiſs thee—
The laſt kiſs we muſt take! And 'would to Heav'n
The holy prieſt, that gave our hands together,
Had giv'n us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, hereafter,
Crown thy fair ſoul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never ſhall you ſee the foul Evadne,
'Till ſhe have try'd all honour'd means, that may
Set her in reſt, and waſh her ſtains away. [*Exeunt.*

BANQUET. *Enter King and Calianax. Hautboys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I ſhould credit this
From you, that are his enemy.

Cal.

Cal. I'm ſure
He ſaid it to me; and I'll juſtify it
What way he dares oppoſe—but with my ſword.
King. But did he break, without all circumſtance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'ſcape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him bluſh.
King. It ſounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, ſo does ev'ry thing I ſay of late.
King. Not ſo, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I ſhould ſit
Mute, whilſt a rogue with ſtrong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be falſe,
And that you clothe your hate in ſuch a lye,
You ſhall hereafter dote in your own houſe,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lye,
Mine ears are falſe; for, I'll be ſworn, I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: You were beſt
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have truſted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will ſtill,
Where I may do with juſtice to the world:
You have no witneſs.
Cal. Yes, myſelf.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thouſand rogues?
King. But, ſo, you may
Hang honeſt men too, if you pleaſe.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do ſo: There are a hundred
Will ſwear it for a need too, if I ſay it——

King.

King. Such witneſſes we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boiſt'rous knave.
King. Enough. Where's Strato?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir!
King. Why, where is all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all [*Exit Strato.*
That are without there.—If he ſhould deſire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the pow'r
Of all our laws to hinder it, unleſs
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counſellor,
Do fight for what he ſays, then you may grant it.

Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lyſippus, Cleon, Strato.

King. Come, Sirs! Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will uſe thee ſo: Thou ſhalt ſit down.
Evadne, ſit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, Sir. Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raiſe laughter
Amongſt our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unſeaſonably,
When I deſire them not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, Sir, ſo to ſpend them then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine. Melantius, thou
Art ſad[48].

Mel.

[48] King. *Reach me a bowl of wine: Melantius, thou art ſad.*
Amin. *I ſhould be, Sir,* &c.] I have adjuſted the metre, which was confuſed; and, by the aſſiſtance of the old quarto in 1619, affixed the reply to the right character. The king addreſſed himſelf to Melantius; and what impertinence it is in Amintor to take his friend's anſwer out of his mouth! *Mr. Theobald.*

We

Mel. I ſhould be, Sir, the merrieſt here,
But I have ne'er a ſtory of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now conſidering
How eaſy 'twere, for any man we truſt,
To poiſon one of us in ſuch a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, Sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I'faith, 'twere eaſy: It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourſelves;
Such as you all are here. Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought of this, Calianax? [*Apart.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your reſolution?
Cal. You ſhall have it, ſoundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will ſet
Bluſhes upon thy cheeks; and, 'till thou doſt
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the ſtrange deſperation of theſe men,
That dare attempt ſuch acts here in our ſtate:
He could not 'ſcape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impoſſible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,
He muſt wear all our lives upon his ſword.
He need not fly the iſland; he muſt leave
No one alive.

We have no doubt but the anſwer belongs to Melantius; not only for the reaſon Mr. Theobald gives, which has ſome force, but becauſe the king has juſt told Amintor, that 'the banquet was for him,' and aſks, 'who has brought a merry tale about him?' and then immediately addreſſes Melantius, telling him 'he is ſad;' to which it is natural for Melantius to reply.

King.

King. No; I ſhould think no man
Could kill me, and 'ſcape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bleſs me! I! ſhould I, my liege!
King. I do not think thou would'ſt; but yet thou might'ſt;
For thou haſt in thy hands the means to 'ſcape,
By keeping of the fort. He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, Sir,
'Tis clean ſwept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er beſieg'd
Since he commanded it.
Cal. I ſhall be ſure
Of your good word: But I have kept it ſafe
From ſuch as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I ſpeak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I ſhould have ſaid as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all ſtill!—Calianax,
I cannot truſt thus: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheek
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd:
He knows no ſuch thing. [*Apart.*
Cal. Impudence may 'ſcape,
When feeble virtue is accus'd.
King. He muſt,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whiſper, whilſt we point at him:
You ſee he does not.
Cal. *Let him hang himſelf:*
What care I *what he does? This he did ſay:*
King. *Melantius, you can eaſily conceive*
What I have *meant; for men that are in fault*
Can ſubtly apprehend, *when others aim*
At what they do amiſs: *But I forgive*
Freely, before this man. Heav'n do ſo too!
I will not touch thee, ſo much as with ſhame
Of telling it. Let it be ſo no more.

Cal.

Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thruſt into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But miſconſtruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveneſs of the gods,
Much leſs of you.
King. Nay, if you ſtand ſo ſtiff,
I ſhall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want ſmoothneſs
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to inſtruct your knowledge, but to ſhew you
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'ſcape.
Mel. Pardon me, Sir;
My bluntneſs will be pardoned; You preſerve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers [49], to defame the worth
Of thoſe that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had periſh'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainneſs of my nature would ſpeak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that ſpake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and ſervice.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate ſo low)

---

49 Eaters *and talkers.*] Moſt of the latter editions concur in this reading; which is evidently corrupt. *Facers*, and *facing*, are words uſed by our Authors to expreſs *ſhameleſs people* and *effrontery*.

Have

Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuſe me,
And ſwear he thought me wrong'd in this,
Cal. Who, I?
Thou ſhameleſs fellow! Didſt thou not ſpeak to me
Of it thyſelf.
Mel. Oh, then it came from him?
Cal. From me! who ſhould it come from, but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have loſt my anger. Sir, I hope
You are well ſatisfied.
King. Lyſippus, chear
Amintor and his lady; there's no ſound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myſelf.
Amin. You have done already, Sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How ſlight ſoe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould.
Cal. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould believe an old man's word,
That never ly'd in's life.
Mel. I talk not to thee!
Shall the wild words of this diſtemper'd man,
Frantic with age and ſorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majeſty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at leaſt, as I have pow'r to bear.
But pardon me—whilſt I ſpeak only truth,
I may commend myſelf—I have beſtow'd
My careleſs blood with you, and ſhould be loth
To think an action that would make me loſe
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thruſt myſelf into my country's cauſe,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And ſtyl'd me man then. And for you, my king,
Your ſubjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm. This ſword of mine hath plow'd the ground,

And

And reapt the fruit in peace[50];
And you yourſelf have liv'd at home in eaſe.
So terrible I grew, that, without ſwords,
My name hath fetch'd you conqueſt: And my heart
And limbs are ſtill the ſame; my will as great
To do you ſervice. Let me not be paid
With ſuch a ſtrange diſtruſt.

King. Melantius,
I held it great injuſtice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that ſatisfy. What, ſtruck
With ſadneſs all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a villain!

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort,
Dotard! I will diſgrace thee thus for ever:
There ſhall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it. [*Apart.*

Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it. Speak;
Deny it, if thou canſt. Examine him
While he is hot; for if he cool again,
He will forſwear it.

King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.

Mel. He hath loſt himſelf
Much, ſince his daughter miſs'd the happineſs
My ſiſter gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.

Cal. Pity? a pox upon you!

Mel. Mark his diſorder'd words! And, at the Maſque,
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, ſo innocent
She underſtood him not. But it becomes

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[50] *And* they have *reapt the fruit* of it *in peace.*] Thus Mr. Seward prints this line. We think the alteration judicious; but do not chuſe to depart ſo far from the old copies.

Both

Both you and me too to forgive diſtraction:
Pardon him, as I do.

Cal. I'll not ſpeak for thee,
For all thy cunning. If you will be ſafe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a raſcal.

King. Some, that love him,
Get him to-bed. Why, pity ſhould not let
Age make itſelf contemptible; we muſt be
All old; have him away.

Mel. Calianax,
The king believes you; come, you ſhall go home,
And reſt; you have done well.—You'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope. [*Apart.*

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir; he does move me ſtill.
He ſays, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, ſtill?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I ſhall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why ſhould you truſt a ſturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his ſword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an aſs; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you uſe me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you uſe
This once again, I ſhall entreat ſome other
To ſee your offices be well diſcharg'd.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows ſomewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldſt be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, Sir.

King. And you, Evadne. Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deſerv'ſt to be, my friend
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep ſoundly; it will bring thee to thyſelf. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent*

Manent Melantius and Calianax.

Cal. Sleep ſoundly! I ſleep ſoundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus elſe. How dar'ſt thou ſtay
Alone with me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me?
Mel. You cannot blaſt me with your tongue, and that's
The ſtrongeſt part you have about you.
Cal. Ay,
Do look for ſome great puniſhment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take 't unkindly that mine enemy
Should uſe me ſo extr'ordinarily ſcurvily.
Mel. I ſhall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindneſſes: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou 'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! Diſgrace me with the king;
Loſe all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what doſt thou call hurt?
Mel. To poiſon men, becauſe they love me not;
To call the credit of mens' wives in queſtion;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'ſt, is ſport;
For mine is worſe: But uſe thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.
Mel. Be wiſe then, and be ſafe; thou may'ſt revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the King? I would revenge o' thee.
Mel. That you muſt plot yourſelf.
Cal. I'm a fine plotter.
Mel. The ſhort is, I will hold thee with the king
In this perplexity, till peeviſhneſs
And thy diſgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou ſhalt hold
Thy wonted ſtate.
Cal. If I ſhould tell the king,
Canſt thou deny 't again?

Mel. Try, and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canſt bring any thing about.
Thou ſhalt have the fort.

Mel. Why, well:
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breaſt.
To compaſs.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courteſy,
Thou ſhould'ſt not have it. But I am diſgrac'd;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are ſo ſtrangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King ſhall know
There was ſome ſuch thing in 't I told him of;
And that I was an honeſt man.

Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

Enter Diphilus.

What news with thee?

Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The King hath ſent for her.

Mel. She ſhall perform it then. Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.

Diph. Have you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the ſame breed? Canſt thou deny
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.

Cal. Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away, and uſe him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole ſtrain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourſelves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph.

Diph. He's finely wrought. [*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*

Mel. This is a night, 'ſpite of aſtronomers,
To do the deed in. I will waſh the ſtain,
That reſts upon our houſe, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Melantius, now aſſiſt me: If thou be'ſt
That which thou ſay'ſt, aſſiſt me. I have loſt
All my diſtempers, and have found a rage
So pleaſing! Help me.

Mel. Who can ſee him thus,
And not ſwear vengeance? What's the matter, friend?

Amin. Out with thy ſword; and, hand in hand with me,
Ruſh to the chamber of this hated king;
And ſink him, with the weight of all his ſins,
To hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a raſh attempt,
Not to be done with ſafety. Let your reaſon
Plot your revenge, and not your paſſion.

Amin. If thou refuſeſt me in theſe extremes,
Thou art no friend: He ſent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me, myſelf! And, I muſt tell you,
I love her, as a ſtranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And ſhe repents. I'll do't myſelf alone,
Though I be ſlain. Farewel.

Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole deſign with madneſs. Amintor,
Think what thou doſt: I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amintor,
With whom thou fighteſt!—I know he's honeſt,
And this will work with him. [*Aſide.*

Amin. I cannot tell
What thou haſt ſaid; but thou haſt charm'd my ſword
Out of my hand, and left me ſhaking here,
Defenceleſs.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wild beaſt is uncollected man!

The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to ſin, and yet itſelf is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

Amin. Juſt like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did diſtruſt, thou hadſt againſt the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the leaſt limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.

Mel. I have none
Againſt him.

Amin. Why, come then; and ſtill remember,
We may not think revenge.

Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Evadne, and a gentleman.

Evad. SIR, is the king a-bed?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago.

Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleaſure.

Gent. I underſtand you, madam; 'would 'twere mine.
I muſt not wiſh good reſt unto your ladyſhip.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king
Will wake, and then——

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*

[*King a-bed.*

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpoſe. Oh, the conſcience
Of a loſt virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, diſmal as the depth of hell,

Wilt

Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be diſloyal, if her heart be fleſh,
If ſhe have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that deſperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to ſea to fight. 'Tis ſo many ſins,
An age cannot repent 'em [51]; and ſo great,
The Gods want mercy for! Yet, I muſt through 'em,
I have begun a ſlaughter on my honour,
And I muſt end it there. He ſleeps. Good Heav'ns!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beaſt,
That hath ſo long tranſgreſs'd you? I muſt kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I muſt not
Thus tamely do it, as he ſleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and puniſhments.
I'll ſhake his ſins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his ſick conſcience;
And then I'll ſtrike him dead. King by your leave:
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not truſt your ſtrength. Your Grace and I
Muſt grapple upon even terms no more.
So: If he rail me not from my reſolution,
I ſhall be ſtrong enough. My lord the king!
My lord! He ſleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. My lord! Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you ſleep ſoundly, Sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to-bed.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir; but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiſs me;

[51] ——————'*tis ſo many ſins*,
An age cannot prevent *'em*;] Mr. Theobald, we think judiciouſly, makes the alteration we have followed.

I'll be thy Mars [52]; to-bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May ſee, and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, Sir, ſtay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you phyſic
To temper your high veins.

King. Prithee, to-bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou ſhalt know the ſtate of my body better.

Evad. I know you have a ſurfeited foul body;
And you muſt bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you ſhall bleed! Lie ſtill; and, if the devil,
Your luſt, will give you leave, repent. This ſteel
Comes to redeem the honour that you ſtole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can anſwer to the world.

King. How's this, Evadne?

Evad. I am not ſhe; nor bear I in this breaſt
So much cold ſpirit to be call'd a woman.
I am a tyger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou doſt,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy ſins look double; and ſo ſend thee
(By my revenge, I will) to look thoſe torments [53]
Prepar'd for ſuch black ſouls.

King. Thou doſt not mean this; 'tis impoſſible:
Thou art too ſweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not.

I am

---

[52] *I'll be thy* Mars;] The alluſion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his Metamorphoſes, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a ſubtle net which her huſband Vulcan had bound over them, and expoſed them to the view of the Gods.

Turpes jacuére ligati
Turpitèr, atque aliquis de Diis non triſtibus optat
Sic fieri turpis. *Mr. Theobald.*

[53] ——— *to* look *thoſe torments*
Prepar'd for ſuch black ſouls] *Look* occurs in the line immediately preceding; and the repetition of it is no manner of elegance.

Beſides

I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many ſuch hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing roſe
More chaſtely ſweet, till thou, thou, thou foul canker,
(Stir not) didſt poiſon me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curſt court and you (Hell bleſs you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I'm come to kill thee.

King. No!

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not!
I prithee ſpeak not theſe things: Thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To thoſe above us; by whoſe lights I vow,
Thoſe bleſſed fires that ſhot to ſee our ſin,
If thy hot ſoul had ſubſtance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being paſt my ſteel [54],
My tongue ſhall reach. Thou art a ſhameleſs villain,
A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
Sent, like a thick cloud, to diſperſe a plague
Upon weak catching women! ſuch a tyrant,
That for his luſt would ſell away his ſubjects;
Ay, all his Heav'n hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou ſoul of ſweetneſs, hear! I am thy King.

Beſides, to *look* thoſe torments, is no Engliſh expreſſion: It muſt either be, *ſeek* or *brook*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Look, from the days of our Authors down to our own, has frequently been uſed for *look* FOR, or *ſeek*. With reſpect to the elegance, it is our province to give our Authors' own words, not (ſuppoſing we could) to ſubſtitute better.

[54] ——— ——— *which, being paſt my ſteel,*
My tongue ſhall teach.] 'Tis evident from common-ſenſe, that I have retrieved the true reading here. A corruption, exactly the ſame, had poſſeſſed a paſſage in Shakeſpear's Coriolanus, till I corrected it. Mr. Seward likewiſe ſtarted this emendation here. *Mr. Theobald.*

Evad. Thou art my ſhame! Lie ſtill, there's none about you,
Within your cries: All promiſes of ſafety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*

King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, Sir,
To part ſo fairly with you; we muſt change
More of theſe love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou monſter.

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'ſt me brave at court, and whor'd'ſt me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd'ſt me ſtill.

King. Evadne, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this ſtroke
For the moſt wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the bedchamber.

1. Come, now ſhe's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a ſnap at her one of theſe nights, as ſhe goes from him.

1. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I ſee, kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

2. How faſt he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.

2. And ſo he does:

Pray

Pray Heaven he be well; let's look. Alas!
He's ſtiff, wounded and dead: Treaſon, treaſon!
1. Run forth and call.
2. Treaſon, treaſon! [*Exit.*
1. This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter Cleon and Lyſippus.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies ſtill.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lyſ. Where's the body?
1. There.
Lyſ. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;
The leaſt of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But ſuch the miſery of greatneſs is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!
Sirs, which way went ſhe?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Never follow her;
For ſhe, alas! was but the inſtrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and ſtands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls thoſe few, that paſs
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lyſ. Gentlemen, I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lyſ. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Muſt have a ſudden ſtop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, and Calianax, on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be conſtant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our baniſh'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph.

Diph. I fear not;
My ſpirit lies not that way. Courage, Calianax.
Cal. 'Would I had any! you ſhould quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows!
You were born to be my end. The devil take you!
Now muſt I hang for company. 'Tis ſtrange,
I ſhould be old, and neither wiſe nor valiant.

Enter Lyſippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, and guard.

Lyſ. See where he ſtands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him.
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cauſe, Sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me ſpeak it!
Though he be mighty-ſpirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worſe men ſhake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pull'd on, than ſought: His mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lyſ. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cleon. Ho, from the walls there.
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could have wiſh'd you here, lord: You are honeſt.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee ſo—— [*Aſide.*
Lyſ. Melantius!
Mel. Sir.
Lyſ. I am ſorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd ſuch diſtance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourſelf, and ſought this ſafety
More out of fear than honour! You have loſt
A noble maſter; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preſerv'd: Yet you know beſt.
Cal. When time was, I was mad; ſome, that dares fight,
I hope will pay this raſcal.

Mel.

Mel. Royal young man, whoſe tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been ſhed for a deſerving one,
They had been laſting monuments! Thy brother,
While he was good, I call'd him king; and ſerv'd him
With that ſtrong faith, that moſt unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the fartheſt ſun to ſeek him,
And beg his friendſhip [55]. I was then his ſoldier.
But ſince his hot pride drew him to diſgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his luſt
(That never-cur'd diſhonour of my ſiſter,
Baſe ſtain of whore! and, which is worſe,
The joy to make it ſtill ſo) like myſelf,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And ſtand here mine own juſtice, to revenge
What I have ſuffer'd in him; and this old man,
Wronged almoſt to lunacy.

Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
I do diſclaim ye all.

Mel. The ſhort is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myſelf
Urgeth me thus; I do deſire again
To be a ſubject, ſo I may be free.
If not, I know my ſtrength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be ſpeedy, and be wiſe,
In a reply.

Stra. Be ſudden, Sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is paſt recall,
And paſt you to revenge; and there are thouſands,
That wait for ſuch a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.

Lyſ. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My ſeal is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

[55] *And* beg *his friendſhip.*] This is the reading of the edition of 1619: That of 1630 ſays, *buy.*

Diph.

Diph. You diſclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.

Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.

Mel. You ſhall, you ſhall.
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king,
And give you up the fort.

Lyſ. Away, away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Aſpatia in man's apparel.

Aſp. This is my fatal hour. Heav'n may forgive
My raſh attempt, that cauſeleſly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me reſt;
And put a woman's heart into my breaſt.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For ſhe, that can endure the miſery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God ſave you, Sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, Sir. What's your buſineſs?

Aſp. With you, Sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you ſerve him?

Aſp. I'll do him any ſervice; but, to haſte,
For my affairs are earneſt, I deſire
To ſpeak with him.

Ser. Sir, becauſe you're in ſuch haſte, I would be loth delay you any longer: You cannot.

Aſp. It ſhall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will ſpeak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters [56].

Aſp. This is moſt ſtrange. Art thou gold-proof? There's for thee; help me to him.

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[56] *But in particular I have in charge, about no weighty matters.*] Theſe words, which ſhew an impertinence ſo common in all ſervants, and a deſire of ſifting into every body's buſineſs, are only to be found in the firſt quarto, in 1619. *Mr. Theobald.*

Ser.

Ser. Pray be not angry, Sir. I'll do my beſt. [*Exit.*

Aſp. How ſtubbornly this fellow anſwer'd me!
There is a vile diſhoneſt trick in man,
More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harſh and rude;
And have a ſubtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the eaſieſt and the ſmootheſt thoughts,
And think, all ſhall go ſo! It is unjuſt,
That men and women ſhould be match'd together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, Sir?

Aſp. Pleaſe it your lordſhip to command your man
Out of the room, I ſhall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us. [*Exit ſervant.*

Aſp. Oh, that that ſhape
Should bury falſhood in it! [*Aſide.*

Amin. Now your will, Sir.

Aſp. When you know me, my lord, you needs muſt gueſs
My buſineſs; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this ſmooth face
With theſe few blemiſhes, people would call me
My ſiſter's picture, and her mine. In ſhort,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aſpatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aſpatia! 'Would thou were ſo too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiſs
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aſpatia. Here I ſtand,
That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is ſomething in thy looks,
That calls my ſins, in a moſt hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Aſp. I would I could with credit.

Since

Since I was twelve years old, I had not ſeen
My ſiſter till this hour; I now arriv'd:
She ſent for me to ſee her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing [57]. She us'd few words;
But yet enough to make me underſtand
The baſeneſs of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myſelf rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I ſhall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to loſe
Honour, that is not eaſily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is ſtrict
For ſingle combats; and we ſhall be ſtopp'd,
If it be publiſh'd. If you like your ſword,
Uſe it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'ſt ſuch) think not I will maintain
So ſtrange a wrong: And, for thy ſiſter's ſake,
Know, that I could not think that deſperate thing
I durſt not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not ſee her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;
For death is not ſo terrible as thou.
Thine eyes ſhoot guilt into me.

Aſp. Thus, ſhe ſwore,
Thou wouldſt behave thyſelf; and give me words
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and ſo
Thou doſt, indeed. But yet ſhe bad me watch,

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57 ——— *But they that are above,*
Have ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what advantage, has SHAKESPEARE expreſs'd this ſentiment, in his Hamlet!

——— *And that ſhould teach us,*
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Mr. Theobald.*

Leſt

Leſt I were cozen'd; and be ſure to fight,
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That muſt not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but againſt her
Will never hazard it.

Aſp. You muſt be urg'd.
I do not deal uncivilly with thoſe
That dare to fight; but ſuch a one as you
Muſt be us'd thus. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy ſiſter is a thing to me ſo much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But ſtay not, leſt thou draw a timeleſs death
Upon thyſelf.

Aſp. Thou art ſome prating fellow;
One, that hath ſtudied out a trick to talk,
And move ſoft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why ſhould he be ſo ſlow
In giving me my death? [*Aſide.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his fleſh. Forgive me, then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now ſhew
The ſpirit thou pretend'ſt, and underſtand,
Thou haſt no hour to live.—— [*They fight.*
What doſt thou mean?
Thou canſt not fight: The blows thou mak'ſt at me
Are quite beſides; and thoſe I offer at thee,
Thou ſpread'ſt thine arms, and tak'ſt upon thy breaſt,
Alas, defenceleſs!

Aſp. I have got enough,
And my deſire. There is no place ſo fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And ſettle thee in thy free ſtate again.

It is Evadne ſtill that follows thee,
But not her miſchiefs.
Amin. Thou canſt not fool me to believe again;
But thou haſt looks and things ſo full of news,
That I am ſtay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes looſe, and ſpeak: Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with theſe rites now?
Were thoſe hours half ſo lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is preſage of ſome important thing
About thee, which, it ſeems, thy tongue hath loſt:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou haſt a knife!
Evad. In this conſiſts thy happineſs and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.
Amin. Thoſe have moſt pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our ſleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou haſt rais'd up Miſchief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults:
Thou haſt no intermiſſion of thy ſins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, diſeaſe thy nature:
Joy to Amintor! Thou haſt touch'd a life,
The very name of which had pow'r to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildeſt wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and ſince I could not find a way
To meet thy love ſo clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldſt thou procure the gods to ſpeak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I ſhould fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whoſe wounds bleed in my breaſt,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my ſlow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are preſent, ſtain'd with a king's blood,
Violently

Violently ſhed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderneſs about me [58].

Aſp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more; purſue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.

Amin. Forbear! Be wiſe, and let my rage
Go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would ſtay, not it.

Amin. Take heed; it will return with me.

Evad. If it muſt be, I ſhall not fear to meet it:
Take me home.

Amin. Thou monſter of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For Heaven's ſake, look more calm:
Thine eyes are ſharper than thou canſt make thy ſword.

Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I'm worſe than ſick to ſee knees follow me,
For that I muſt not grant. For Heaven's ſake, ſtand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not ſtay thy language:
In midſt of all my anger and my grief,
Thou doſt awake ſomething that troubles me,
And ſays, 'I lov'd thee once.' I dare not ſtay;
There is no end of woman's reaſoning. [*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou ſhalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewel, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'ſt, will die for thee.
[*Kills herſelf.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me ſtay thy hand. [*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh; I am loſt! the heavy ſleep makes haſte. [*She dies.*

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[58] ——— ——— *an unknown* wilderneſs.] This is a word here appropriated by the Poets to ſignify *wildneſs*; from the verb *bewilder*. Milton ſeems to have been pleaſed with the liberty of uſing it in this ſenſe, as he has copied it in his *Paradiſe Loſt*; B. ix. v. 245.

The paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs *with eaſe.* *Mr. Theobald.*

Aſp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood:
My ſoul grows weary of her houſe, and I
All over am a trouble to myſelf.
There is ſome hidden pow'r in theſe dead things,
That calls my fleſh unto 'em: I am cold!
Be reſolute, and bear 'em company.
There's ſomething, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole diſcourſe
Of death, I durſt not meet the boldeſt way;
Yet ſtill, betwixt the reaſon and the act,
The wrong I to Aſpatia did ſtands up:
I have not ſuch another fault to anſwer.
Though ſhe may juſtly arm herſelf with ſcorn
And hate of me, my ſoul will part leſs troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my ſorrow.
I will not leave this act unſatisfied,
If all that's left in me, can anſwer it.

Aſp. Was it a dream? There ſtands Amintor ſtill;
Or I dream ſtill.

Amin. How doſt thou? Speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.

Aſp. Did you not name Aſpatia?

Amin. I did.

Aſp. And talk'd of tears and ſorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true; and 'till theſe happy ſigns in thee
Did ſtay my courſe, 'twas thither I was going.

Aſp. Thou'rt there already, and theſe wounds are hers:
Thoſe threats, I brought with me, ſought not revenge;
But came to fetch this bleſſing from thy hand.
I am Aſpatia yet.

Amin. Dare my ſoul ever look abroad again?

Aſp. I ſhall ſurely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuſe thy loſs [59]!
Come, let me bear thee to ſome place of help.

Aſp. Amintor, thou muſt ſtay; I muſt reſt here;
My ſtrength begins to diſobey my will.
How doſt thou, my beſt ſoul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: Wouldſt thou have lov'd me, then?

Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Aſp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous ſick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greateſt bleſſing of the world, thou haſt.

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[59] *The world wants* lines *to* excuſe *thy loſs:*] The ſenſe and verſe are both ſpoil'd; I hope, I have reſtored both. My emendation gives this meaning. All the *lives* of all the women in the world cannot to me atone for the loſs of thine. I gueſs that ſome tranſcriber, or editor, had firſt by mere accident changed *lives* to *lines*; and the word, *expiate*, not making the leaſt ſenſe with that, occaſioned ſome future editor, without regard to the metre, to ſubſtiture *excuſe* inſtead of it; which does carry ſome ſhadow of ſenſe, though but an empty one.——This is the emendation and comment of the ingenious Mr. Seward.——Long before I received his thoughts upon this paſſage, I had ſubſtituted with leſs variation from the text:

The world wants limits *to excuſe thy loſs.*

i. e. Were the world ever ſo wide and large, the loſs of thee is ſo great, that its whole *vaſtidity*, as Shakeſpeare ſays, would not *be* ſufficient to *excuſe*, or *compenſate* for it. I have adopted my friend's conjecture into the text, becauſe I would be always willing to ſhew a diffidence of my own poor efforts. The readers will have the benefit of both our conjectures. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inſerted theſe gentlemens' conjectures, leſt the omiſſion of them might be thought unjuſt; but cannot allow propriety in either. From Mr. Theobald's alteration we diſſent, becauſe *limits* is ſo very different from *lines*, and from the ſame reaſoning we object to Mr. Seward's word *expiate*. Our Authors were often defective in their meaſure, often redundant; and we find this line leſs exceptionable than multitudes which might be inſtanced. With reſpect to the word *lines*, the vowel *u* was formerly uſed for the conſonant *v*; and the vowel *u* being inverted (a very common error at the preſs) appears to be an *n*; hence, then, we derive the word *lines* for *liues*.

Aſp. I do believe thee better than my ſenſe.
Oh! I muſt go. Farewell! [*Dies.*

Amin. She ſwoons! Aſpatia! Help! for Heav'n's ſake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.
Aſpatia, ſpeak! What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing ſtirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her anſwer me! Aſpatia, ſpeak!
I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will ſhew itſelf.
Oh, ſhe is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of juſtice we muſt challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heav'nly powers! and lend, for ſome few years,
The bleſſed ſoul to this fair ſeat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again. Aſpatia!
The ſoul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myſelf, ſo long to loſe her company.
Muſt I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Kills himſelf.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I muſt tell him he is entering. Oh, Heav'n! Help, help!

Enter Lyſippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, and Strato.

Lyſ. Where's Amintor.
Serv. Oh, there, there[60].
Lyſ. How ſtrange is this!
Cal. What ſhould we do here?

[60] Stra. *Oh, there, there.*] We cannot believe, our Poets intended theſe words to be ſpoken by *Strato*. *Strato* is following Lyſippus into the room, yet is the firſt to give information of what that prince muſt have ſeen before him. The ſpeech appears to us to belong to the *Servant*; to whom therefore we have aſſigned it.

Mel.

Mel. Theſe deaths are ſuch acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart diſſolves not. May I ſtand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh, thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, ſpeak!

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the ſounds
That ever I ſhall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your ſiſter ſlain; you loſe yourſelf
In ſorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in reſpect of this:
Here was my ſiſter, father, brother, ſon:
All that I had! Speak once again: What youth
Lies ſlain there by thee?

Amin. 'Tis Aſpatia.
My laſt is ſaid. Let me give up my ſoul
Into thy boſom. [*Dies.*

Cal. What's that? what's that? Aſpatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatneſs of my heart till now:
It will not burſt at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler; but no more. [*Offers to kill himſelf.*

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lyſ. Stop him.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you; Does this become our ſtrain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very

very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His ſpirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon ſharp enough
To ſtop my breath? or, if you tie down thoſe,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or ſleep, or have to do with that
That may preſerve life! This I ſwear to keep.

Lyſ. Look to him tho', and bear thoſe bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on luſtful kings[61],
Unlook'd-for, ſudden deaths from Heav'n are ſent;
But curſt is he that is their inſtrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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61 ——*For on luſtful kings.*] Mr. Rhymer has very juſtly remarked in his Criticiſms on Tragedy, that as the *moral* is a leſſon on the dangers attending *incontinence*, the play ought to take its name from the King: Whereas the whole diſtreſs of the ſtory lying on Aſpatia being abandoned, and the groſs injury done to Amintor, the *moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the purpoſe. Amintor is every where, indeed, comdemning himſelf for his perfidy to his betrothed miſtreſs; and inculcating, that the Heavens are ſtrict in puniſhing him for that crime; and ſo we have another *moral* in the body of the *fable*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Rhymer and Mr. Theobald concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the diſtreſs of Aſpatia, and the *moral* at the cloſe only to the ill conſequences of vice in kings. But theſe gentlemen did not remember, that good writers have frequently avoided giving their plays a name which might foreſtall the event, and open too much of the main plot: Thus, Venice Preſerv'd, or the Plot Diſcover'd, has been blamed for diſcovering the plot too ſoon. Whereas many of Shakeſpeare's and our Authors' plays take their names from ſome character or incident that gives not the leaſt inſight into the main deſign. *Mr. Seward.*

We cannot help owning, that, in our opinion, there is more juſtice in the remark of Rhymer and Theobald, than in that of Mr. Seward.

PHILASTER
Phi. Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
or let Plagues fall on me, If I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did: And when I lie to save
my Life, may I live long and loathid.

PHILASTER;

OR,

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

The Commendatory Verſes by Lovelace, Stanley, and Herrick, ſpeak of Fletcher as ſole Author of this Play; thoſe by Earle, of Beaumont. It is ſuppoſed, however, to have been wrote conjunctively. The firſt edition we find, was printed in 1628. *This was one of the plays performed at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when the women acted alone; a prologue for it was then wrote by Mr. Dryden. In the reign of Charles II. ſome alterations were made in this Play, by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham; when it was entitled, "The Reſtoration, or Right will take Place;" but, ſome writers ſay, it was never brought on the ſtage. In* 1695, *Mr. Settle wrote a new fourth and fifth act to it, with which it was then performed. In* 1763, *Philaſter, after having been ſuffered to lie many years dormant, was again introduced to the ſtage, with ſome few alterations, by George Colman, Eſq. when that excellent performer, Mr. William Powell, made his firſt appearance, in the character of Philaſter.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King.
Philaſter, *heir to the crown.*
Pharamond, *prince of Spain.*
Dion, *a lord.*
Cleremont, } *noble gentlemen, his aſſociates.*
Thraſiline, }
An old captain.
Five citizens.
A country fellow.
Two woodmen.
The king's guard and train.

WOMEN.

Arethuſa, *the king's daughter.*
Galatea, *a wiſe modeſt lady, attending the princeſs.*
Megra, *a laſcivious lady.*
An old wanton lady, or crone [1].
Another lady attending the princeſs.
Euphraſia, *daughter of Dion, but diſguiſed like a page, and called Bellario.*

SCENE, SICILY.

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[1] *An old wanton lady, or* croane.] We find this character in all the editions, but Mr. Theobald's.

PHILASTER.

ACT I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thraſiline.

Cleremont. HERE's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received ſtrict charge from the king to attend here. Beſides, it was boldly publiſhed [2], that no officer ſhould forbid any gentlemen that deſire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you gueſs the cauſe?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spaniſh prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our ſovereign.

Thra. Many, that will ſeem to know much, ſay, ſhe looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, Sir, the multitude (that ſeldom know any thing but their own opinions) ſpeak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd ſo many confident meſſages from the ſtate, that I think ſhe's reſolv'd to be rul'd.

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[2] *It was* boldly *publiſh'd.*] This adverb can have no ſort of propriety here. What *boldneſs* is there in publiſhing an order from the king, that no gentleman or lady ſhould be refuſed admittance? I make no doubt but it is an error of the preſs, and that the original word was what I have ſubſtituted for it. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Seward, therefore, reads *loudly*; but as we ſee not the leaſt reaſon for ſuch an alteration, we have followed the old copies.

Cle.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he ſhall enjoy both theſe kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controverſy, ſo meant. But 'twill be a troubleſome labour for him to enjoy both theſe kingdoms, with ſafety, the right heir to one of them living, and living ſo virtuouſly; eſpecially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaſter?

Dion. Yes; whoſe father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteouſly depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myſelf drew ſome blood in thoſe wars, which I would give my hand to be waſh'd from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in ſtate-policy will not let me know why, Philaſter being heir to one of theſe kingdoms, the king ſhould ſuffer him to walk abroad with ſuch free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it ſeems your nature is more conſtant than to enquire after ſtate news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to impriſon Philaſter. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any ſtate-order or proclamation, till they ſaw Philaſter ride through the ſtreets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; ſome to make bonfires, ſome to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wiſe men ſay, is the cauſe the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the firſt?

Dion. A wiſe and modeſt gentlewoman that attends the princeſs.

Cle. The ſecond?

Dion. She is one that may ſtand ſtill diſcreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her meaſure; ſimper when ſhe is courted by her friend, and ſlight her huſband.

Cle.

Cle. The laſt?

Dion. Marry, I think ſhe is one whom the ſtate keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lye with a whole army, before the league ſhall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her diſhonour advanc'd beyond Hercules pillars. She loves to try the ſeveral conſtitutions of mens' bodies; and, indeed, has deſtroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me[3]! You ſhall ſee theſe gentlemen ſtand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they ſhould?

Meg. What if they ſhould?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they ſhould? Why, if they ſhould, I ſay they were never abroad. What foreigner would do ſo? It writes them directly untravelled.

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[3] *Peace, if you love me.*] I have made a tranſpoſition in the ſpeakers here, from the following accurate criticiſm of Mr. Seward. *Mr. Theobald.*

'The character given of the laſt of theſe three ladies ſo exactly 'ſuits Megra, and all the ſpeeches which the *anonymous lady* ſpeaks, 'her exceſſive fondneſs for the courtſhip of men, and of foreigners 'in particular, are ſo entirely in her ſtrain; that I am perſuaded, 'ſhe has been unjuſtly deprived of them. It is not the cuſtom of 'any good writer to give a long and diſtinguiſhing character of, and 'to make a perſon the chief ſpeaker in any ſcene, who is a mere 'cypher in the whole play beſides: Particularly, when there is 'another in the ſame ſcene, to whom both the character and the 'ſpeeches exactly correſpond. I ſhould gueſs it to have been ſome 'jumble of the players; ſhe, who acted Megra, having given up ſo 'much of her part to initiate ſome younger actreſs. The entrance 'ſhould have been thus regulated:

'*Enter Galatea, a lady, and Megra.*

'And all the ſpeeches of the two latter tranſpoſed.' *Mr. Seward.*

Had Mr. Seward been altering this play for repreſentation, his right to make this tranſpoſition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, neceſſary to mention his conjecture. The perſon here ſpeaking is doubtleſs the *old wanton lady, or crony*, whoſe character is left out of the drama in Mr. Theobald's edition.

Gal.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will juſtify, they cannot maintain diſcourſe with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor ſay 'excuſe me.'

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

La. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your deſires upon you, ladies.

La. Then you muſt ſit beſide us.

Dion. I ſhall ſit near you then, lady.

La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady indures no ſtranger; and to me you appear a very ſtrange fellow.

Meg. Methinks, he's not ſo ſtrange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the king.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethuſa, and train.

King. To give a ſtronger teſtimony of love
Than ſickly promiſes (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy ſervices known to our ſubjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The beſt part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and ſex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and bluſhes,
Deſires without deſire, diſcourſe and knowledge
Only of what herſelf is to herſelf,
Make her feel moderate health; and when ſhe ſleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, theſe undivided parts,
That muſt mould up a virgin, are put on
To ſhew her ſo, as borrow'd ornaments,

To

To ſpeak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial ſhadow to her nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her ſtill, and think her modeſty
A ſweeter miſtreſs than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were ſhe a queen, whoſe eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her ſervants.
Laſt, noble ſon (for ſo I now muſt call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of theſe kingdoms,
By oath to your ſucceſſion, which ſhall be
Within this month at moſt.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at beſt, 'twill be but half done; whilſt
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myſelf, and yet I fear too.
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee. No more.

Pha. Kiſſing your white hand, miſtreſs, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Underſtand,
Great king, and theſe your ſubjects, mine that muſt be,
(For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me, Sir,
And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeak myſelf)
To what a perſon, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wiſhes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I

Opine

Open myſelf, moſt happy[4]. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There ſhall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flouriſhing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this country. And I vow
My reign ſhall be ſo eaſy to the ſubject,
That ev'ry man ſhall be his prince himſelf,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, deareſt lady, to your deareſt ſelf
(Dear, in the choice of him whoſe name and luſtre
Muſt make you more and mightier) let me ſay,
You are the bleſſed'ſt living; for, ſweet princeſs,
You ſhall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your ſervant; you ſhall make him yours, for whom
Great queens muſt die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This ſpeech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter Philaſter.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll ſell himſelf, he has ſo prais'd his ſhape.
But here comes one more worthy thoſe large ſpeeches,
Than the large ſpeaker of them.
Let me be ſwallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One ſinew ſound enough to promiſe for him,
He ſhall be conſtable.
By this ſun, he'll ne'er make king
Unleſs it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Riſe; you have it, Sir.

---

[4] Open *myſelf moſt happy.*] Mr. Seward reads, *Do I opine it* [this country] *in myſelf moſt happy.*

Dion.

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this ſame whorſon conſcience [5], how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, Sir.
Phi. Shall I ſpeak 'em freely?
Be ſtill my royal ſovereign.
King. As a ſubject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er ſtare, nor put on wonder, for you muſt
Indure me, and you ſhall. This earth you tread upon [6]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princeſs)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whoſe memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myſelf about me, and my ſword,
The ſouls of all my name, and memories,
Theſe arms, and ſome few friends beſides the gods;
To part ſo calmly with it, and ſit ſtill,
And ſay, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name aſhes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goeſt on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of ſhame, ſhall gape and ſwallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it ſhall;
By Nemeſis, it ſhall!

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[5] *Oh! this ſame whorſon conſcience, how it jades us!*] This ſentiment Shakeſpeare has finely, and as concisely, expreſs'd in his Hamlet.

'Tis conſcience, that makes cowards of us all. Mr. Theobald.

[6] ——————*This earth you tread on*
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princeſs,
Whoſe memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, &c.] This tranſpoſition is rectified by Mr. Seward.

Pha.

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has ſome fire in's veins:
Th' outlandiſh prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You diſpleaſe us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without paſſion,
A faint ſhadow, that every drunken cloud ſails over,
And makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our phyſicians: Sure he is ſomewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove ſo.

Dion. H'as giv'n him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be conſtant, gentlemen: By theſe hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one ſoul.

Pha. What you have ſeen in me, to ſtir offence,
I cannot find; unleſs it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the ſucceſſion;
Which I muſt keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without diſputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whoſe branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your anſwer.

Phi. If thou wert ſole inheritor to him [7]
That made the world his, and couldſt ſee no ſun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,

---

[7] *If thou wert ſole inheritor to him*
Who made the world his.] i. e. Alexander the Great. So Mr. Lee in his Tragedy of the Rival Queens.

But ſee, the maſter *of the* world *approaches.*

This is as fine an introduction, as poſſibly can be, to the firſt entrance of that great conqueror; and raiſes the expectation of the audience to give a due attention to every line he ſpeaks. *Mr. Theobald.*

And

And ring'd among the choiceſt of his friends
(Such as would bluſh to talk ſuch ſerious follies,
Or back ſuch bellied commendations)
And from this preſence, ſpite of all theſe bugs,
You ſhould hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our beſt friends.
You deſerve our frown. Go to; be better temper'd.
Phi. It muſt be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of ſucceſſion [8],
Had he ne'er met this miſchief. By my life,
He is the worthieſt the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But th' other is the man ſet in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaſter, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and ſufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be ſtill my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private. [*They whiſper.*
Phi. Take them,
And eaſe me of a load would bow ſtrong Atlas.

---

[8] *This would have been a pattern of* ſucceſſion,
Had he ne'er met this miſchief.] Mr. Sympſon chuſes to ſubſtitute *ſubmiſſion* for *ſucceſſion*. I ſubmit his conjecture to the readers, though I have not ventured to diſturb the text; becauſe the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that Philaſter might have been a pattern to *ſucceeding* kings, had not he fallen under the misfortune of having his right to the kingdom uſurped upon. *Mr. Theobald.*

There can be no doubt, if we conſider the two following ſpeeches, as well as the preſent, but that Mr. Theobald's explanation, though ſo doubtfully delivered, gives the true ſenſe of the paſſage, and confirms the old reading.

Cle. He dares not ſtand the ſhock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a ſoul of cryſtal, for all men to read their actions through: Mens' hearts and faces are ſo far aſunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a fever thro' all his bravery, and feel him ſhake like a true recreant[9]. If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to!
Be more yourſelf, as you reſpect our favour;
You'll ſtir us elſe. Sir, I muſt have you know,
That you 're, and ſhall be, at our pleaſure, what faſhion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, Sir; you 're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak ſtars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this preſence ſpeak (that is
But man of fleſh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not moſt entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's poſſeſs'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's ſpirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous ſpirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whiſpers to me, theſe are all my ſubjects.
'Tis ſtrange he will not let me ſleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me ſhapes
That kneel, and do me ſervice, cry me 'king:'
But I'll ſuppreſs him; he's a factious ſpirit,
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:
I am your ſervant.

King. Away, I do not like this:

---

9 *And feel him ſhake like a true* tenant.] This is the reading of the old copies; Mr. Theobald alters *tenant* to *recreant*; *i. e.* a perſon remarkable for meanneſs and cowardice.

I'll

I'll make you tamer, or I'll diſpoſſeſs you
Both of life and ſpirit: For this time
I pardon your wild ſpeech, without ſo much
As your impriſonment. [*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*

Dion. I thank you, Sir; you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon ſtranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, theſe ſtrangers, I do affect them ſtrangely: They do the rareſt home things, and pleaſe the fulleſt! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his ſake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not Spoke home, and bravely? What a dang'rous train Did he give fire to! How he ſhook the king, Made his ſoul melt within him, and his blood Run into whey! It ſtood upon his brow, Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no ſuit to me? I am no minion [10]:
You ſtand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You 're all honeſt:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diſeaſed age, retire, and live recluſe.

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And ſo well, that, if the king pleaſe, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king muſt pleaſe,
Whilſt we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy Sir,

[10] *I am no minion.*] *i. e.* No favourite of influence enough to carry any ſuits at court. The word is frequently uſed by Shakeſpeare. *Mr. Theobald.*

But add your father to you: In whoſe name[11],
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abuſed people;
Who, like to raging torrents, ſhall ſwell high,
And ſo begirt the dens of theſe male-dragons,
That, through the ſtrongeſt ſafety, they ſhall beg
For mercy at your ſword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not truſt our wills to. Do you love me?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is ſhe yet alive?

Dion. Moſt honour'd Sir, ſhe is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of theſe gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord: The princeſs would entreat your preſent company.

Phi. The princeſs ſend for me! You are miſtaken.

Lady. If you be call'd Philaſter, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiſs her fair hand, and ſay I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to ſee a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

---

[11] ——— *In whoſe name*
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abuſed people.] This puts me in mind of a paſſage in Heſiod, in his Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, v. 260.

——— ὄφρ' ἀποτίσῃ
Δῆμος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλέων·

This has been generally underſtood, as if the people ſhould ſuffer for the faults of their prince; and Horace is quoted in ſupport of this opinion.

Quicquid delirant *reges*, plectuntur *achivi*.

But would it not be better to underſtand it in Fletcher's words, for the people to be rais'd up to puniſh the crimes and miſdemeanors of the prince? *Mr. Sympſon.*

Phi.

Phi. Danger in a ſweet face!
By Jupiter, I muſt not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you ſure it was the princeſs ſent?
It may be ſome foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; ſhe's noble;
Her eye may ſhoot me dead, or thoſe true red
And white friends in her face may ſteal my ſoul out:
There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,
Her ſingle name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearleſs.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Leſt the king prove falſe. [*Exeunt gentlemen.*

Enter Arethuſa and a lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaſter come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at firſt.
Are. But didſt thou tell me ſo?
I am forgetful, and my woman's ſtrength
Is ſo o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that theſe under things
Dare not abide in ſuch a troubled ſea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam? ſure, he knows not what it is.
Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praiſe of him; whilſt I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in ſtrife throw gold into the ſea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? to whom? to you?
Did you deliver thoſe plain words I ſent,
With ſuch a winning geſture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not ſee the croſſes of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be queſtioned
Why ſhe did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows ſhe does well, never gave the world
Two things ſo oppoſite, ſo contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poiſon thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withſtood,
Whoſe holy wiſdoms at this time it is,
To make the paſſion of a feeble maid
The way unto your juſtice, I obey.

Enter Philaſter.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaſter.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourſelf.

Phi. Madam, your meſſenger
Made me believe you wiſh'd to ſpeak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaſter; but the words are ſuch
I have to ſay, and do ſo ill beſeem
The mouth of woman, that I wiſh them ſaid,
And yet am loth to ſpeak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in perſon wrong'd you? Or have ſet
My baſer inſtruments to throw diſgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, ſhould you, in ſuch a public place,
Injure a princeſs, and a ſcandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be ſo great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in queſtion?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I ſhall ſpeak, will be
Fooliſh: But, for your fair and virtuous ſelf,
I could afford myſelf to have no right
To any thing you wiſh'd.

Are.

Are. Philaſter, know,
I muſt enjoy theſe kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both?
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaſter,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to ſave that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have poſterity
Find in our ſtories, that Philaſter gave
His right unto a ſceptre, and a crown,
To ſave a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I muſt and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or loſe that little life the gods prepar'd,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet ſaw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myſelf
As great a baſiliſk as he; or ſpake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beaſt that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear ſweet ſounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing ſo loath'd, and unto you that aſk
Of ſo poor uſe, that I ſhall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet, for my ſake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I muſt have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Diſcover'd yet, will ſerve me for no uſe,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't poſſible?

Are. With it, it were too little to beſtow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do ſtrike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breaſt.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for aſking: To ſuſpect
Were baſe, where I deſerve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this paſſion ſhould proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another ſoul, into my body ſhot,
Could not have fill'd me with more ſtrength and ſpirit,
Than this thy breath. But ſpend not haſty time,
In ſeeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me ſo; and, ſure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better bleſt,
In that the ſecret juſtice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiſs;
Leſt ſome unwelcome gueſt ſhould fall betwixt us,
And we ſhould part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill
I ſhould abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true; and worſe
You ſhould come often. How ſhall we deviſe
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occaſion, may agree
What path is beſt to tread?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him ſitting by a fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by [12], made by himſelf,

[12] *A garland lay* him by.] Thus read the old copies. Mr. Theobald, with more freedom, and perhaps as much elegance, ſays, *A garland lay* by him.

Of

Of many ſeveral flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtic order, that the rareneſs
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory.
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the cryſtal ſprings,
Which did not ſtop their courſes; and the ſun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, order'd thus,
Expreſs'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettieſt lecture of his country art
That could be wiſh'd; ſo that, methought, I could
Have ſtudy'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The truſtieſt, loving'ſt, and the gentleſt boy,
That ever maſter kept. Him will I ſend
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his ſervice.

Are. What will you do, Philaſter, with yourſelf?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyſelf. Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder ſpeaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And ſhall a ſtranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaſter hide himſelf?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it ſhould ſleep for ever to the world,

It

It is a ſimple ſin to hide myſelf,
Which will for ever on my conſcience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaſter, give him ſcope and way
In what he ſays; for he is apt to ſpeak
What you are loth to hear: For my ſake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely miſtreſs, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiſs theſe fair hands; and to ſhew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I ſhall have an anſwer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have anſwer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good Sir, do ſo ſtill: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be ſcarce habitable——

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my ſword——

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaſter.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You ſhall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou ſhalt provoke me further, men ſhall ſay
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you ſlight
My greatneſs ſo, and in the chamber of the princeſs?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I muſt confeſs,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,

Ay,

Ay, at the altar, there's no place ſo ſafe,
Where thou dar'ſt injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatneſs, know, Sir, I can graſp
You, and your greatneſs thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
Exit Philaſter.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We muſt ſtop
His mouth with ſome office, when we are married.

Are. You were beſt make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would diſcharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, ſo ſlow
The ceremonies of ſtate are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be ſo. If then you pleaſe,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little ſtol'n
Delights, and ſo prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare ſpeak ſuch thoughts,
I muſt withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The conſtitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I muſt ſeek elſewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Philaſter and Bellario.

Phi. AND thou ſhalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modeſty; and, for my ſake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to aſk,
Ay, or deſerve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am ſomething, by being yours.
You truſted me unknown; and that which you were apt

To

To conſtrue a ſimple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you
To part my miſeries and me; for which,
I never can expect to ſerve a lady
That bears more honour in her breaſt than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'ſt a childiſh overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and ſpeak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule thoſe paſſions,
Thou wilt remember beſt thoſe careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the nobleſt way of life.
She is a princeſs I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that ſmall time that I have ſeen the world,
I never knew a man haſty to part
With a ſervant he thought truſty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too ſaucy for himſelf.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, inſtruct my youth:
I ſhall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not paſt all hope,
For once. What maſter holds ſo ſtrict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my ſtubbornneſs, if it be ſo,
Rather than turn me off; and I ſhall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That, truſt me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'ſt
It is my buſineſs that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'ſt with me
Think ſo, and 'tis ſo. And when time is full,
That thou haſt well diſcharg'd this heavy truſt,

Laid

Laid on ſo weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didſt attend the princeſs.

Bel. I am gone.
But ſince I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I ſhall live to do
More ſervice for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bleſs your loves, your fights, all your deſigns!
May ſick men, if they have your wiſh, be well;
And Heav'n hate thoſe you curſe, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is ſtrange;
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my ſake (if a man may judge by looks
And ſpeech) would out-do ſtory. I may ſee
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why ſhould theſe ladies ſtay ſo long? They muſt come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother ſent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they ſhould all prove honeſt now, I were in a fair taking. I was never ſo long without ſport in my life; and, in my conſcience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this ſweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forſworn, Sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at diſtance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; theſe two I bar: And then, I think, I ſhall have ſenſe enough to anſwer

anſwer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood ſhall manage [13].

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er coſt you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no ſcarlet, Sir, to bluſh the ſin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been ſo far from being dear to any, that it ne'er coſt penny painting: And, for the reſt of my poor wardrobe, ſuch as you ſee, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curſe our good doings.

Pha. You miſtake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do ſo: 'Would you, or I, could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country uſe to give no more reſpect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I underſtand you not, unleſs your grace means growing to fatneſs; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brew'd with carduus; then faſt till ſupper; about eight you may eat; uſe exerciſe, and keep a ſparrow-hawk; you can ſhoot in a tiller [14]: But, of all, your grace muſt fly phlebotomy, freſh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital ſpirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to ſtir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and muſt be courted in a ſhower of gold. Madam, look here: All theſe, and more than——

[13] *Your royal blood ſhall* manage.] This word is uſed as the French do their *meſnager*; and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewiſe have adopted it, and ſay, *manage* (or, handle) a diſpute or argument. *Mr. Theobald.*

[14] *You can ſhoot in a tiller*;] *i. e.* a ſtand; a ſmall tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a ſteel bow; *quaſi dicas*, a *ſteeler*: *i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner ſays in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Gal.

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have ſilver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worſe time; but, if you have preſent uſe, my lord, I'll ſend my man with ſilver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two ſuch more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten ſuch camphire conſtitutions as this, would call the golden age again in queſtion, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd huſband to get his own children; and what a miſchief that will breed, let all conſider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another: If ſhe be of the ſame laſt, the devil ſhall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, ſweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; ſure, this wench is free.
If your more ſerious buſineſs do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of ſome ſuch pretty ſubject as yourſelf.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they ſtand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glaſs wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in bluſhes,
Which thoſe fair ſuns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweeteſt beauty,
Bow down thoſe branches, that the longing taſte

Of

Of the faint looker-on may meet thoſe bleſſings,
And taſte and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate ſweet prince!
She that hath ſnow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton ſpring of ten ſuch lines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in ſuch neat poetry, gather'd a kiſs,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I ſhould commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiſs you too.

Pha. Do it in proſe; you cannot miſs it, madam.

Meg. I ſhall, I ſhall.

Pha. By my life, you ſhall not.
I'll prompt you firſt: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis eaſy, now I ha' don't before;
But yet I ſhould ſtick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, ſweeteſt. But we loſe time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a ſhort ſentence, 'cauſe I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you ſaid? 'Tis impoſſible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as eaſily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll loſe my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll ſooner teach a mare the old meaſures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herſelf, if ſhe have but any maſculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I muſt raviſh her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time and your good help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I ſee, excepting your dear ſelf,

ſelf, deareſt lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the ſchool-maſter, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace ſeen the court-ſtar, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She ſail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The ſtrength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; ſhe would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a ſquib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But ſpeak, ſweet lady, ſhall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you miſtruſt my faith, you do me the unnobleſt wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purſe ſhall ſeal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furniſh you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are baſhful; ſpeak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will viſit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber's moſt unſafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find ſome means to ſlip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee!

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are theſe your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your ſport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowſabel [15], I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

[15] *And, lady* Towſabel, *I'll fit you for't*] There's no ſuch word as Towſabel, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the change of a ſingle letter, I have retriev'd the genuine word of our poets, Dowſabel. This is of French extraction, *douce et belle; i. e.* ſweet and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in deriſion. *Mr. Theobald.*

Enter Arethuſa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty ſad-talking boy, is it not? Aſk'd you his name?

Lady. No madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace, That ſays, ſhe has done that you would have wiſh'd.

Are. Haſt thou diſcover'd?

Gal. I have ſtrain'd a point of modeſty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In liſt'ning after bawdry. I ſee, let a lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhe ſhall be ſure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was ſo hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I ſuſpected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyſelf into the preſence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the reſt to me.
If Deſtiny (to whom we dare not ſay,
'Why, thou did'ſt this!') have not decreed it ſo
In laſting leaves (whoſe ſmalleſt characters
Were never altered) yet, this match ſhall break.
Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are ſad to change your ſervice; is't not ſo?

Bel.

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him ſervice.
Are. That diſclaim'ſt in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canſt ſing, and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadſt thou a curſt maſter when thou went'ſt to ſchool?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are ſmooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care ſeeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelf caves, to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is,
Are. Canſt thou know grief, and never yet knew'ſt love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he ſpeak of me,
As if he wiſh'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all reſpect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To ſit croſs-arm'd, and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud
And haſtily as men i' th' ſtreets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himſelf away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, becauſe it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to reſt (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he ſays, to name you once,
As others drop a bead; be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare ſwear he loves you.
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit; but thou know'ſt a lie,
That bears this ſound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that ſays he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's buſineſs haſtes me thus. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, ſhall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women ſhould talk an hour,
After ſupper: 'Tis their exerciſe.

Gal. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are ſo heavy, you'll ſcarce find
The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good ſitters-up.
What think you of a pleaſant dream, to laſt
Till morning?

Meg. I ſhould chuſe, my lord, a pleaſing wake before it.

Enter Arethuſa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.
Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,
The princeſs has a Hilas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Meg. Why, this is he muſt, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in ſleep:
The princeſs does provide him for you, and for herſelf.

Pha. I find no muſic in theſe boys.

Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that ſmall they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the princeſs?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a ſweet boy; how brave ſhe keeps him.

Pha.

Pha. Ladies all, good reſt; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams.
[*Exit.*

Meg. All happineſs attend your grace! Gentlemen, good reſt.
Come, ſhall we to-bed?

Gal. Yes; all good night. [*Ex. Gal. and Meg.*

Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What ſhall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up ſtill; ſee, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethuſa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highneſs will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What ſhould this mean?

King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureleſs diſeaſes: Get you to your reſt.
[*Exeunt Are. and Bel.*
You ſhall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We ſhall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?

Dion. I ſaw him enter there.

King. Haſte, ſome of you, and cunningly diſcover
If Megra be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. If ſhe be there, we ſhall not need to make
A vain diſcovery of our ſuſpicion.
Ye gods, I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth, or ſtate, from others, ſhall be curſt
In that which meaner men are bleſt withall.
Ages to come ſhall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name ſhall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,

It ſhall be croſsly match'd; the gods themſelves
Shall ſow wild ſtrife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the ſin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-ſtanding child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I [16]
Look to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have aſked, and her women ſwear ſhe is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told 'em, I muſt ſpeak with her; they laugh'd, and ſaid, their lady lay ſpeechleſs. I ſaid, my buſineſs was important; they ſaid, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my buſineſs was a matter that concerned life and death; they anſwer'd, ſo was ſleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd again, ſhe had ſcarce time to be ſo ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmil'd again, and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that ſleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Anſwers more direct I could not get: In ſhort, Sir, I think ſhe is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You o'th' guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And ſee that none paſs thence, upon your lives.
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleaſure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he ſleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond! prince!

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16 ——— *but how can I*
Look to be heard of Gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?] In this ſentiment our Authors ſeem to be copying Shakeſpeare, in a noble paſſage of his Hamlet:

——— *Forgive me my foul murther!*
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther;
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence? &c.
Mr. Theobald.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What ſaucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed ſoul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldneſs.
King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.
Pha. The king?
King. The ſame, Sir; come down.
We have cauſe of preſent counſel with you.
Pha. If your grace pleaſe to uſe me, I'll attend you
To your chamber. [*Pha. below.*
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have ſome private reaſons to myſelf,
Make me unmannerly, and ſay, 'you cannot.'
Nay, preſs not forward, gentlemen; he muſt
Come through my life, that comes here. [*Enters.*
King. Sir, be reſolv'd.
I muſt and will come.
Pha. I'll not be diſhonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a ſign you make no ſtranger of me,
To bring theſe renegadoes to my chamber,
At theſe unſeaſon'd hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourſelf ſo? You are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be;
Only I'll ſearch your lodging, for ſome cauſe
To ourſelf known: Enter, I ſay.
Pha. I ſay, no. [*Meg. above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready; I know their buſineſs:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour.
They hunt ſo hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.
You have your buſineſs, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make publick the weakneſs of a woman.

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whiſpers, and your broad ſleerings [17],
Can no more vex my ſoul, than this baſe carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in ſtore for ſome,
Shall, in the moſt contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nouriſhment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worſt: But I ſhall wring you,
If my ſkill fail me not.

King. Sir, I muſt dearly chide you for this looſeneſs,
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis ſtrange a man cannot ride a ſtag
Or two [18], to breathe himſelf, without a warrant.
If this geer hold, that lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray Heav'n, we may lie with our own wives in ſafety,
That they be not by ſome trick of ſtate miſtaken.

Enter Megra.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou moſt ill-ſhrowded rottenneſs; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled ſea of luſt; thou wilderneſs,

[17] *Your private whiſpers and your* broad *ſleerings,*] This is no verſe, however it has currently paſs'd the ears of all the editors. The addition, which I have made, of a ſingle ſyllable, both improves the ſenſe and retrieves the metre. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald for *broad* reads *broader*; but we have followed the elder edition.

[18] *To ride a* ſtagge.] This is the reading of the old copies. *Stagge* was, after ſome editions, printed according to the modern orthography, *ſtag*. The Authors probably, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, meant *ſtage*; but the ſeeming reference to a *buck-warrant*, in the next line, has induced us to retain *ſtag*.

Of

Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou ſwol'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diſeaſes;
Thou all ſin, all hell, and laſt, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all theſe, and all the pages,
And all the court, ſhall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And ſear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you muſt pardon me;
I cannot chooſe but laugh to ſee you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all thoſe gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and
Such fellows in it, as ſhall make noble mirth.
The princeſs, your dear daughter, ſhall ſtand by me
On walls, and ſung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will diſcover all;
Nay, will diſhonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handſome boy, about eighteen;
Know what ſhe does with him, where, and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madneſs,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height——

King. What boy is this ſhe raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not theſe things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heav'n,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall ſpeak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll ſet it,
Like a prodigious ſtar, for all to gaze at;
And ſo high and glowing, that other kingdoms,
Far and foreign,

Shall

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princeſs.

King. Has ſhe a boy?

Cle. So pleaſe your grace, I have ſeen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll ſtudy to forget you.

Meg. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'll ſtudy
To forget you. [*Ex. King, Meg. and guard.*

Cle. Why, here's a male ſpirit for Hercules. If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench ſhall ride aſtride, and be their captain.

Dion. Sure ſhe has a garriſon of devils in her tongue, ſhe uttereth ſuch balls of wild-fire. She has ſo nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will ſcarce cure him. That boy was a ſtrange-found-out antidote to cure her infection: That boy; that princeſs' boy; that brave, chaſte, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-ſpoken boy! All theſe conſidered, can make nothing elſe. But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thraſiline.

Cle. NAY, doubtleſs, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this puniſhment, to ſcourge the king
With his own iſſue. Is it not a ſhame
For us, that ſhould write noble in the land,
For us, that ſhould be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaſter, preſs'd down from his royal right,
By this regardleſs king? and only look
And ſee the ſceptre ready to be caſt

Into

Into the hands of that laſcivious lady,
That lives in luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Married to yon ſtrange prince, who, but that people
Pleaſe to let him be a prince, is born a ſlave
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man, that would not ſtir with you,
To aid Philaſter, let the gods forget
That ſuch a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaſter is too backward in't himſelf.
The gentry do await it, and the people[19],
Againſt their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of ſtanding corn, that's mov'd
With a ſtiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cauſe, that draws Philaſter back
From this attempt, is the fair princeſs' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without queſtion ſo.

Cle. Ay, 'tis paſt ſpeech,
She lives diſhoneſtly: But how ſhall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are ſatisfied within ourſelves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll ſay I know it; nay, I'll ſwear I ſaw it.

Cle. It will be beſt.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

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[19] ——— *and the people,*
Againſt their nature, are all bent for him.] This ſeems, at firſt view, an odd paſſage. How are the people *againſt their natures* for Philaſter? What, was there never any people unanimous in their choice of a governor? I take it, he muſt be underſtood, as meaning, the people (whoſe nature for the moſt part is unconſtant, giddy, and wavering) are now ſo well aſſured of Philaſter's worth, and right to the crown, joined to his preſent ill uſage, that they are reſolved and ſteady to do him juſtice. This is properly ſtyled, *againſt their nature*, or cuſtom. *Mr. Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Philaſter.

Dion. Here he comes.
Good-morrow to your honour! We have ſpent
Some time in ſeeking you.
Phil. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miſeries, and cannot frown
On men diſgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What ſervice may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breaſt, forth! Riſe, and make a head
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this uſurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew ſuch a thing
As virtue, but will ſecond your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deſerv'd none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to ſhame your poor Philaſter
With too much courteſy) I could afford
To melt myſelf in thanks: But my deſigns
Are not yet ripe; ſuffice it, that ere long
I ſhall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is ſhort of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, Sir, than you expect:
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princeſs, whom they lov'd——
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what ſtrange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thy ly'ſt.
Dion. My lord——
Phi. Thou ly'ſt, [*Offers to draw and is held.*
And thou ſhalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind

Had

Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious ſin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it falſe as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be ſown
Amongſt the people, fruitful to increaſe
All evil they ſhall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is moſt ſtrange:
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my miſtreſs, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his ſervice, and will ſhew
You why he utter'd this.

Phi. I aſk you pardon, Sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much diſtemper'd and enraged as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, ſay not ſo! good Sir, forbear to ſay ſo!
'Tis then truth, that all womankind is falſe!
Urge it no more; it is impoſſible.
Why ſhould you think the princeſs light?

Dion. Why, ſhe was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis falſe! Oh, Heav'n! 'tis falſe! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, ſpeak!
Is't poſſible? Can women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And ſhe was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy?

Dion. A page, a boy that ſerves her.

Phi.

Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and ſin know him!—Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reaſon it a little coldly with you:
If ſhe were luſtful, would ſhe take a boy,
That knows not yet deſire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the ſin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedneſs.
You are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjuſt report.
Dion. Oh, noble Sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the ſubtle thoughts of woman.
In ſhort, my lord, I took them; I myſelf.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didſt! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadſt ta'en devils engend'ring plagues,
When thou didſt take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
'Would thou hadſt taken thunder on thy breaſt,
When thou didſt take them; or been ſtrucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have ſlept
In ſilence!
Thra. Have you known him ſo ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let looſe
From the four ſev'ral corners of the earth,
And ſpread themſelves all over ſea and land,
Kiſs not a chaſte one. What friend bears a ſword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you ſo mov'd at this?
Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm diſtract;
I have an int'reſt in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourſelf,
And think what's beſt to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Pleaſe you to leave me: I'll conſider of it.

To-

To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you anſwer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readieſt way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*

Phi. I had forgot to aſk him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a ſea
Within my breaſt, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumſtances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than ſimply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as ſhe is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beaſts, we could not grieve ourſelves,
With that we ſee not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, ſtanding in their ſight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their ſpleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat;
And taſte the water of the ſprings as ſweet
As 'twas before, finding no ſtart in ſleep.
But miſerable man——See, ſee, you gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks ſtill; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame,
Not blaſted! Is this juſtice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princeſs doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.

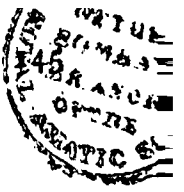
Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive ſhe loves me; ſhe does ſhew it
In loving thee, my boy: Sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt my wiſh,

Paſt

Paſt my deſert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to diſſemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beſides; but, unto me,
A maiden-ſnow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princeſs uſe thee?
For I ſhall gueſs her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her ſervant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preſerv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do uſe their only ſons;
As I'd uſe one, that's left unto my truſt
For whom my life ſhould pay, if he met harm,
So ſhe does uſe me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does ſhe feed thee with?
Bel. Why, ſhe does tell me, ſhe will truſt my youth
With all her loving ſecrets; and does call me
Her pretty ſervant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; ſhe'll ſee my ſervices
Regarded; and ſuch words of that ſoft ſtrain,
That I am nearer weeping when ſhe ends
Than ere ſhe ſpake.
Phi. This is much better ſtill.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue ſo evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietneſs,
That I was wont to ſee.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And ſhe ſtrokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And ſhe does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi.



Phi. And ſhe does kiſs thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kiſſes thee?
Bel. Not ſo, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know ſhe does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then ſhe does not love me. Come, ſhe does.
I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We ſhould enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou ſhould'ſt enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is ſhe not paralleleſs? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breaſts two liquid ivory balls?
Is ſhe not all a laſting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I ſee why my diſturbed thoughts
Were ſo perplex'd: When firſt I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you! I do ſee
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'Tis ſome ſubtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'ſt I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou ſhalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happineſs, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Haſt thou diſcover'd? Is ſhe fall'n to luſt,
As I would wiſh her? Speak ſome comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did miſtake the boy you ſent:
Had ſhe the luſt of ſparrows, or of goats;
Had ſhe a ſin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of luſt, I would not aid
Her baſe deſires; but what I came to know
As ſervant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life laſt ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a ſalve worſe than the main diſeaſe.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the leaſt

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will ſee thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, ſo you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaſte as ice: But were ſhe foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of ſwords, tortures, nor bulls of braſs[20],
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curſe thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curſe me worſe:
The gods have not a puniſhment in ſtore
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, ſo young and ſo diſſembling!
Tell me when and where thou didſt enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I deſtroy thee not.

Bel. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To ſave my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me aſunder, and, whilſt I can think,
I'll love thoſe pieces you have cut away,
Better than thoſe that grow; and kiſs thoſe limbs
Becauſe you made 'em ſo.

Phi. Fear'ſt thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That ſees the beſt of men thus paſſionate,
Thus without reaſon?

Phi. Oh, but thou doſt not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis leſs than to be born; a laſting ſleep,
A quiet reſting from all jealouſy;
A thing we all purſue. I know beſides,
It is but giving over of a game that muſt be loſt.

[20] *Bulls of braſs.*] An explanation of this will be found in A King and No King.

Phi.

Phi. But there are pains, falſe boy,
For perjur'd ſouls: Think but on theſe, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilſt I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with. If I be falſe,
Send me to ſuffer in thoſe puniſhments
You ſpeak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what ſhould I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does ſwear
So earneſtly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Riſe, Bellario!
Thy proteſtations are ſo deep, and thou
Doſt look ſo truly, when thou utter'ſt them,
That though I know 'em falſe, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I muſt love
Thy honeſt looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou doſt. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did ſo well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not ſee thee more: Something is done,
That will diſtract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'ſt me,
Let me not ſee thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give diſtaſte
To that moſt honour'd mind. But through theſe tears,
Shed at my hopeleſs parting, I can ſee
A world of treaſon practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you ſhall hear that ſorrow ſtruck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear ſhed from you in my memory,
And I ſhall reſt at peace. [*Exit.*
Phi. Bleſſing be with thee,
Whatever thou deſerv'ſt! Oh, where ſhall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will queſtion him
Over and over, how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I rememb'red him when his dear name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch; I ſhould be angry at his ſtay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my ſingle ſelf. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handſome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He ſpeaks, and ſings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of ſervice?

Are. By your pardon, why do you aſk?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir!

King. Put him away, h' as done you that good ſervice,
Shames me to ſpeak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me underſtand you.

King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reaſon for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do not you bluſh to aſk it? Caſt him off,
Or I ſhall do the ſame to you. You're one

Shame

Shame with me, and ſo near unto myſelf,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myſelf,
What you, myſelf, have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord?

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people ſpeak it well already;
They need no grammar. Underſtand me well;
There be foul whiſpers ſtirring. Caſt him off,
And ſuddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour ſafe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nouriſhment
Out of defamings, grow upon diſgraces;
And, when they ſee a virtue fortify'd
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they caſt to ſink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-ſick with poiſon) ſtrike the monuments
Where noble names lie ſleeping; till they ſweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. Peace to your faireſt thoughts, deareſt miſtreſs.

Are. Oh, my deareſt ſervant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He muſt be more than man, that makes theſe cryſtals
Run into rivers. Sweeteſt fair, the cauſe?
And, as I am your ſlave, tied to your goodneſs,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly-ſpirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my beſt love, that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him?

Are. Muſt be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealouſy. Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who ſhall now tell you, how much I lov'd you?
Who ſhall ſwear it to you, and weep the tears I ſend?
Who ſhall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Loſe his health in ſervice? Wake tedious nights
In ſtories of your praiſe? Who ſhall ſing
Your crying elegies? And ſtrike a ſad ſoul
Into ſenſeleſs pictures, and make them mourn?
Who ſhall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a ſilent ſleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear
Philaſter!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal. Miſtreſs, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never ſuch a boy again, as my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All ſecrecy in ſervants! Farewell faith!
And all deſire to do well for itſelf!
Let all that ſhall ſucceed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaſte love!
Phi. And all this paſſion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loſs of ſuch muſt have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. Falſe Arethuſa!
Haſt thou a med'cine to reſtore my wits,
When I have loſt 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, Sir? Would you ſleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethuſa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I ſtood
Naked, alone, the ſhock of many fortunes?

Have

Have I ſeen miſchiefs numberleſs, and mighty,
Grow like a ſea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as ſtern as death into my boſom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languiſhing
Hears his ſad bell, and ſees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and muſt ſink at length
Under a woman's falſhood? Oh, that boy,
That curſed boy! None but a villain boy
To eaſe your luſt?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot caſt for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durſt ſet her foot,
For burſting with her poiſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave them from you:
How Heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like ſcorpions,
Both heal and poiſon: How your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle web,
And worn ſo by you: How that fooliſh man
That reads the ſtory of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever:
How all the good you have is but a ſhadow,
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten: How your vows are froſts,
Faſt for a night, and with the next ſun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confuſion, and ſo dead a chaos,
That love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad texts,
Till my laſt hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit Phi.*

Arg. Be merciful, ye gods, and ſtrike me dead!
What way have I deſerv'd this? Make my breaſt
Tranſparent as pure cryſtal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may ſee the fouleſt thought
My heart holds. Where ſhall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out conſtancy? Save me, how black

Enter Bellario.

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now[21]!
Oh, thou diſſembler, that, before thou ſpak'ſt,
Wert in thy cradle falſe, ſent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the aſhes of a maid
Fool'd by her paſſion; but the conqueſt is
Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which ſhame
Would do without it. If thou underſtood'ſt
The loathed office thou haſt undergone,
Why, thou wouldſt hide thee under heaps of hills,
Leſt men ſhould dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath ſent this ſtrange diſeaſe
Into the nobleſt minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To ſeas, for which they are not ſeen to ſwell:
My lord hath ſtruck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my lateſt leave. Farewell for ever!
I durſt not run away, in honeſty,
From ſuch a lady, like a boy that ſtole,
Or made ſome grievous fault. The pow'r of gods
Aſſiſt you in your ſuff'rings! Haſty time
Reveal the truth to your abuſed lord

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[21] ——— *Save me, how black*
And guilty, *methinks, that boy looks now!*] Nothing betrays a corruption ſo evidently at the firſt glance, as a lameneſs in the metre. The *epithet* here muſt neceſſarily be turned into an *adverb*, and that ſupports the verſification. *Mr. Theobald.*

And

And mine, that he may know your worth; whilſt I
Go ſeek out ſome forgotten place to die! [*Exit Bel.*
Are. Peace guide thee! Thou haſt overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to loſe,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and ſend me naked,
My hair diſhevel'd, through the fiery ſtreets.

Enter a lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earneſtneſs.
Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canſt rage with a maid
As with a man, let me diſcover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die purſu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my ſtory written in my wounds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethuſa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline, and attendants.

King. WHAT, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horſes ready, and our bows bent?
Dion. All, Sir.
King. You're cloudy, Sir: Come, we have forgotten
Your venial treſpaſs; let not that ſit heavy
Upon your ſpirit; none dare utter it.
Dion. He looks like on old ſurfeited ſtallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouſe. See how he ſinks! The wench has ſhot him between wind and water, and, I hope, ſprung a leak.

Thra.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he ſtrikes ſure enough; his greateſt fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound! Turn him looſe upon the purſuit of a lady, and if he loſe her, hang him up i'th' ſlip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't poſſible this fellow ſhould repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a ſick man's ſalve in's mouth[22]. If a worſe man had done this fault now, ſome phyſical juſtice or other would preſently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obſtructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, ſee, how modeſtly yon lady looks, as if ſhe came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man ſee in her face, but that ſhe's honeſt?

Thra. Troth, no great matter to ſpeak of[23]; a

[22] *And yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a ſick man's ſlave in his mouth.*] We muſt, ſurely, read *ſlaver*. Every body muſt, I think, aſſent to this; and therefore it needs no note in confirmation. *Mr. Seward.*

We beg our readers forgiveneſs for preſenting them with this ſpecimen of Mr. Seward's delicate ideas; but it is a juſtice he could not be denied, as we are determined to rob him of no part of the honour due to his ingenuity. A *ſmall* portion, however, of that attention to the old copies, which is ſo *largely* boaſted of by the editors of 1750, would have ſpared him this conjectural labour, and induced him to reſtore *ſalve* to the text.

[23] Pha. *Troth, no great matter to ſpeak of,* &c.] How comes *Pharamond* to interpoſe in this argument, and reply to what Dion, Cleremont, and thoſe whom he knew to be of Philaſter's party, are talking of, and that *under the roſe*, as we ſay? The ſpeech muſt certainly be placed to *Thraſiline*. *Pha.* and *Thra.* (The abbreviation of the characters ſpeaking) might eaſily be miſtaken at preſs. *Mr. Theobald.*

fooliſh

fooliſh twinkling with the eye, that ſpoils her coat; but he muſt be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muſter one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the fleſh come behind with the carriage.

Cle. Sure, this lady has a good turn done her againſt her will: Before, ſhe was common talk; now, none dare ſay, cantharides can ſtir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will anſwer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herſelf looſe. As I live, ſhe has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may uſe her body diſcretely, for her health's ſake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if the were to be got for money, what a great ſum would come out of the city for theſe licences!

King. To horſe, to horſe! we loſe the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who ſhoots?

2 *Wood.* The princeſs.

1 *Wood.* No, ſhe'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a ſtand, I ſay.

1 *Wood.* Who elſe?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young ſtranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He ſhall ſhoot in a ſtone bow for me, I never lov'd his beyond-ſea-ſhip, ſince he forſook the ſay, for paying ten ſhillings[23]: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightineſs)

[23] *I never lov'd his beyond ſea-ſhip, ſince he forſook the ſay, for paying ten ſhillings:*] When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the firſt diſtinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an aſſay of the plight and fatneſs of the game. But this, as the Woodman ſays, Pharamond declined, to ſave the cuſtomary fee of ten ſhillings. *Mr. Theobald.*

give

give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the ſteward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal [24]. I think he ſhould love venery; he is an old Sir Triſtram; for, if you be remember'd, he forſook the ſtag once, to ſtrike a raſcal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye [25]. Who ſhoots elſe?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an ſhe would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they ſay, ſhe's honeſt; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting-ſaddle; and when ſhe comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her loſe herſelf three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been anſwerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has ſweat for it. She rides well, and ſhe pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. Oh, that I had been [26] nouriſh'd in theſe woods,
With

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[24] *Marry, the ſteward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to* turf *his hat withal:*] What conſonancy is there betwixt *velvet* and *turf?* The original word muſt certainly have been, *tuft*; which correſponds with the ſoft *pile* of the velvet. *Veloutè*, tufted, as the French dictionaries explain it to us. *Mr. Theobald.*

[25] *He forſook the ſtag once to ſtrike a raſcal* milking *in a meadow, and* her *he kill'd in the eye.*] A *raſcal* is a lean deer, or doe; but what ſenſe is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retriev'd the true reading, *mitching*; *i. e.* creeping, ſolitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a ſarcaſm on Pharamond as a bad ſhooter; for all good ones level at the heart. *Mr. Theobald.*

[26] *Oh, that I had been nouriſh'd, &c.*] Mr. Lee, in his Theodoſius, has given Varanes a ſpeech ſo very ſimilar to this, that we muſt look on.

With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the diſſembling trains
Of womens' looks; but digg'd myſelf a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been ſhut together in one ſhed;
And then had taken me ſome mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaſte as the harden'd rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the ſkins of beaſts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breaſts
My large coarſe iſſue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk ſafe among beaſts;
Nothing aſſaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his ſoul were ſearching out a way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that muſt
Break thy laſt commandment; for I muſt ſpeak.
You, that are griev'd, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my ſtrange fortune; and beſtow on me,
According to your bounty (if my ſervice
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

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on it as a mere copy. Lee, however, in ſome parts has been more refined in his expreſſion.

'Oh, that I had been born ſome happy ſwain,
'And never known a life ſo great, ſo vain!
'Where I extremes might not be forc'd to chooſe,
'And, bleſt with ſome mean wife, no crown could loſe;
'Where the dear partner of my little ſtate,
'With all her ſmiling offspring at the gate,
'Bleſſing my labours, might my coming wait:
'Where in our humble beds all ſafe might lie,
'And not in curſed courts for glory die.'

Phi.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, ſell thoſe miſbeſeeming cloaths thou wear'ſt;
And feed thyſelf with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The ſilly country people think 'tis treaſon
To touch ſuch gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy ſight:
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy diſſembling trade:
How ſhouldſt thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n ſo thou wept'ſt, and look'd'ſt, and ſpok'ſt, when firſt
I took thee up: Curſe on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Uſe thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may ſhun thee?
For thine eyes are poiſon to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will ſerve. But I will chuſe to have
That path in chace that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. ſeverally.*

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the ſtrangeſt ſudden chance! You, Woodman!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a ſable horſe ſtudded with ſtars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was ſhe not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode ſhe to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we ſaw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your queſtions then! What, is ſhe found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him ſeek his daughter himſelf. She cannot ſtray

ſtray about a little neceſſary natural buſineſs, but the whole court muſt be in arms: When ſhe has done, we ſhall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thouſand fatherleſs tales amongſt us: Some ſay, her horſe run away with her; ſome, a wolf purſued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were ſeen in the wood: But, queſtionleſs, ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King and Thraſiline.

King. Where is ſhe?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Anſwer me ſo again!

Cle. Sir, ſhall I lye?

King. Yes, lye and damn, rather than tell me that.
I ſay again, where is ſhe? Mutter not!
Sir, ſpeak you; where is ſhe?

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again ſo boldly, and, by Heav'n,
It is thy laſt. You, fellows, anſwer me;
Where is ſhe? Mark me, all; I am your king;
I wiſh to ſee my daughter; ſhew her me;
I do command you all, as you are ſubjects,
To ſhew her me! What, am I not your king?
If 'ay,' then am I not to be obey'd?

Dion. Yes, if you command things poſſible and honeſt.

King. Things poſſible and honeſt! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'ſt confine thy king to things
Poſſible and honeſt; ſhew her me,
Or, let me periſh, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unleſs you tell me where ſhe is.

King. You have betray'd me; y'have let me loſe
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And ſet her here, before me: 'Tis the king
Will have it ſo; whoſe breath can ſtill the winds,
Uncloud the ſun, charm down the ſwelling ſea,
And ſtop the floods of Heav'n. Speak, can it not?

Dion.

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor ſmell ſweet itſelf, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it ſo? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the pow'rs
That muſt be juſt.

King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the reſt,
To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf ſhakes at our threat'nings.
I have ſinn'd, 'tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd;
Yet would not thus be puniſh'd. Let me chuſe
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would ſomebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is ſhe found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horſe:
He gallop'd empty by. There's ſome treaſon.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! You ſhould not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth,
To diſobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there ſhall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well
To ſpare your lady-bedfellow; and her
You may keep for a ſpawner.

King.

King. I ſee the injuries I have done muſt be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all; diſperſe yourſelves! The man that finds her,
Or, (if ſhe be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know ſome would give five thouſand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us ſeek.

King. Each man a ſeveral way; here I myſelf.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you muſt go ſearch too.

Meg. I had rather be ſearch'd myſelf. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counſel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you, boldly, about theſe woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will eaſe me. I am ſick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heav'n knows I want nothing,
Becauſe I do not wiſh to live; yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!
From that flowing ſtore, drop ſome on dry ground. See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear ſhe faints. Madam, look up! She breathes not.
Open once more thoſe roſy twins, and ſend
Unto my lord your lateſt farewell. Oh, ſhe ſtirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miſerable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I ſhall do beſt without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I am to blame to be ſo much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard

This killing truth. I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as juſt in hearing.
Oh, monſtrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he muſt eaſe it here?

Bel. My lord, help the princeſs.

Are. I am well: Forbear.

Phi. Let me love light'ning, let me be embrac'd
And kiſs'd by ſcorpions, or adore the eyes
Of baſiliſks, rather than truſt the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And ſhrink theſe veins up; ſtick me here a ſtone,
Laſting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breaſt,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your boſoms! at your meals, and beds,
Deſpair await you! What, before my face?
Poiſon of aſps between your lips! Diſeaſes
Be your beſt iſſues! Nature make a curſe,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaſter, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my paſſion. Not the calmed ſea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is leſs diſturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethuſa, do but take this ſword,
And ſearch how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In luſt, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'ſt
Nouriſh ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I ſhould deſire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulſe: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulſe keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you?
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou haſt done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themſelves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the laſt
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this ſword;
Be wiſe, or worſe will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Reſolve to do, or ſuffer.
Are. If my fortune be ſo good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I ſhall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no ſlanders,
No jealouſy, in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it,
For I muſt perform a piece of juſtice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a country fellow.

Coun. I'll ſee the king, if he be in the foreſt; I have hunted him theſe two hours; if I ſhould come home and not ſee him, my ſiſters would laugh at me. I can ſee nothing but people better hors'd than myſelf, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but ſhouting. Theſe kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his ſword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.
Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With Heav'n and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy ſoul and body!
Coun. Hold, daſtard, ſtrike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'ſt be loth to

play half a dozen of venies at waſters [27] with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyſelf
Upon our private ſports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds, I underſtand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Purſue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetorick; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deſerv'ſt.

Are. Heav'ns guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part againſt me: Could this boor
Have held me thus elſe? I muſt ſhift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a courſe
To loſe it rather by my will, than force. [*Exit Phi.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I prithee, wench, come and kiſs me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almoſt kill'd I am for a fooliſh woman; a knave has hurt her.

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[27] *Thou would'ſt be loth to play half a dozen of venies at* waſters.] *i. e.* cudgels. Minſhew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a moſt ridiculous reaſon for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were call'd *waſters*, becauſe, in frequently claſhing againſt each other, they ſplinter'd and *waſted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the ſtatute of Weſtminſter (5° Edwardi tertii, cap. 14) was made againſt night-walkers, and ſuſpected perſons called roberdeſmen, *waſtours*, and draw-latches. Theſe *waſtours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vaſtatores*; and thence the miſchievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were call'd *waſters*; i. e. deſtroyers. *Mr. Theobald.*

Pha.

Pha. The princeſs, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, ſhe lyes; h'as hurt her in the breaſt; look elſe.

Pha. Oh, ſacred ſpring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who ſhould dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princeſs?

Coun. Is it the princeſs?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have ſeen ſomething yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er ſaw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some diſhoneſt wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis ſome diſtracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will ſtudy for a puniſhment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But ſwear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princeſs to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dreſſing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chaſe cloſe.

[*Exeunt Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and* 1 *Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me ſee the king.

2 *Wood.* That you ſhall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to ſee no more gay ſights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heavineſs near death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You ſweet ones all,
Let me unworthy preſs you: I could wiſh,
I rather were a corſe ſtrew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulneſs ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So ſound a ſleep, that I might never wake!

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I have done ill; my conſcience calls me falſe,
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain: If ſhe be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario ſleeping? If thou be'ſt
Guilty, there is no juſtice that thy ſleep
Should be ſo ſound; and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd, [*Cry within,*
So broken. Hark! I am purſued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my eſcape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If ſhe be true; if falſe, let miſchief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this ſleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Bleſt be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's ſake!

Phi.

Phi. I have caught myſelf: [*Phi. falls.*
The loſs of blood hath ſtay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that ſtruck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Uſe me, as I did mean thee, worſe than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckleſs hand
Wounded the princeſs; tell my followers,
Thou didſt receive theſe hurts in ſtaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and ſave yourſelf.

Phi. How's this?
'Wouldſt thou I ſhould be ſafe?

Bel. Elſe were it vain
For me to live. Theſe little wounds I have
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me periſh loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among thoſe buſhes: Who does know,
But that the gods may ſave your much-lov'd breath?

Phi. Then I ſhall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myſelf well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own ſword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows
That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont and Thraſiline.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, Sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in theſe woods
By beaſts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I ſhall periſh.

Dion. This is he, my lord,

Upon my ſoul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that ſerv'd her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cauſe could'ſt thou ſhape to hurt the princeſs?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confeſs,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I ſet upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The puniſhment you mean, and do not load
This weary fleſh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men ſtrid o'er them careleſs, ſhe did ſhower
Her welcome graces on me, and did ſwell
My fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that croſt 'em; when, as ſwift
As ſtorms ariſe at ſea, ſhe turn'd her eyes
To burning ſuns upon me, and did dry
The ſtreams ſhe had beſtow'd; leaving me worſe,
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Becauſe I had been great. In ſhort, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did deſire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, reſolve to feel
The utmoſt rigour. [*Philaſter creeps out of a buſh.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you raviſhers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaſter.
Phi. 'Tis not the treaſure of all kings in one,

The

The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princeſs.
Place me, ſome god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may diſcourſe to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, ſome man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave theſe untimely courteſies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought moſt to keep,
And gods to puniſh moſt when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou doſt drown the virtues thou haſt ſhown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, ſhe ſtood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaſter.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then ſhew it;
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears ſhed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my ſpirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me; This had been a ranſom
To have redeem'd the great Auguſtus Cæſar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More ſtony than theſe mountains, can you ſee
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your fleſh
To ſtop his life? To bind whoſe bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe

Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaſter.

Enter King, Arethuſa, and a guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confeſs the deed; but, ſay it was Philaſter?

Phi. Queſtion it no more; it was.

King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.

Are. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was diſguiſed.

Phi. I was ſo. Oh, my ſtars! that I ſhould live ſtill.

King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that haſt laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to priſon.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmleſs life; ſhould it paſs unreveng'd,
I ſhould to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their cuſtodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this buſineſs paſt,
We may with more ſecurity go on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray, that this action loſe not Philaſter the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wiſe heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thraſiline.

Thra. HAS the king ſent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the king muſt know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger time; the king ſent for Philaſter, and the headſman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but ſcratches; but the loſs of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll ſcuffle hard, before he periſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, and Bellario.

Are. Nay, dear Philaſter, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethuſa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind;
I ſhall be ſhot from Heav'n, as now from earth,
If you continue ſo. I am a man,
Falſe to a pair of the moſt truſty ones
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath ſent
To call me to my death: Oh, ſhew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I ſhall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beaſts, to ſpare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I ſhould then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I ſhall cloſe theſe eyes but once,

May

May I live ſpotted for my perjury,
And waſte my limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'ſt maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, ſwear,
To tell no hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated ſo.
Are. Come from this priſon, all joyful to our deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To ſuch a wretch as I; I ſhall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilſt I
For ever ſleep forgotten with my faults!
Ev'ry juſt ſervant, ev'ry maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.
Are. My dear lord, ſay not ſo.
Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of women that can cut
It and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you[28],
For elſe my heart will break with ſhame and ſorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me baſely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, Sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas miſtaken, Sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, Sir, we would have aſk'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.

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[28] ——— *take me in tears betwixt you,*
For my heart will break with ſhame and ſorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.] The reader will ſee, that the ſecond line is no verſe; and how abſurd is it for the tender Arethuſa to anſwer, that it is well that his heart will break. Beſide, a flood of tears eaſes the heart overcharged with grief, and hinders it from breaking. By reſtoring the particle *elſe*, we ſhall recover both meaſure and ſenſe. The tears are to prevent the burſting of his heart; and this is what Arethuſa ſays *is well.* *Mr. Seward.*

Phi.

Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, ſo.
Bel. 'Tis as it ſhould be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thraſiline.

King. Gentlemen, who ſaw the prince?
Cle. So pleaſe you, Sir, he's gone to ſee the city,
And the new platform, with ſome gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princeſs ready
To bring her priſoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we ſtay.
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head, you aim at, coſt more ſetting on
Than to be loſt ſo lightly. If it muſt off,
Like a wild overflow, that ſwoops before him
A golden ſtack, and with it ſhakes down bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong hearts of pines, whoſe cable roots
Held out a thouſand ſtorms, a thouſand thunders,
And, ſo made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges ſtrong towns, tow'rs, caſtles, palaces,
And lays them deſolate; ſo ſhall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thouſands,
That muſt bleed with thee like a ſacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, and Bellario in a robe and garland.

King. How now! what maſque is this?
Bel. Right royal Sir, I ſhould
Sing you an epithalamium of theſe lovers;
But, having loſt my beſt airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celeſtial harp to ſtrike
This bleſſed union on, thus in glad ſtory

I give

I give you all. Theſe two fair cedar-branches,
The nobleſt of the mountain, where they grew
Straiteſt and talleſt, under whoſe ſtill ſhades
The worthier beaſts have made their layers, and ſlept
Free from the Sirian ſtar, and the fell thunder-ſtroke,
Free from the clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver'd, in thouſand ſpouts, their iſſues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but ſilent quiet there!
'Till never-pleaſed Fortune ſhot up ſhrubs,
Baſe under-brambles, to divorce theſe branches;
And for a while they did ſo; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thiſtles, till the ſun
Scorch'd them ev'n to the roots, and dry'd them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made theſe branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that ſings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they ſtand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For there's no maſquing [29] in't) this gentleman,
The priſoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealouſies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he ſtruggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear huſband.

King. Your dear huſband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you ſhall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a maſque ſhall make

[29] *For* now *there is no maſquing in't.*] Here Mr. Theobald, whoſe paſſion for interpolating miſchievous monoſyllables exceeds not only example but credibility, puzzles us with the word *now*. Arethuſa does not mean to ſay there had been any *maſquing*, which *now* implies, but to reply to the king's queſtion at the beginning of the ſcene, *What maſque is this?*—'Sir, if Bellario is too florid, under-'ſtand, in plain truth (for there is no maſquing in it), that my pri-'ſoner is become my keeper.'

Your

Your Hymen turn his ſaffron into a ſullen coat,
And ſing ſad requiems to your departing ſouls:
Blood ſhall put out your torches; and, inſtead
Of gaudy flow'rs about your wanton necks,
An axe ſhall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' ſweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I ſhake all title off
Of father to this woman, this baſe woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Caſt among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The ſame, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to ſwear by,
There's nothing that can ſtir me from myſelf.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headſman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy ſoul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou dieſt! For this time I'll excuſe thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me ſpeak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this ſweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a ſavage monſter;
Your memory ſhall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds [30]
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle ſhall ſpeak you, though your own,
But for the ſhame of men. No monument

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30 ——— ——— ——— *all your* better deeds
Shall be in water *writ, but this in* marble:] This ſentiment ſeems to have been ſhadow'd out from Shakeſpeare in his King Henry the Eighth.

Mens evil *manners live in* braſs, *their virtues*
We write in water.

Tho' perhaps, our ſeveral poets might have had Catullus for their original.

In vento & rapidâ ſcribere *oportet* aquâ. *Mr. Theobald.*

(Though

(Though high and big as Pelion [31]) ſhall be able
To cover this baſe murder: Make it rich
With braſs, with pureſt gold, and ſhining jaſper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my aſhes, not my faults)
Shall far out-ſhine it. And, for after iſſues,
Think not ſo madly of the heav'nly wiſdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'leſs it be ſome ſnake, or ſomething
Like yourſelf, that in his birth ſhall ſtrangle you.
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that ſin perſuade you
To love this lady: If you have a ſoul,
Think, ſave her, and be ſaved. For myſelf,
I have ſo long expected this glad hour,
So languiſh'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's the king?

King. Here.

Meſ. Get you to your ſtrength,
And reſcue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken priſoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaſter.

Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, ſhew your weapons
In honour of your miſtreſſes.

[31] *(Tho' high and big as* Pelion*), &c.*] Some of the old quarto's ridiculouſly have it *Pelican*; (as, I remember, ſome of the old editions of Shakeſpeare read *Politician* inſtead of *Pelican*.) The true reading, undoubtedly, is *Pelion*, a mountain very amply celebrated by the claſſicks; and mentioned by our own choiceſt claſſick in his Hamlet.

Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion, *or the ſkyiſh head*
Of blue Olympus. *Mr. Theobald.*

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Arm, arm, arm!

King. A thouſand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thouſand bleſſings on 'em!

Meſ. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In reſcue of the lord Philaſter.

[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bel.*

King. Away to th' citadel: I'll ſee them ſafe,
And then cope with theſe burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give ſtrong attendance. [*Exit.*

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wiſhes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myſelf, a thouſand plagues,
For having ſuch unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myſelf! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but loſe time.

Dion. You ſay true. Are your ſwords ſharp? Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lack [32], if you continue, and fall not back upon the firſt broken ſhin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and ſung in all-to-be-praiſed ſonnets, and grav'd in new brave ballads, that all tongues ſhall troule you *in ſæcula ſæculorum*, my kind can-carriers [33].

Thra.

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[32] *Well, my dear countrymen*, what ye lack,] We apprehend *What ye lack* to be a name given to, or epithet intended to depict, the lower claſs of people; ſuch as hawk things in the ſtreets, &c.

[33] *I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and* all-to-be-prais'd, *and ſung in ſonnets, and* bath'd *in new brave ballads, that all tongues ſhall* trouble *you in ſæcula ſæculorum, my kind can-carriers.*] I thought this for a long time to be ſuch deſperate nonſenſe, that the meaning of the Poets would be quite irretrievable,

Thra. What, if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the 'hindmoſt [34]?'

Dion. Then the ſame devil take the foremoſt too, and ſouſe him for his breakfaſt! If they all prove cowards, my curſes fly amongſt them, and be ſpeeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in eaſy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their ſilks only be worn before ſore eyes! May their falſe lights undo 'em, and diſcover preſſes, holes, ſtains, and oldneſs in their ſtuffs, and make them ſhop-rid! May they keep whores and horſes, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberiſh they prattle to their parcels [35]; unleſs it be the [36] Gothick Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound

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as no one of the editions give the leaſt glimpſe of light or aſſiſtance. But (thanks to plodding induſtry!) I hope, I have found the certain cure. *Mr. Theobald.*

[34] *And cry*, the devil take the hindmoſt.] *Occupet extremum ſcabies*, ſays Horace: To which execration, no doubt, our Authors had an eye. *Mr. Theobald.*

We rather imagine, our Authors looked *down* to the mob, than *up* to Horace, for this long-uſed vulgar phraſe.

[35] *They prattle to their* parcels.] Shakeſpeare, as well as our Authors, uſes the word *parcels* as a contemptuous mode of expreſſing *companions*, *families*, or ſometimes *auditors*.

[36] *Unleſs it be the* goariſh *Latin*] Thus the folio edition in 1679; but there is no ſuch word in Engliſh, and, conſequently, it is ſtark nonſenſe. The quarto of 1628 has it, *goatiſh*; but there is nothing wanton, or laſcivious, in a bond; therefore, this reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant, that I have retriev'd the Authors' genuine text, in the word *Gothick*; *i. e. barbarous*: No greater *barbariſms* than in Law Latin. So, in Wit without Money,

No more ſenſe ſpoke, all things Goth *and* Vandal.

Mr. Theobald.

them,

them, how they ſwarm together! What a hum they raiſe! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to uſe their valours, he muſt pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like ſheep. 'Tis Philaſter, none but Philaſter, muſt allay this heat: They will not hear me ſpeak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaſter: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courteſy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit Cle.*

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you ſhall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and ſend you brawn and bacon, and ſoil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas ſhall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's ſkin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's ſconce, and hang him up for a ſign.

Enter Clermont with Philaſter.

King. Oh, worthy Sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miſeries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourſelf,
Still found amongſt diſeaſes. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it laſt, and beaten to it,
Let firſt your goodneſs know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wiſhes,
And all my pray'rs. By th' gods, my heart ſpeaks this;
And if the leaſt fall from me not perform'd,
May I be ſtruck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your greatneſs ſo much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princeſs,
And the poor boy, and let me ſtand the ſhock

Of this mad ſea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or periſh with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kiſſing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir: I ſhall bring you peace
Or never bring myſelf back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an old captain and citizens, with Pharamond.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps ſwarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mothers gibberiſh, of what do you lack, and ſet your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom paſt the cure of bay-ſalt and groſs pepper. And then cry Philaſter, brave Philaſter! Let Philaſter be deeper in requeſt, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings ſpotted with copper[37]. Let not your haſty ſilks, or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tiſſues, dearly beloved of ſpiced cake and cuſtard, your Robin-hoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkneſs to your ſhops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-pil'd ſpirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the meaſure of your mightineſs. Philaſter! cry, my roſe-nobles, cry.

All. Philaſter! Philaſter!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? Theſe are mad boys, I tell you; theſe are things that will not ſtrike their top-ſails to a foiſt; and let a man of war, an argoſy[38], hull and cry cockles.

Pha.

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[37] ——— ——— *or your paintings*
Spitted *with copper.*] This to me is quite unintelligible; I have ventured to ſubſtitute *ſpotted*; *i. e.* ſprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to reſemble gold, and look gaudy.
Mr. Theobald.

[38] *An* argoſy *hull and cry cockles.*] Any large veſſel, ſo called from Jaſon's

Pha. Why, you rude ſlave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatneſs warning, that you talk no more ſuch bug-words, or that ſold'red crown ſhall be ſcratch'd with a muſquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him looſe, my ſpirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us ſee what this trim man dares do. Now, Sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this ſwaſhing blow (do you ſweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up croſs-legg'd, like a hare at a poulter's [39], and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not ſee me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir: We have not ſeen one foe a great while [40].

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadſide, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his ſkin in flowers like a ſattin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty ſhall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the ſeams. Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, ſpare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himſelf; he ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up,

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Jaſon's large ſhip Argo. A veſſel is ſaid to *hull*, when ſhe floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water. *Mr. Theobald.*

A *foiſt* is an old word for a ſmaller veſſel. So, in Ben Jonſon's Silent Woman, 'When the *galley foiſt* is afloat to Weſtminſter.'

39 *Like a hare at a* poulter's.] We now ſay *poulterer*; however, there is a company in the city of London, which ſtill retains its old name of *Poulters*.

40 *Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; we have not ſeen one* foe *a great while.*] This is a typographical error, which, however, makes nonſenſe of the paſſage. *Foe* is miſtakenly put for *ſo*. *Mr. Sympſon.*

We apprehend the old reading, *foe*, to be right; and that this paſſage is meant to expreſs their not having for a long time been engaged in war.

with a feather through his noſe [41], that he may only ſee Heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-ſea Sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou ſlight prince of ſingle ſarcenet; thou royal ring-tail [42], fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from theſe hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets, my dear donſels; as you reſpect the ladies, let them flouriſh; The curſes of a longing woman kill as ſpeedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his noſe, and at mine own charge build a college, and clap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to ſtring a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will ſound like ſilver.

Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I paſt my pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels elſe? ſpeak.

Pha. Good gods, conſider me! I ſhall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand ſword, and let me have his ſkin to make falſe ſcabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, Sir, has he [43]?

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[41] *He ſhall for this time only be* ſeal'd *up, with a feather through the noſe.*] There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt *ſeal'd* and *ſeel'd*; the latter is a term in falconry. When a hawk is firſt taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, ſo that ſhe may ſee very little, to make her the better endure the hood. *Mr. Theobald.*

[42] *Thou royal* ring-tail.] A *ring-tail* is a ſort of a kite, with a whitiſh tail. *Mr. Theobald.*

[43] *He* had *no horns, Sir,* had *he?*] We have made a ſmall alteration here, which, from the other parts of the dialogue, ſeems abſolutely neceſſary.

Cap.

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard [44]. What would'ſt thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whiſtles of 'em; but his ſhin-bones, if they be ſound, ſhall ſerve me.

Enter Philaſter.

All. Long live Philaſter, the brave prince Philaſter!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are theſe
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Roſiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our muſty murrions on,
And trace the ſtreets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king ſociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this ſtand
Of royal blood ſhall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be ſatisfied: I am myſelf;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded ſcarlets
Kiſs their gum'd golls [45], and cry, 'we are your ſervants?'
Is the court navigable, and the preſence ſtuck
With flags of friendſhip? If not, we are thy caſtle,
And this man ſleeps.

Phi. I am what I do deſire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

[44] *No, Sir, he's a* pollard.] A *pollard*, among gardeners, is an old tree which has been often lopped; but, among hunters, a ſtag, or male-deer, which has caſt its head, or horns. *Mr. Theobald.*

[45] *Kiſs their* gumd gols.] *Golls*, as we learn from Dr. Johnſon, means *hands*, or *paws*; wherefore we thus underſtand this ſentence: 'Are the principal courtiers ſo warm in their ſalutations, that, in 'kiſſing their *hands*, they eagerly preſs them to their *gums?*' Mr. Theobald reads, *kiſs* the gum-*gols*.

Pha. Sir, there is ſome humanity in you;
You have a noble ſoul; forget my name,
And know my miſery: Set me ſafe aboard
From theſe wild canibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'priſonment [46], cold, hunger, ſickneſs
Of all ſorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worſt company of the worſt men, madneſs, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to deſpair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all thoſe, than endure one hour
Amongſt theſe wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. Friends, diſcharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I ſhall be old enough to find my ſafety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a ſurcingle,
and mail you like a hawk. [*He ſtirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather ſleep to ſhake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching,
Good my friends, go to your houſes,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there ſhall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.

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[46] *Perpetual priſonment, cold, hunger, ſickneſs,*
All dangers of all ſorts, *and all together,*] In this manner Mr. Seward alters theſe lines. The judicious reader will determine which is preferable, his alteration, or the old reading in our text.

The ſame gentleman complains of there being *great difficulties* in the latter part of this ſpeech. It is very probable, Mr. Seward conceived our Authors to have had a deeper meaning in it than they really had; otherwiſe, we know not where the difficulty lies. We apprehend the Poets intended Pharamond ſimply to declare, that he had rather ſuffer any thing, than to be thus baited any longer by the mob.

Continue ſtill your love; and, for an earneſt,
Drink this.

All. Long may'ſt thou live, brave prince! brave prince!
Brave prince! *Ex. Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the king of courteſy!
Fall off again, my ſweet youths. Come, and every man trace to his houſe again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs. We will have muſic; and the red grape ſhall make us dance, and riſe, boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethuſa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thraſiline, Bellario, and attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night[47],
As peaceable as ſleep. My lord Philaſter
Brings on the prince himſelf.

King. Kind gentleman[48]!
I will not break the leaſt word I have giv'n
In promiſe to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away.

Enter Philaſter and Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My ſon!
Bleſt be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a ſalve unto my breaſt,
For all the ſtings that dwell there. Streams of grief

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[47] *Sir, all is quiet as* this *dead of night.*] There is no hint of the ſcene being at midnight; we muſt therefore read *the* dead of night. *Mr. Seward.*

[48] ——— *My lord Philaſter*
Brings on the prince himſelf. King. *Kind* gentlemen!] It is plain, that the king is ſpeaking here of the kindneſs of Philaſter in appeaſing the people, and redeeming Pharamond; and not of the kindneſs of Dion, and the others preſent, who only informed him of it. We muſt therefore read *gentleman.* *Mr. Seward.*

That

That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine eyes:
Let them appeaſe thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed ſoul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Paſt and forgotten. For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your realm
With fair proviſion, I do ſee a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the firſt
That Nature taught to ſeek a fellow forth:
Can ſhame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes ſalves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You muſt get another ſhip,
To bear the princeſs and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en ſome time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyſelf, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how falſe it is! What means is left
For me to clear myſelf? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things elſe
Struggle together to diſhonour me.

Bel. Oh, ſtop your ears, great king, that I may ſpeak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As baſe as be her actions! Hear me, Sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Againſt your reaſon, ſooner than this lady.

Meg.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handſomely.

Phi. This lady? I will ſooner truſt the wind
With feathers, or the troubled ſea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, Sir, ſince all is knit
Between us. But I muſt requeſt of you
One favour, and will ſadly be denied [49],

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promiſe.

Phi. By the pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy Sir!
Aſk ſomething elſe! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It ſtands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here ſtands a man,
The falſeſt and the baſeſt of this world.
Set ſwords againſt this breaſt, ſome honeſt man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this laſt
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preſerver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the pow'r
Of fleſh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himſelf.*

Are. Dear Sir, be patient yet! Oh, ſtay that hand.

King. Sirs, ſtrip that boy.

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49 ——— *And will* ſadly *be denied.*] i. e. ſhall be very ſorry to be denied. *Mr. Theobald.*

Dion. Come, Sir; your tender fleſh will try your conſtancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No! Help, Sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haſte there! why ſtay you?

Bel. Then I ſhall not break my vow,
You know, juſt gods, though I diſcover all.

King. How's that? will he confeſs?

Dion. Sir, ſo he ſays.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, ſhall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and ſtranger things than theſe
You hear not often.

King. Walk aſide with him.

Dion. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not ſeen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have ſeen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphraſia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would ſwear
There was ſuch ſtrange reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſs'd alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and ſo there is.

Bel. For her fair ſake,
Who now doth ſpend the ſpring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'ſcape this torture.

Dion. But thou ſpeak'ſt
As like Euphraſia, as thou doſt look.
How came it to thy knowledge that ſhe lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;

But

But I have heard it; and do ſcarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my ſhame! Is't poſſible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou ſhe,
Or elſe her murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Siracuſa.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphraſia.

Dion. Oh, 'tis juſt, 'tis ſhe!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadſt died,
And I had never ſeen thee nor my ſhame!
How ſhall I own thee? ſhall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wiſh it too:
And ſo I muſt have done by vow, ere publiſhed
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princeſs is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is diſcover'd.

Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to ſtab himſelf.*
All is diſcover'd! Pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is diſcover'd?

Dion. Why, my ſhame!
It is a woman: Let her ſpeak the reſt.

Phi. How? that again!

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Bleſs'd be you pow'rs that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phi. It is a woman, Sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethuſa, take
My ſoul into thy breaſt, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous ſtill to ages, in deſpite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his ſhame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are juſt.

Dion. I dare accuſe none; but, before you two,

The

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didſt were indiſcretely done,
'Twas meant well,
Arè. And for me,
I have a power to pardon ſins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Clè. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why
Thou didſt conceal thy ſex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All theſe jealouſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would ſpeak [50]
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehenſive, I did thirſt
To ſee the man ſo prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be loſt
As ſoon as found; till ſitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I ſaw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as faſt,
As I had puff'd it forth and ſuck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haſte
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a ſheep-cote to a ſceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiſs
Upon theſe lips then, which I mean to keep

50 ——— *My father oft would ſpeak*, &c.] The beauty, the innocence, of Euphraſia's character is finely depicted in this narration from her own mouth. Our poets, when they intended it, ſeldom fail'd in the art of moving the paſſions. The young lady from her father's encomiums firſt, had fallen in love with Philaſter; tho' ſhe knew, that ſhe could have no pretenſions to his bed. But as her next, and only, happineſs was to live in his ſight, ſhe diſguis'd her ſex, and enter'd into his ſervice. Her reſolution, and vow, never to marry any other, is a fine heightning of her character. *Mr. Theobald.*

From

From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above ſinging! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and ſearch'd
What ſtir'd it ſo: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from luſt; for could I but have liv'd
In preſence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dreſs'd myſelf
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was paſt hope
Of having you; and underſtanding well,
That when I made diſcov'ry of my ſex,
I could not ſtay with you, I made a vow,
By all the moſt religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilſt there was hope to hide me from mens' eyes,
For other than I ſeem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then ſat I by the fount,
Where firſt you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyſelf
Wilt well deſerve him.

Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to ſerve the princeſs,
To ſee the virtues of her lord and her,
I ſhall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaſter,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dreſs'd like a page to ſerve you; nor will I
Suſpect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curſt be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve ſuch virtues ſhould be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our ſouls ſo much,
To think to take revenge of that baſe woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free

As

As ſhe was born, ſaving from ſhame and ſin.

King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for ſuch! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free paſſage, and a conduct home
Worthy ſo great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that loſt you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I do confeſs,
Renowned Sir.

King. Laſt, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaſter,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My bleſſing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourſelves over all lands,
And live to ſee your plenteous branches ſpring
Where-ever there is ſun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the paſſions of their blood,
For what Heav'n wills can never be withſtood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A KING

How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,
That you can puck no strumpets i' the land,
But out of my breed!

Act V.

Barralet delin. *Grignion sculp.*

A KING AND NO KING.

The Commendatory Verſes by Howard and Herrick aſcribe this Play to Fletcher; by Earle, to Beaumont. The firſt edition bears date 1619. *Notwithſtanding its prodigious merit, it has not been performed for many years paſt; nor do we find that it ever received any alterations. The ſudden burſts, and quick tranſitions of paſſion, in the character of Arbaces, are, however, ſuppoſed to have given riſe to a burleſque drama, or parody (by Tate) ſometimes repreſented, under the title of "Duke and No Duke."*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Arbaces, *king of Iberia.*
Tigranes, *king of Armenia.*
Gobrias, *lord-protector, and father of Arbaces.*
Bacurius, *another lord.*
Mardonius, } *two captains.*
Beſſus, }
Ligones, *father of Spaconia.*
Two gentlemen.
Two Sword-men.

WOMEN.

Arane, *the queen-mother* [1].
Panthea, *her daughter.*
Spaconia, *a lady, daughter of Ligones.*
Mandane, *a waiting-woman; and other attendants.*

Three men and a woman.
Philip, *a ſervant and two citizens' wives.*
A meſſenger.
A ſervant to Bacurius.
A boy.

SCENE, *on the frontiers of* ARMENIA; *and, afterwards, in the metropolis of Iberia* [2].

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[1] *Arane, the* queen's mother.] The trifling alteration we have here made is not only neceſſary, but warranted by different paſſages in the play. In the beginning of the third act we find, 'And *the* queen-mother *and the princeſs wait.*'

[2] *Scene, on the frontiers, &c.*] For this information we are indebted to Mr. Theobald.

A KING

A KING AND NO KING.

ACT I.

Enter Mardonius and Beſſus[3].

Mardonius. BESSUS, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my ſword had a cloſe baſket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we ſhall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Beſ. We that are commanders ſhall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Beſſus, ſuch commanders as thou may: I had as lieve ſet thee *perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Beſ. I love theſe jeſts exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'ſt 'em better than quarrelling, Beſſus; I'll ſay ſo much in thy behalf. And

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[3] The character of Beſſus, I think, muſt be allowed in general a fine copy from Shakeſpeare's inimitable Falſtaffe. He is a coward, yet would fain ſet up for a hero; oſtentatious, without any grain of merit to ſupport his vain-glory; a lyar throughout, to exalt his aſſumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an umbrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence muſt certainly be adjudged to Falſtaffe, the great original.
Mr. Theobald.

To theſe remarks on the character of Beſſus, it may not be improper to add, that it has a ſtrong Bobadilian tincture, and that, in all probability, the *Miles Glorioſus* of Plautus, and *Thraſo* of Terence, furniſhed both Jonſon and our Authors with hints for the reſpective characters. Falſtaffe is more an original.

yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou wouldſt kill any man that ſtop'd thee, if thou couldſt.

Beſ. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didſt thou ſee it?

Beſ. You ſtood wi' me.

Mar. I did ſo; but methought thou wink'd'ſt every blow they ſtruck.

Beſ. Well, I believe there are better ſoldiers than I, that never ſaw two princes fight in liſts.

Mar. By my troth, I think ſo too, Beſſus; many a thouſand: But, certainly, all that are worſe than thou have ſeen as much.

Beſ. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'ſt talk of ſuch dangerous buſineſſes.

Beſ. To take a prince priſoner in the heart of his own country, in ſingle combat.

Mar. See, how thy blood curdles at this! I think thou couldſt be contented to be beaten i' this paſſion.

Beſ. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Beſ. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, Beſſus.

Beſ. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of ſervice than that I'm ſo fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Beſ. Fam'd? I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee e'er ſince thou cam'ſt to the wars, and this is the firſt word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Beſ. The Chriſtian world.

Mar. 'Tis heatheniſhly done of 'em, in my conſcience: Thou deſerv'ſt it not.

Beſ. Yes, I ha' done good ſervice.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'ſt wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in ſhifting of a trencher; but otherwiſe no ſervice, good Beſſus.

Beſ.

Beſ. You ſaw me do the ſervice yourſelf.

Mar. Not ſo haſty, ſweet Beſſus! Where was it? is the place vaniſh'd?

Beſ. At Beſſus' Deſp'rate Redemption.

Mar. At Beſſus' Deſp'rate Redemption! where's that?

Beſ. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who chriſten'd it?

Beſ. The ſoldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily-diſpoſed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole compoſition of his body, would ſend thee on an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i'th' head o'th' troops, with a truncheon, becauſe thou wouldſt needs run away with thy company, when we ſhould charge the enemy?

Beſ. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Beſſus: I beat thee out on't.

Beſ. But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knoweſt, and ſo do I, thou meant'ſt to fly, and thy fear making thee miſtake, thou ran'ſt upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gav'ſt; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were ſure thou wouldſt miſtake always, and run away upon th' enemy, thou ſhouldſt be general, by this light.

Beſ. You'll never leave this, till I fall foul.

Mar. No more ſuch words, dear Beſſus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durſt never ſtrike thee, yet if thou proceed'ſt, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Beſ. Come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is ſo, Beſſus; I wonder how thou cam'ſt to know it. But, if thou wert a man of underſtanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble,

and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and ſorrowful, in extremity, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend, for this; for if I car'd who knew it, thou ſhouldſt not hear it, Beſſus. Here he is, with his prey in his foot.

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and two gentlemen.

Arb. Thy ſadneſs, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: Am I become
Of ſo ſmall fame, that any man ſhould grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the moſt valiant living, but to dare
Oppoſe me ſingle, though he loſt the day.
What ſhould afflict you? You're as free as I.
To be my priſoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be us'd ſervilely. Thy ranſom is,
To take my only ſiſter to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for ſhe is
A lady, that the neighbour princes ſend
Links to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er ſaw her ſince: Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my meſſengers
Make me believe ſhe is a miracle.
She'll make you ſhrink, as I did, with a ſtroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is't the courſe
Of Iberia to uſe her priſoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I ſhould not thus have talk'd, Sir: In Armenia,
We hold it baſe. You ſhould have kept your temper
Till you ſaw home again, where 'tis the faſhion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb.

Arb. Be you my witneſs, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me ſufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his ſuffering land?
Should I then boaſt? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not paſt,
Fighting and conquering: Far then from me
Be oſtentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom deſolate,
By this ſole arm, prop'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have ſent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languiſh for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the pow'r
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none. [*Aſide.*

Arb. Tigranes, nay, did I but take delight
To ſtretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do.

Arb. But he ſhall wrong his and my modeſty,
That thinks me apt to boaſt: After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a ſoldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that valour ſhould be thus drunk.
[*Aſide.*

Arb. I offer you my ſiſter, and you anſwer,
I do inſult: A lady that no ſuit,
Nor treaſure, nor thy crown, could purchaſe thee,
But that thou fought'ſt with me.

Tigr. Though this be worſe
Than that you ſpake before, it ſtrikes me not;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your ſiſter, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ranſoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I inſult,

That am the conqueror, and for a ranſom
Offer rich treaſure to the conquered,
Which he refuſes, and I bear his ſcorn?
It cannot be ſelf-flattery to ſay,
The daughters of your country, ſet by her,
Would ſee their ſhame, run home, and bluſh to death
At their own foulneſs. Yet ſhe is not fair,
Nor beautiful; thoſe words expreſs her not:
They ſay, her looks have ſomething excellent,
That wants a name. Yet, were ſhe odious,
Her birth deſerves the empire of the world:
Siſter to ſuch a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory priſoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and, ſhould he let her looſe,
She durſt not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conqueſt on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to taſte,
But me, that am too near her; and as ſtrangely
She did for me; But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be ſworn. Thy valour and thy paſſions ſever'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I ſhould be ſorry thou art ſo valiant, or ſo paſſionate; 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aſide.*

Tigr. Do I refuſe her, that I doubt her worth?
Were ſhe as virtuous as ſhe would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own ſex
Could find a want ſhe had [4]; ſo tempting fair,
That ſhe could wiſh it off, for damning ſouls [5];
I would

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[4] *Could find a want*, had ſhe *ſo tempting fair,*
That ſhe could wiſh it off, &c.] Thus ſay the copies prior to Mr. Theobald, who (without noticing it) alters the paſſage thus;
Could find a want; Were ſhe *ſo tempting fair, &c.*
The deficiency of ſenſe in the old copies, we apprehend, was occaſioned by one of thoſe errors which the preſs is moſt ſubject to, a tranſpoſition.

[5] ——— *ſo tempting fair,*
That ſhe could wiſh it off, for damning *ſouls*] This paſſage is ſo obſcure in the expreſſion, that, I believe, it will want a ſhort comment

I would pay any ranſom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and ſhe on me;
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cauſe?
Think you, you can ſo knit yourſelf in love
To any other, that her ſearching ſight
Cannot diſſolve it? So, before you try'd,
You thought yourſelf a match for me in fight;
Truſt me, Tigranes, ſhe can do as much
In peace, as I in war; ſhe'll conquer too.
You ſhall ſee, if you have the pow'r to ſtand
The force of her ſwift looks [6]. If you diſlike,
I'll ſend you home with love, and name your ranſom
Some other way; but if ſhe be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you muſt.

Tigr. Sir I have learn'd a priſoner's ſufferance,

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ment to the generality of readers. The Authors mean, 'Were ſhe 'ſo temptingly fair, that ſhe could wiſh to be leſs beauteous, *for* 'fear of damning ſouls, in their coveting to enjoy her charms, *&c.*' So, Shakeſpeare in his Othello;

A fellow almoſt damn'd *in a fair wife,*

i. e. grown ſo uxorious through the attractions of her beauty, as to neglect all his duty towards Heaven, and conſequently incur the danger of damnation. This ſentiment is explained in another paſſage of that immortal author, in his Merchant of Venice.

——— *it is very meet*
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a bleſſing *in his lady,*
He finds the joys *of* Heaven *here on earth;*
And if on earth he do not merit *it,*
In reaſon he ſhould never come to Heav'n. *Mr. Theobald.*

[6] ——— *if you have the power to ſtand*
The force of her ſwift *looks.*] Both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympſon chuſe to adopt the epithet *ſweet.* I have not ventur'd to alter the text; becauſe I think the word *ſwift* is more conſonant to *force, i. e.* the power of her *keen, pointed* glances; as Arbaces ſpeaks of her a little above;

She'll make you ſhrink, as I did, with a ſtroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes. *Mr. Theobald.*

And

And will obey: But give me leave to talk
In private with ſome friends before I go.

Arb. Some do await him forth, and ſee him ſafe;
But let him freely ſend for whom he pleaſe,
And none dare to diſturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
'Till he be free from me. This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wiſdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

[*Exit Tigranes.*

Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him; and could have done 't,
Hadſt thou join'd with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Muſt all men, that are virtuous,
Think ſuddenly to match themſelves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely, did I not?

Beſ. An pleaſe your majeſty, I was afraid at firſt—

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Beſ. That you would not have ſpy'd your beſt advantages; for your majeſty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you ſhould have lain thus.

Mar. Like a taylor at a wake.

Beſ. And then, if 't pleaſe your majeſty to remember, at one time——by my troth, I wiſh'd myſelf wi' you.

Mar. By my troth thou wouldſt ha' ſtunk 'em both out o'th' liſts.

Arb. What to do?

Beſ. To put your majeſty in mind of an occaſion: You lay thus, and Tigranes falſified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipp'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run down his head.

Mar. What country fence-ſchool learn'dſt that at?

Arb. Piſh! did not I take him nobly?

Mar.

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk'd enough?
Will you confine my words? By Heav'n and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant,
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said, I brag'd,

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me in a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said I boasted: Speak, Mardonius,
Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by Heav'n——

1 *Gent.* So please your——

Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.

1 *Gent.* May it please——

Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown

To

To talk! [7] But I defy——Let another ſpeak.

2 Gent. I hope your majeſty——

Arb. Thou draw'ſt thy words,
That I muſt wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in inſtants: Throw your words away
Quick, and to purpoſe; I have told you this.

Beſ. An pleaſe your majeſty——

Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is ſuch a rudeneſs
As yet you never ſhew'd me: And I want
Pow'r to command too; elſe, Mardonius
Would ſpeak at my requeſt. Were you my king,
I would have anſwer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you ſpeak, and truly, did I boaſt?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter ſuch things as theſe.

Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that ſole arm, prop'd by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventur'd lives?

Arb.

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[7] ——— *But I am grown*

To balk, *but* I defie, *let another ſpeak*] So ſtands this paſſage in the elder editions. Mr. Seward makes this alteration,

——— *but I am grown*
To talk *but* idly; *let another ſpeak,*

and ſubjoins the following note:

'As it may be ſome entertainment to the curious reader to ſee 'an humble critic poring in the dark, if he by that means has at 'laſt opened the door to day-light, I will give the proceſs of this 'emendation. Every one muſt ſee, that the text, as it ſtood, was 'abſolutely nonſenſe: and Mr. Theobald informed me, that it has 'ſtood ſo through all the editions: and, not having hit upon any 'emendation himſelf, he had looked upon it as one of the *loci deſ-* 'perati of our Authors. It is eaſy to obſerve, that the ſenſe re- 'quired muſt be either, *that I am grown not to have what I ſay ob-* 'ſerved: or, *to have my will contradicted in every thing.* I had 'advanced ſeveral conjectures, but they departed too much from 'the traces of the letters. In rejecting them, therefore, I obſerved, 'that had any of them been clear, as to the ſenſe; yet they made 'a ſyllable too much in the verſe. Nothing is ſo great an aſſiſtance 'in retrieving the ſenſe, as a due attendance to the metre; for a

'redundant

Arb. Oh, that thy name
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, wi' my ſword
Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curioſity
Hath miſs'd of: There, there would I ſtrike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, ſuch funeral rites
As beaſts would give thee, thou ſhouldſt have.

Beſ. The king rages extremely; ſhall we ſlink away?
He'll ſtrike us.

2 *Gent.* Content.

Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this ſole arm.
I grant, you were my inſtruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels; it mov'd you as it pleas'd.

' redundant ſyllable having crept into the former reading, one may ' eaſily ſee that it moſt probably was in the words; *I deſie*, that be- ' ing evidently a corruption. The word, therefore, that I have hit ' upon, gives the full idea required; and ſuppoſe, *deſie*, to have been ' written with a final *y* inſtead of *ie*, it drops only one vowel, and ' changes an *f* into an *l*.'

As the meaſure uſed by our Authors, like that of all the other old dramatic writers, is often very licentious, and as, in the paſſionate ſtarts of Arbaces, we find it frequently diſregarded, we cannot, in the preſent caſe, admit the deviation from poetry to be a proof of error in the words; eſpecially as they are not repugnant to ſenſe. It is probable our Authors intended Arbaces (in that unconnected mode ſo frequent in the character) to exclaim, ' *I am grown to* balk,' *i. e.* ' I am become a man who is to *be diſappointed, diſregarded,* in ' every command.' ' *But* I deſy——' when he interrupts himſelf by repeating his command for ſome one to ſpeak to him. As, however, there ſeems a harſhneſs in the expreſſion, ' *I am grown to* balk,' we have adopted Mr. Seward's word *talk*, which conveys as forcible a meaning by itſelf, as when accompanied with ' *but idly*.' The alteration of the ſubſequent words to ' *idly*,' (though the conjecture is ingenious) we think, departs too much from the old copies to be admitted; particularly, as the preſervation of them greatly heightens the picture drawn of Arbaces, and paints the workings of ungovernable pride much more nervouſly than is done by the complaint, ' *I* ' *am grown to talk* but idly.'

Whither

Whither ſlip you now? What, [8] are you too good
To wait on me? *(Puffe.)* I had need have temper,
That rule ſuch people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themſelves; but 'tis our curſe
To have a tumult, that out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they ſtand like death:
My words move nothing.

1 Gent. Muſt we go?

Beſ. I know not.

Arb. I pray you, leave me, Sirs. I'm proud of this, [*Exeunt all but Arb. and Mar.*
That you will be intreated from my ſight.
Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!

Mar. Sir.

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks,
Civility ſhould teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.

Mar. Sir, ſhall I ſpeak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much

[8] *Are you too good, &c.*] In the old editions, this paſſage ſtands, *literally*, as follows:

——— are you too good
To wait on me? *(puffe,)* I had need haue temper, *&c.*

But Mr. Theobald makes the word *puffe* a part of the text, and reads, *alſo literally*, thus:

——— are you too good
To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have temper, *&c.*

From the old mode of printing this word, we are inclined to ſuppoſe, that it was meant as a direction to the performer of the character of Arbaces, to ſhew ſigns of ſtrong agitation from paſſion and pride: And though it may be urged, that directions to performers are not common in old plays; yet as, whenever they were inſerted, it was in *italics*; and as, beſides, we find the word between *parentheſes*, and after the point of *interrogation*, we cannot help adhering to that opinion. A gentleman of acknowledged abilities has doubted, whether Arbaces might not mean to call Beſſus *Puffe*; but as the king is not in a merry mood, and the *gentlemen* as well as *Beſſus* are *ſlipping away*, we have left the word in the ſame ſituation we found it; thinking it improper to *advance* it into the text, and there (like the *eaſy* Mr. Theobald, without ſubmitting it to the Reader's election) leave it, *unnoticed*.

To

To be denied; but I can ſcarce intreat
What I would have. Do, ſpeak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. With me you article, to talk thus: Well, I will hear you out.

Mar. Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my ſword hath ſpoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witneſs; and were you not my king, from amongſt men, I ſhould have choſe you out, to love above the reſt: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own ſake I ſhould have done it, becauſe I would have lov'd the moſt deſerving man; for ſo you are.

Arb. Alas, Mardonius, riſe! you ſhall not kneel: We all are ſoldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no diff'rence in mens' worths,
Titles are jeſts. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou haſt lov'd me, and haſt wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe
It ſhall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!

Mar. Sir, you did promiſe you would hear me out.

Arb. And ſo I will: Speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold ſome qualities that do eclipſe your virtues.

Arb. Eclipſe my virtues?

Mar. Yes; your paſſions; which are ſo manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; but when I ſpeak your faults, you make a ſtart, and fly the hearing[9]: But——

Arb.

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[9] *And fly the hearing*, but.] This particle ſeems to have no right to ſtand here; we muſt, to make ſenſe, ſubſtitute *out* in its place. *Mr. Sympſon.*

And ſo I had corrected the paſſage long ago. *Mr. Theobald.*

There is a poverty in this language, '*And fly the hearing out*,' which the greateſt poetical adverſity could not have reduced our Authors to. The three firſt editions guide us to their true meaning:

You

Arb. When you commend me? Oh, that I ſhould live
To need ſuch commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praiſe themſelves about the earth,
I were moſt wretched! Spare your idle praiſe:
If thou didſt mean to flatter, and ſhouldſt utter
Words in my praiſe that thou thought'ſt impudence,
My deeds ſhould make 'em modeſt. When you praiſe,
I hug you? 'Tis ſo falſe, that, were thou worthy,
Thou ſhouldſt receive a death, a glorious death,
From me! But thou ſhalt underſtand thy lyes;
For, ſhouldſt thou praiſe me into Heav'n, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would deſpiſe thee then
As much as now, which is as much as duſt,
Becauſe I ſee thy envy.

Mar. However you will uſe me after, yet for your own promiſe ſake, hear me the reſt.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they ſhall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!

Mar. Would you but leave theſe haſty tempers, which I do not ſay take from you all your worth [10], but darken it, then you will ſhine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep ſome paſſions, leſt men ſhould take you for a god, your virtues are ſuch.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never underſtood the word. Were you no king, and free from theſe moods, ſhould I chuſe a companion for wit and pleaſure, it ſhould be you;

You make a ſtar and fly the hearing: but which punctuation plainly ſhews an intended interruption from Arbaces to Mardonius.

[10] *which I do not ſay take from you all your worth, but darken* 'em] *Worth* being a ſubſtantive of the ſingular number, we muſt certainly read *it*, inſtead of *'em*. *Mr. Sympſon.*

Or, perhaps, the Poets wrote *worths*, and the final *s* has been loſt at the preſs.

or

or for honeſty to interchange my boſom with, it ſhould be you; or wiſdom to give me counſel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, ſtill I ſhould find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in queſtion. Now I have ſpoke: Conſider to yourſelf; find out a uſe; if ſo, then what ſhall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more than ten ſuch lives
As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly ſaid;
Thou haſt ſpoke truth, and boldly ſuch a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too paſſionate and idle; thou ſhalt ſee
A ſwift amendment. But I want thoſe parts
You praiſe me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a ſword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'ſt and wilt. It troubles me
That I ſhould uſe ſo rough a phraſe to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, Sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is: But thou doſt ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with love;
And that thou ſhalt be ſure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Prithee tell me,
Where hadſt thou that fame jewel in thine ear?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.

Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius, gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! They reſpect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which ſhould, grows ſtiffer. I' thoſe buſineſſes, I may ſwear I am truly honeſt; for I pay juſtly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didſt thou ſit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themſelves?

Mar. Ay, ten ſhillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canſt live on't?

Mar. Why, I think I muſt petition to you.

Arb. Thou ſhalt take them up at my price.

Enter two gentlemen, and Beſſus.

Mar. Your price?

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I think not.

Beſ. He is, he is: We'll ſhew ourſelves.

Arb. Beſſus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bad you haſte; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Beſ. An pleaſe your majeſty, I have a ſuit.

Arb. Is't not louſy, Beſſus? what is't?

Beſ. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou haſt two ſuits.

Beſ. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majeſty's ſiſter, to learn faſhions, as her friends term it, it will be worth ſomething to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

Beſ. I know not that, Sir; but gold I ſhall be ſure of.

Arb. Why, thou ſhalt bid her entertain her from me, ſo thou wilt reſolve me one thing.

Beſ. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very diſputable queſtion; and yet, I think, thou canſt decide it.

Beſ. Your majeſty has a good opinion of my underſtanding.

Arb. I have ſo good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Beſ. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you ſee this ſword, Sir?

Arb.

Arb. Yes.

Beſ. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, ſay I am not valiant.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Health to your majeſty!

Arb. From Gobrias?

Meſ. Yes, Sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Meſ. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news.
A truſtier ſervant to his prince there lives not,
Than is good Gobrias.

1 *Gent.* The king ſtarts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as faſt.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters ſtrangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it far
From me to ſtruggle! If my ſecret ſins
Have pull'd this curſe upon me, lend me tears
Enow to waſh me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breaſt!
Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to ſtand
As fix'd as conſtancy herſelf; my eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardleſs of the world,
Though thouſand miſeries encompaſs me!

Mar. This is ſtrange! Sir, how do you?

Arb. Mardonius! my mother——

Mar. Is ſhe dead?

Arb. Alas, ſhe's not ſo happy! Thou doſt know
How ſhe hath labour'd, ſince my father died,
To take by treaſon hence this loathed life,
That would but be to ſerve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practiſe new ſins, not repent the old.
She now had hir'd a ſlave to come from thence,
And ſtrike me here; whom Gobrias, ſifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'ſt ſervant! Heav'n, let me but live

To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath ſav'd my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her ſins on her own head;
Vex not yourſelf.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of mé? with what unnatural ſins
Will they ſuppoſe me loaden, when my life
Is ſought by her, that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: My ſiſter,
He ſays, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender ſpotleſs maid: She ſtains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongſt that ſacred dew ſhe mingles pray'rs,
Her pure oblations, for my ſafe return.
If I have loſt the duty of a ſon;
If any pomp or vanity of ſtate
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expoſtulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you [11] direct her arm
Unto this foul diſſembling heart of mine.
But if I have been juſt to her, ſend out
Your pow'r to compaſs me, and hold me ſafe
From ſearching treaſon; I will uſe no means
But prayer: For, rather ſuffer me to ſee
From mine own veins iſſue a deadly flood,
Than waſh my danger off with mother's blood.

Mar. I never ſaw ſuch ſudden extremities. [*Exeunt.*

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[11] ——— *Do you direct her arm*
Unto this foul diſſembling heart of mine.] Who is to direct her arm? The gods, I ſuppoſe, muſt be meant; but they are neither invoked, nor mentioned. This is a bold *ellipſis*; but yet not infrequent with our Poets. *Mr. Sympſon.*

Theſe *ellipſes* are certainly very allowable in dramatic writings, as the action of the performer gives full information whom he addreſſes.

Enter

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me die, Spaconia?
What ſhould I do?
Spa. Nay, let me ſtay alone;
And when you ſee Armenia again,
You ſhall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that ever lov'd me or my cauſe,
Will build me ſomething to diſtinguiſh me
From other women; many a weeping verſe
He will lay on, and much lament thoſe maids
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why ſhould you go to Iberia?
Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt aſk me! Aſk the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Diſtemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are courſing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I reſiſt it? am I not a ſlave
To him that conquer'd me?
Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his: His will did never combat thine,
And take it priſoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to ſee a lady there;
To ſee, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wiſh! farewell!
Tigr. Spaconia, ſtay, and hear me what I ſay.
In ſhort, deſtruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou ſhalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,

That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he will place a lady of our land
With the king's ſiſter that is offer'd me;
Thither ſhall you, and, being once got in,
Perſuade her, by what ſubtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When ſhe beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tigr. Diſpraiſe my health,
My honeſty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather loſe you: Can my heart
Conſent to let my tongue throw out ſuch words?
And I, that ever yet ſpoke what I thought,
Shall find it ſuch a thing at firſt to lye!

Tigr. Yet, do thy beſt.

Enter Beſſus.

Beſ. What, is your majeſty ready?

Tigr. There is the lady, captain.

Beſ. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wiſh myſelf more full of courtſhip for your fair ſake.

Spa. Sir, I ſhall feel no want of that.

Beſ. Lady, you muſt haſte; I have receiv'd new letters from the king, that require more haſte than I expected; he will follow me ſuddenly himſelf; and begins to call for your majeſty already.

Tigr. He ſhall not do ſo long.

Beſ. Sweet lady, ſhall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, Sir: You ſhall call me what you pleaſe.

ACT II.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, waiting-women, with attendants.

Gob. MY lord Bacurius, you muſt have regard
Unto the queen; ſhe is your priſoner;
'Tis at your peril, if ſhe make eſcape.
Bac. My lord, I know't; ſhe is my priſoner,
From you committed: Yet ſhe is a woman;
And, ſo I keep her ſafe, you will not urge me
To keep her cloſe. I ſhall not ſhame to ſay,
I ſorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord:
I ſorrow for her, that ſo little grace
Doth govern her, that ſhe ſhould ſtretch her arm
Againſt her king; ſo little womanhood
And natural goodneſs, as to think the death
Of her own ſon.
Ara. Thou know'ſt the reaſon why,
Diſſembling as thou art, and wilt not ſpeak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whoſe tears weigh'd down his ſins. Mark, how ſhe weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no diſpoſition in yourſelf
To ſorrow, yet, by gracefulneſs in her,
Find out the way, and by your reaſon weep.
All this ſhe does for you, and more ſhe needs,
When for yourſelf you will not loſe a tear.
Think, how this want of grief diſcredits you;
And you will weep, becauſe you cannot weep[12].

[12] This paſſage is quaint; but the two lines together evidently ſignify, 'Think, how diſgraceful it is to you not to grieve, and you 'will grieve that you cannot grieve.'

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpoſe; but, you know, I know
You ſpeak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were ſtone, before my ſoftneſs ſhould be urg'd
Againſt my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about! Should I excuſe
My mother's fault, I ſhould ſet light a life,
In loſing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me: If I ſeek to ſave
That life ſo lov'd, I loſe another life,
That gave me being; I ſhall loſe a mother;
A word of ſuch a ſound in a child's ear,
That it ſtrikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heav'n be done, and if one needs muſt fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to anſwer all!
Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another mother.
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it ſo.
Gob. Why, is not all that's paſt beyond your help?
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, ſhould you publiſh it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'd?
Ara. I know, it would not.
Gob. Nay, ſhould I join wi' you,
Should we not both be torn [13], and yet both die
Uncredited?

Ara.

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[13] *Nay, ſhould I join with you, ſhould we* not *both be* torn, *and yet both die uncredited?*] I can't think, this word came from the Poets, or was deſigned by them to ſtand for *tortured*; neither do I know how to apply an healing hand to the text, unleſs we tranſpoſe and read thus,

——— *ſhould we both be ſworn,*
Yet ſhould not we both die uncredited. *Mr. Sympſon.*

My friend does not ſeem much to like his conjecture: But as the paſſage is certainly corrupted without it, and as it retrieves plain ſenſe, I have ventured to inſert it; and, I am verily perſuaded, it will not do him any diſcredit. *Mr. Theobald.*

It is plain, Mr. Sympſon had at firſt hit upon the Poets' meaning, however

Ara. I think we ſhould.

Gob. Why, then,
Take you ſuch violent courſes? As for me,
I do but right in ſaving of the king
From all your plots.

Ara. The king!

Gob. I bad you reſt
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my pow'r.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done,
I muſt preſerve my own[14]; but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accurſed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive, to my diſgrace!

Bac. My lord-protector, they ſay, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Beſſus has done good ſervice, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Receiv'd you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis moſt certain.

Bac. I'm ſorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and ſo did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my ſword.

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however widely he afterwards departed from it. Gobrias means, 'Though we ſhould be rack'd, *torn* even to death, we ſhould die 'uncredited.' There is a weakneſs of expreſſion, a poverty of imagination, in the paſſage when thus altered, which, we think, our Authors never betray.—Had the Editors of 1750 adhered to the rule which they often mention, of making the poetry a teſt for the words, they would not have altered nor tranſpoſed a ſyllable. But, by ſome ſtrange miſhap, though the elder copies of this Play give us well-divided metre, this part of the ſcene, in their edition, is moſt ſtrangely confuſed; part of it being printed as proſe, and part ranged in ſuch lines as we believe never before appeared under the name of poetry.

[14] *I muſt preſerve* my own.] *i. e.* Muſt protect my ſon, Arbaces, againſt your endeavours to deſtroy him.

Enter

Enter Beſſus and Spaconia.

Beſ. Health to my lord-protector! From the king theſe letters; and to your grace, madam, theſe.

Gob. How does his majeſty?

Beſ. As well as conqueſt, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

Beſ. As the reſt of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Beſ. He's a ſtrange ſoldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not aſk how ſtrange that ſoldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Beſ. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Beſ. Well again, an't pleaſe your grace. Why, I was run twice through the body, and ſhot i' th' head with a croſs-arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'ſt: Is he well?

Beſ. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightineſs of his ſpirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he ſhall be anſwered. Why, I may live to relieve, with ſpear and ſhield, ſuch a lady as you diſtreſſed.

Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he ſo?

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine.

Gob. Bacurius, I muſt eaſe you of your charge.
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And ſtruck it out; he has forgiven you freely.
Your own will is your law; be where you pleaſe.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his majeſty to-morrow?

Ara. I will. [*Exit Arane.*

Bac.

Bac. Madam, be wiſe hereafter. I am glad I have loſt this office.

Gob. Good captain Beſſus, tell us the diſcourſe
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I prithee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beat.

Beſ. Madam, let what will beat, I muſt tell the truth, and thus it was: They fought ſingle in liſts, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerouſly hurt but three days before; elſe, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, ſome thought, we had. And the occaſion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this buſineſs, we'll hear't ſome other time.

Pan. I prithee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

Beſ. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing.
To the liſts they came, and ſingle ſword and gauntlet was their fight[15].

Pan.

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[15] *To the liſts they came, and ſingle ſword and* gauntlet *was their fight.*] I know, in all ages of the world, that ſoldiers had a ſteel glove, or *gantlet*, to defend the back of their hands from the cuts of a broad ſword; but, ſurely, this is an odd word for a weapon of war; and for two combatants to fight with their gloves on, was no great ſign of courage or dexterity. A *target*, (as I ſuſpect, the original word to have been) gracefully and artfully managed, was a defence for the whole body.

So the words are again joined in the Mad Lover.

——— *This fellow,*
With all his frights about him and his furies,
His larums, and his lances, ſwords, *and* targets, *&c.*

And ſo we find in the Coronation.

Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at ſeveral doors; their pages before them, bearing their targets. *Mr. Sympſon.*

As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, ſo the reaſon for which it is made will hardly be deemed a ſufficient one, when

Pan. Alas!

Beſ. Without the liſts there ſtood ſome dozen captains of either ſide mingled, all which were ſworn, and one of thoſe was I: And 'twas my chance to ſtand next a captain o' th' enemies' ſide, call'd Tiribaſus; valiant, they ſaid, he was. Whilſt theſe two kings were ſtretching themſelves, this Tiribaſus caſt ſomething a ſcornful look on me, and aſk'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I ſmil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he ſhould perceive by the event of that whoſe king would win. Something he anſwer'd, and a ſcuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I——

Pan. All this is of thyſelf: I pray thee, Beſſus, Tell ſomething of my brother; did he nothing?

Beſ. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which, for my own part, by my troth, I confeſs, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

Beſ. But I——

Pan. Still of himſelf!

Beſ. Cry'd, 'Give the word;' when, as ſome of them ſay, Tigranes was ſtooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Coſroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much, with us martialiſts, as, 'I will fight with you:' I ſaid not a word, nor made ſign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He ſlips o'er all the fight.

Beſ. I call'd him to me; Coſroes, ſaid I——

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when it is underſtood, that every combatant was provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled, 'Honor Military and 'Civill, contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar,' *fo.* 1602, *p.* 130, is the following paſſage: 'He that loſeth his gauntlet in fight, is 'more to be blamed than he who is diſarmed of his poulderon. For 'the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can 'be performed; and therefore that part of the armor is commonly 'ſent in ſigne of defiance.' *R.*

Pan.

Pan. I will hear no more.

Beſ. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be ſworn thou doſt.

Beſ. Captain, ſaid I; ſo it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Beſ. No? Your grace will wiſh you had.

Pan. I will not wiſh it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Beſ. An't pleaſe your grace, this is ſhe. Charge, will you come near the princeſs?

Pan. You're welcome from your country; and this land
Shall ſhew unto you all the kindneſſes
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thaleſtris.

Pan. You're very welcome: You have got a letter
To put you to me that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are ſo far from being ſo to me,
That you ne'er ſaw me.

Beſ. Madam, I dare paſs my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid ſhe'll ſteal?

Beſ. I cannot tell; ſervants are ſlippery; but I dare give my word for her: And for honeſty, ſhe came along with me, and many favours ſhe did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what ſhe might do with modeſty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwiſe.

Beſ. Nay, if you ſhould, your grace may think your pleaſure; but I am ſure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may ſink where I ſtand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Beſ. No, you know I did not; and if any man will ſay I did, this ſword ſhall anſwer. Nay, I'll defend the

the reputation of my Charge, whilſt I live. Your grace ſhall underſtand, I am ſecret in theſe buſineſſes, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him ſo well already, I ſhall not need to tell you he's vain and fooliſh.

Beſ. Ay, you may call me what you pleaſe, but I'll defend your good name againſt the world. And ſo I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector. I am likewiſe glad to ſee your lordſhip well.

Bac. Oh, captain Beſſus, I thank you. I would ſpeak with you anon.

Beſ. When you pleaſe, I will attend your lordſhip. [*Exit Beſ.*

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit Bac.*

Gob. Madam, what writes his majeſty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindeſt words! I'll keep 'em while I live,
Here in my boſom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie diſorder'd in this paper, juſt
As hearty nature ſpeaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he ſhed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princeſs living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat
And cold within her breaſt, than I do now,
In hope to ſee him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: He writes, he brings along with him
A huſband for you, that ſame captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a ſhew,
He will allow you freedom in a choice.

Pan. And ſo he will, my lord, I warrant you;

He

He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Truſt me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I choſe him.

Pan. But I am not built
On ſuch wild humours; if I find him worthy,
He is not leſs becauſe he's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would ſeem leſs!

Gob. I think, there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother ſtanding by;
He doth eclipſe mens' virtues ſo with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and, more I fear,
Another lady will.

Pan. 'Would I might ſee him!

Gob. Why ſo you ſhall. My buſineſſes are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleaſure to ſee you.

Pan. I thank you, good my lord.

Gob. You will be ready, madam?

Pan. Yes. [*Exit Gob.*

Spa. I do beſeech you, madam, ſend away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few ſad words, which, ſet againſt your joys,
May make 'em ſhine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt women.*

Spa. I kneel a ſtranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to aſk, and you to grant.
'Tis ſuch another ſtrange ill-laid requeſt,
As if a beggar ſhould intreat a king
To leave his ſceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a ſtrange requeſt.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it muſt
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am aſham'd to ſpeak it; but where life

Lies

Lies at the ſtake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk ſomething unreaſonably
To hazard ſaving of it[16]. I ſhall ſeem
A ſtrange petitioner, that wiſh all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet ſo I muſt: I would you were not fair,
Nor wiſe, for in your ill conſiſts my good:
If you were fooliſh, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my requeſt is more without the bounds
Of reaſon yet; for 'tis not in the pow'r
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, ſpeak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of ſuch a noble ſhape, ſo ſweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herſelf
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And ſo mad is my demand,
That I deſire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs muſt die,
If you ſhould miſs him. I do now expect
You ſhould laugh at me.

Pan. Truſt me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A ſtrange disjointed ſorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me
His own deſire ſo, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own deſire! Why, credit me, Thaleſtris,

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16 ——— *but where life*
Lies at the ſtake, I cannot think her woman
That will not take *ſomething unreaſonably,*
To hazard ſaving of it] But what was the woman to *take* in this caſe? I think, I may venture to ſay, I have reſtored the original word of the Poets: My emendation is confirmed by what ſhe ſays three lines above.

Alas! 'Tis of that nature, that it muſt
Be utter'd. *Mr. Theobald.*

I am

I am no common wooer: If he ſhall wooe me,
His worth may be ſuch, that I dare not ſwear,
I will not love him; but if he will ſtay
To have me wooe him, I will promiſe thee
He may keep all his graces to himſelf,
And fear no raviſhing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
His own deſire; but when he ſees your face,
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, ſtop thoſe tender ears
From his enchanting voice; cloſe up thoſe eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I will walk to viſit him,
If he break promiſe with me: For as faſt
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearleſs;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him, if I knew it ſin
To love him, without paſſion[17]. Dry your eyes;
I ſwear, you ſhall enjoy him ſtill for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive,
You are not what you ſeem: Riſe, riſe, Thaleſtris,
If your right name be ſo.

Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I deſire
Not to be known to others.

Pan. Why, by me
You ſhall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth

[17] *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,*
I could gaze on him, if I knew it ſin
To love him, without paſſion:] *i. e.* If ſhe knew it a ſin to fall in love with him, let him be ever ſo lovely, ſhe could avoid it. The confidence with which ſhe ſpeaks this, is extremely natural, to ſhew how little we know our own weakneſs: For ſhe ſoon after falls in love with one, whom ſhe took for her own brother. *Mr. Seward.*

Or education ſuch, that I ſhould injure
A ſtranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wiſh to be commanded;
But, when we are alone, I ſhall be ready
To be your ſervant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three men and a woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We ſhall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than carry out women fiddling to theſe ſhows.

Wom. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles ſaid, he thought we ſhould come too late. What abundance of people here is?

Wom. But what had he in thoſe bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for thoſe bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places; we ſhall have no room elſe.

2 *Man.* The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our ſhops are well look'd-to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my maſter, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter Philip, with two citizens' wives.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be. What ſweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor ſouls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My huſband's couſin would have had me gone into the country laſt year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor ſouls, I was amongſt 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this ſummer when I am brought to-bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, prithee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk! how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themſelves i' the country.

1 *Cit.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our huſbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourſelves. Philip, I pray, chuſe us a place.

Phil. There's the beſt, forſooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good people, a little.

3 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phi. I pray you, my friend, do not thruſt my miſtreſs ſo; ſhe's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herſelf then; has ſhe not had thruſting enough yet? If ſhe ſtay ſhouldering here, ſhe may, haps, go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Becauſe I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look, if one ha' not ſtruck Philip. Come hither, Philip; why did he ſtrike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didſt thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have ſtruck me.

1 *Cit.* As God ſave me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the firſt end then, for he'll ne'er ſtay the laſt.

1 *Cit.* Well, Slip-ſtring, I ſhall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a bawdy-houſe.

1 *Cit.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it ſhall coſt me a fall.

Flouriſh. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Flouriſh. Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and Mardonius.

All. God preſerve your majeſty!

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you ſafe, my loving ſubjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have beſtow'd on me,
All your expences to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: You will imagine
'Tis ſlender payment; yet 'tis ſuch a word
As is not to be bought but with your bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preſerve your majeſty!

Arb. Now you may live ſecurely i' your towns,
Your children round about you; you may ſit
Under your vines, and make the miſeries
Of other kingdoms a diſcourſe for you,
And lend them ſorrows. For yourſelves, you may
Safely forget there are ſuch things as tears:
And you may all, whoſe good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life

A ſacrifice

A ſacrifice too great to keep you thus
In ſuch a calm eſtate!

All. God bleſs your majeſty!

Arb. See, all good people; I have brought the man,
Whoſe very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing ſongs of gladneſs and deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit.* How he looks.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!

Mar. Theſe are ſweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a ſcorned ſpectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me
To mean it ſo. If I have aught deſerv'd,
My loving ſubjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has ſtretch'd itſelf
Where-ever there is ſun: And yet for you
I fought with him ſingle, and won him too.
I made his valour ſtoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to ſo unbeliev'd a height, to fall
Beneath mine. This, inſpir'd with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord bleſs your majeſty!

Tig. So, he has made me amends now with a ſpeech in commendation of himſelf: I would not be ſo vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, ſpeak out;
For I muſt leave you: And it troubles me,
That my occaſions, for the good of you,
Are ſuch as call me from you: Elſe, my joy
Would be to ſpend my days among you all,

You ſhew your loves in theſe large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.
Heav'n proſper you, that you may know old years,
And live to ſee your childrens children
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt kings and their train.*

All. God bleſs your majeſty, God bleſs your majeſty!

1 *Man.* Come, ſhall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's ſake: I have not made a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-ſack, you!

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldſt be, Philip, if thou ſaw'ſt it in a glaſs; it looks ſo like a viſor.

[*Exeunt the three men and woman.*

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, ſirrah. Come, Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majeſty ſay he had brought us home peas for all our money[18]?

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the firſt I heard of this year, by my troth. I long'd for ſome of 'em. Did he not ſay, we ſhould have ſome?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and ſo we ſhall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houſes.

[*Exeunt.*

[18] *Did not his majeſty ſay, he had brought us home* peas *for all our money.*] This ridiculous blunder from the ignorance of the citizen in miſtaking *peace* for *peas*, might have an effect, perhaps, (at leaſt of laughter) on the groſs audiences of thoſe times; though I queſtion whether it would not meet with a rebuke from the nicer taſtes in ours. *Mr. Theobald.*

ACT III.

Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.

Arb. MY ſiſter take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill:
Something unkindly ſhe does take it, Sir,
To have her huſband choſen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I muſt have her know,
My will, and not her own, muſt govern her.
What, will ſhe marry with ſome ſlave at home?
Gob. Oh, ſhe is far from any ſtubbornneſs;
You much miſtake her; and, no doubt, will like
Where you will have her. But, when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with ſuch a jewel.
Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my ſiſter.
Gob. Sir, I know ſhe is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With ſuch a beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Piſh! Will ſhe have him?
Gob. I do hope ſhe will not. [*Aſide.*
I think ſhe will, Sir.
Arb. Were ſhe my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She ſhould be forc'd to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her ſay, ſhe's loth.
Gob. Heav'n, bring my purpoſe luckily to paſs!
You know 'tis juſt.—She will not need conſtraint,
She loves you ſo.
Arb. How does ſhe love me? Speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love

A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.

Arb. She is not like her mother, then.

Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durſt not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the firſt, on every little ſcratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was ſo long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas, poor ſoul! But yet ſhe muſt be rul'd.
I know not how I ſhall requite her well.
I long to ſee her: Have you ſent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter 1 *gentleman and Tigranes.*

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.

Arb. He's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princeſs wait
Without.

Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in. [*Exit Gobrias.*
Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a ſtrange land, where mothers caſt to poiſon
Their only ſons: Think you, you ſhall be ſafe?

Tig. Too ſafe I am, Sir.

Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius, Beſſus, and two gentlemen.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you [19]; and would
As

[19] *As low as this I bow to you, &c.*] Mr. Theobald compares this ſpeech, and Arbaces' reply, to the following paſſage in Coriolanus, on a ſimilar occaſion, 'to which, ſays he, our Authors might poſſibly 'have an eye.'

Vol. *Oh, ſtand up bleſs'd!*
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

Cor.

As low as is my grave, to ſhew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, ſtand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be aſham'd
To ſee obſervance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother. Riſe!
As far be all your faults from your own ſoul,
As from my memory; then you ſhall be
As white as Innocence herſelf.
Ara. I came
Only to ſhew my duty, and acknowledge
My ſorrows for my ſins: Longer to ſtay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my ſhame. That pow'r, that kept you ſafe
From me, preſerve you ſtill!
Arb. Your own deſires ſhall be your guide.
[*Exit Arane.*
Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have ſeen my lord the king return
In ſafety, I have ſeen all good that life
Can ſhew me. I have ne'er another wiſh
For Heav'n to grant; nor were it fit I ſhould;
For I am bound to ſpend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majeſty ſpeak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princeſs.
Pan. Alas, Sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me, as if I were ſome loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to ſhun.
Gob. Sir, you ſhould ſpeak to her.
Arb. Ha?

Cor. *What is this?*
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murth'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be ſlight work.

Pan.

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
'Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindneſs from you.

Tigr. Will you ſpeak, Sir?

Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that doſt creep into my breaſt,
And dar'ſt not ſee my face? Shew forth thyſelf.
I feel a pair of fiery wings diſplay'd
Hither, from thence. You ſhall not tarry there
Up, and be gone; if thou be'ſt love, be gone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breaſt,
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother i' thy blood [20],
That you are pow'rs bely'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men reſolv'd,
Like duſt. I know thou fear'ſt my words; away!

Tigr. Oh, miſery! why ſhould he be ſo ſlow?
There can no falſhood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, ſhe is a thing
Both to be lov'd and ſerv'd beyond my faith.
I would, he would preſent me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not ſpeak at all? Are you ſo far
From kind words? Yet, to ſave my modeſty,
That muſt talk till you anſwer, do not ſtand
As you were dumb; ſay ſomething, though it be
Poiſon'd with anger that may ſtrike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood ſake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.
A tree would find a tongue to anſwer her,
Did ſhe but give it ſuch a lov'd reſpect.

Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the earth:
Why do you let her kneel ſo long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uſes to command,
And not to beg. What is your ſuit to me?
It ſhall be granted; yet the time is ſhort,

[20] *Thy* laughing *mother.*] The old poets, both Greek and Latin, as Mr. Seward obſerves, apply this epithet to Venus.

And

And my affairs are great. But where's my ſiſter?
I bade, ſhe ſhould be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad?
Arb. Gobrias, where is ſhe?
Gob. Sir!
Arb. Where is ſhe, man?
Gob. Who, Sir?
Arb. Who? haſt thou forgot my ſiſter?
Gob. Your ſiſter, Sir?
Arb. Your ſiſter, Sir? Some one that hath a wit,
Anſwer, where is ſhe?
Gob. Do you not ſee her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There? where?
Mar. 'Slight, there! are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?
Gob. No, Sir.
Arb. No, Sir? Why, do you mock me? I can ſee
No other here, but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's ſhe.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is ſhe.
Arb. 'Tis falſe.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As Hell! By Heav'n, as falſe as Hell!
My ſiſter!—Is ſhe dead? If it be ſo,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I ſee, you all are mute and ſtand amaz'd,
Fearful to anſwer me. It is too true;
A decreed inſtant cuts off ev'ry life,
For which to mourn, is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than ſleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and bleſſedneſs
Eternal waits upon her where ſhe is.
I know, ſhe could not make a wiſh to change
Her ſtate for new; and you ſhall ſee me bear

My

My croſſes like a man. We all muſt die,
And ſhe hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not miſtake,
And vex yourſelf for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis ſhe;
And if my ſpeech deſerve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my lateſt words ſhall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, doſt thou mean?
Gob. That lady, Sir:
She is your ſiſter; and ſhe is your ſiſter
That loves you ſo; 'tis ſhe for whom I weep,
To ſee you uſe her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Piſh! this is tedious:
I cannot hold; I muſt preſent myſelf.
And yet the ſight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a ſudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to ſin.
Arb. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my ſiſter: 'Tis a lye,
The moſt malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will ſay ſo next,
Let him draw out his ſword and ſheath it here;
It is a ſin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor ſhall ſhe be:
If ſhe were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can queſtion this? My pow'r
Is like the ſea, that is to be obey'd,
And not diſputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and anſwer me,
He that is boldeſt now: Is that my ſiſter?
Mar. Oh, this is fine!
Beſ. No, marry, ſhe is not, an't pleaſe your majeſty.
I never thought ſhe was; ſhe's nothing like you.

Arb.

Arb. No; 'tis true, ſhe is not.

Mar. Thou ſhouldſt be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will ſpeak but once: By the ſame pow'r
You make my blood a ſtranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and ſo much love
A ſtranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this requeſt appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of ſome other family,
By your unqueſtion'd word; elſe I ſhall live
Like ſinful iſſues, that are left in ſtreets
By their regardleſs mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will hear no more.
Why ſhould there be ſuch muſic in a voice,
And ſin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this[21]; and 'tis damnation
For me to do ſo. You are fair, and wiſe,
And virtuous, I think; and he is bleſs'd
That is ſo near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a diſeaſe;
Continual torment without hope of eaſe.
Such an ungodly ſickneſs I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, muſt firſt
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beaſts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they deſire.
Let me not hear you ſpeak again; yet ſo
I ſhall but languiſh for the want of that,
The having which would kill me. No man here
Offer to ſpeak for her; for I conſider

[21] ——— and *'tis damnation*
For me to do ſo.] To make ſenſe and true reaſoning, the conjunction *and* muſt be changed into the diſcretive particle *yet*. The king means, all the world, beſides himſelf, may take delight in the muſic of her tongue; but it would be damnation in him to do ſo.
Mr. Theobald.

We have followed the old reading, which we think eaſy and familiar. *And* often ſtands for *and yet*; and clearly conveys that ſenſe in the paſſage before us.

As

As much as you can ſay; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; reſt thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were paſt ſpeaking.
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter: 'Tis ſome ſudden rage,
And you ſhall ſee it end ſome other way.
Pan. Pray Heav'n it do!
Tig. Though ſhe to whom I ſwore be here, I cannot
Stifle my paſſion longer; if my father
Should riſe again, diſquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a ſtranger, and a pris'ner, begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, Sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis paſt me
To make you ſo; for I am here a ſtranger
Greater than you: We know from whence you come;
But I appear a loſt thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only ſuffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep ſo faſt,
And utter things that miſ-become your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain ſo.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourſelf mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then ſee if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations ſhall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my priſoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your ſiſter.

Arb.

Arb. She is ſo.
Mar. Is ſhe ſo again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! Why, you brought me hither, Sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps, I told you ſo:
If I had ſworn it, had you ſo much folly
To credit it? The leaſt word that ſhe ſpeaks
Is worth a life. Rule your diſorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Bleſt be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As theſe no barbarous people ever knew!
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a priſoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd? I muſt ſpeak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere baſe in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou ſhouldſt be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ranſom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to priſon! Now, Sir, ſee
If my frown be regardleſs. Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius! You ſhall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to ſtruggle.
2 *Gent.* You muſt be forc'd.

Bac. Sir, you muſt pardon us;
We muſt obey.

Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.

Bac. Come, Sir.

Tigr. Juſtice, thou ought'ſt to give me ſtrength enough
To ſhake all theſe off: This is tyranny,
Arbaces, ſubtler than the burning bull's [22],
Or that fam'd tyrant's bed [23]. Thou mightſt as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the ſnow
For half-ſtarv'd people, to bring home with thee,
To ſhew 'em fire and ſend 'em back again,
As uſe me thus.

Arb. Let him be cloſe, Bacurius.

[*Exeunt Tigranes and Bacurius.*

Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him,
But this impriſonment: What ſhall become
Of me forſaken?

Gob. You will not let your ſiſter
Depart thus diſcontented from you, Sir?

Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myſelf believe much of myſelf,

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[22] ——— *This is tyranny,*
Arbaces, ſubtler than the burning bull's.] The alluſion here is to the tyranny of Phalaris, who incloſed the wretches that had offended him, in a bull of braſs, and burn'd them alive; being delighted to hear their groans expreſs the bellowing of a bull. One Perillus, we are told, made this ſavage preſent to Phalaris; and the tyrant made the firſt experiment upon him of his own cruel ingenuity: Upon which Ovid has very properly obſerv'd,

——— Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

'There is no more equal juſtice, than that the artificers of miſchief ſhould ſuffer by their own bad arts.' *Mr. Theobald.*

[23] *Or that fam'd tyrant's bed.*] The poets allude to the bed of the inhuman Procruſtes, an infamous robber of Attica, who compell'd all his priſoners to lie in it; and, if they were too ſhort, he by racks ſtretch'd out their limbs to the extent of it; if they were of too tall a ſtature, he lopp'd off their feet, and reduced them to a length ſuitable to his bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

That

That is not in me. You did kneel to me,
Whilſt I ſtood ſtubborn and regardleſs by,
And, like a god incenſed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will ſuffer it; yet, at the laſt, forgive me.

Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did: You mock me now.

Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worſt
Can happen to me.

Pan. If you be in earneſt,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I ſhall be in Heaven.

Arb. Riſe you then too[24]: Here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The beſt of ſiſters, dearer than my breath,
A happineſs as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwiſe,
Perdition light upon me!

Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave
To ſerve you with my life, your curſe be with me!

Arb. Then thus I do ſalute thee; and again,
To make this knot the ſtronger. Paradiſe
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiſs blots it out.—I wade in ſin,
And fooliſhly entice myſelf along!
Take her away; ſee her a priſoner
In her own chamber, cloſely, Gobrias!

Pan. Alas! Sir, why?

Arb. I muſt not ſtay the anſwer. Do it!

Gob. Good Sir!

Arb. No more! Do it, I ſay!

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet, hear me ſpeak.

[24] *Riſe you then* to hear; *I acknowledge thee*, &c.] The alteration, which is Mr. Theobald's, we doubt not will appear proper, to every reader who conſiders the preceding ſpeeches.

Arb. I will not hear you ſpeak.
Away with her! Let no man think to ſpeak
For ſuch a creature; for ſhe is a witch,
A poiſoner, and a traitor!

Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well; the king is pleaſed with it.

Arb. Beſſus, go you along too with her. I will prove
All this that I have ſaid, if I may live
So long. But I am deſperately ſick;
For ſhe has given me poiſon in a kiſs:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!
[*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Beſ. and Spac.*
Why ſhould You, that have made me ſtand in war
Like Fate itſelf, cutting what threads I pleas'd,
Decree ſuch an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppoſe me? If my ſecret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd ſwellings againſt you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me ſorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather ſo,
Let it be rather ſo, than puniſh me
With ſuch unmanly ſins. Inceſt[25] is in me
Dwelling already; and it muſt be holy,
That pulls it thence. Where art, Mardonius?

Mar. Here, Sir.

Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canſt.
Am I not grown a ſtrange weight?

Mar. As you were.

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[25] ——— *Inceſt is in me*
Dwelling already, and it muſt be holy
That pulls it thence.] The obſcurity of this paſſage, puzzled me a great while; but by pondering often over it, I think, I have traced the intention of the Poets. The king would ſay, that inceſt has already taken up its reſidence in him; and is a ſin of ſo horrid a die, that nothing but the aſſiſtance of the *holy* powers can expel it. *Mr. Theobald.*

As *it* ſtands ſo frequently for *that which*, it is ſurprizing Mr. Theobald ſhould have been puzzled about this paſſage.

Arb.

Arb. No heavier?

Mar. No, Sir.

Arb. Why, my legs
Refuſe to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou haſt in field beheld me, when thou know'ſt
I could have gone, tho' I could never run.

Mar. And ſo I ſhall again.

Arb. Oh, no, 'tis paſt.

Mar. Pray you, go reſt yourſelf.

Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou ſhalt hear nothing but infamy
Remember ſome of thoſe things?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I pray thee, do; for thou ſhalt never ſee me ſo again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beſſus, alone.

Beſ. They talk of Fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reaſonable penny-worth. Some will ſay, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwiſe: For if I might ſtand ſtill in cannon-proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuſe it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deſerve friends; and my empty guts perſuaded me to lie, and abuſe people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I faſt two days, till my hunger cried out on me, 'Rail ſtill:' Then, methought, I had a monſtrous ſtomach to abuſe 'em again, and did it. In this ſtate I continued, till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wi' haſle-ſticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd ſome body wi' me for veniſon. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whip'd fellow, and what I ſaid

was remembred in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that paſs again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a couſin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young ſpirit, raiſed a company for me with the money, and ſent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durſt not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgel'd me: Yet I got looſe at laſt, but was ſo afraid that I ſaw no more than my ſhoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongſt mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they ſay I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill coſt me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freſhly to account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good-morrow, captain Beſſus.

Beſ. Good-morrow, Sir.

Gent. I come to ſpeak with you——

Beſ. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himſelf wrong'd by you ſome three years ſince. Your worth, he ſays, is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beſeems a ſoldier.

Beſ. A pox on 'em, ſo they cry all!

Gent. And a ſlight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you muſt excuſe me: It is an office that friendſhip calls upon me to do, and no way offenſive to you; ſince I deſire but right on both ſides.

Beſ. 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Beſ.

Beſ. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy! what a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, preſent me poiſon with ſuch a ſpeech. Um, um um—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forc'd to this*—um, um, um—*with my ſword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*ſatisfaction.* 'Tis very well, Sir; I do accept it; but he muſt await an anſwer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his ſtain as ſoon as he could.

Beſ. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engag'd to two hundred and twelve; all which muſt have their ſtains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engag'd but to one, he ſhall ſtay a competent time.

Beſ. Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a ſpent body, too much bruis'd in battle; ſo that I cannot fight, I muſt be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindneſs I can ſhew him, is to ſet him reſolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is ſomething; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think ſo. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, Sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Beſ. Good-morrow, good Sir. Certainly, my ſafeſt way were to print myſelf a coward, with a diſcovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every poſt. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the firſt I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the firſt is no madder of fighting than I; ſo that that's referred. The place where it muſt be ended is four day's journey off, and our arbitrators are theſe; he has choſen a gentleman in travel, and I have a ſpecial friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my

friend's health. If they would ſend me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living: I can make ſeven ſhillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all theſe, but a little ſkill in comparing of ſtyles: I do find evidently, that there is ſome one ſcrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and ſix of 'em in a hand; and they all end, 'My reputation is dear to me, and I muſt require ſatisfaction.' Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, captain Beſſus! I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

Beſ. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Beſ. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; deſertleſly, I think; yet for their ſatisfaction, I will have you fight me.

Beſ. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, captain Beſſus! It is not to be put off with an excuſe. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your converſion from coward.

Beſ. My lord, I ſeek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Beſ. Beſſus the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Beſ. And ſhall Beſſus the valiant maintain what Beſſus the coward did?

Bac. I prithee leave theſe cheating tricks! I ſwear thou ſhall fight with me, or thou ſhalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

Beſ. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will

will fight with you; and, by my ſword, it ſhall coſt me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week ſooner purpoſely.

Bac. Your leg? why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Beſ. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What doſt thou with ſuch a phraſe in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Beſ. My lord, I take this as a puniſhment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confeſs thyſelf a coward ſtill, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into ſponge.

Beſ. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you ſo, Sir? and why do you wear a ſword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Beſ. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I ſay, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ake extremely.

Beſ. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordſhip take an affection to it, with all my heart I preſent it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, ſweet captain! Farewell.

Beſ. One word more: I beſeech your lordſhip to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. Cheriſh yourſelf with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we ſhall have any more ſuch. Adieu, dear captain! [*Exit Bac.*

Beſ. I will make better uſe of this, than of my ſword. A baſe ſpirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a ſtay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my ſword to a knife: How to get another ſword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will outſwear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my ſword. [*Exit Beſſus.*

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. I'll move the king[26]; he is moſt ſtrangely alter'd: I gueſs the cauſe, I fear, too right. Heaven has ſome ſecret end in't, and 'tis a ſcourge, no queſtion, juſtly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I ſtay to wait his command, he bluſhes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modeſty kept in his buſineſs; ſo turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

[26] *I'll move the king*, &c.] This and all the ſubſequent ſcene betwixt the king and Mardonius has all along been printed as proſe; but it came from the poets ſtrictly in metre. To ſuch I have reduced it with no ſmall difficulty, and with the great aſſiſtance of the ingenious Mr. Seward: Not without the neceſſity of throwing out, here and there, ſome few trifling monoſyllables, which were foiſted in, as I preſume, by the players, to ſupport a cadence more to their minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the verſification. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have hitherto forborn to notice the unpardonable Diſregard to Veracity diſcovered by the Editors of 1750; who have certainly made as large ſacrifices to Vanity, as ever Coquet did to the Graces. —We now mean juſt to inform our Readers of the falſhood contained in the above note; after which we ſhall (unleſs conſtrained to the contrary) conſign their ſimilar aſſertions to the contemptuous oblivion they merit.

Mr. Theobald ſays, "*All* the ſubſequent ſcene between the king "and Mardonius has *all along* been printed as proſe." This is ſo very untrue, that *all the editions* (even that of 1655, the worſt, we believe, ever printed) exhibit *every* ſpeech of Arbaces in verſe; and even thoſe of Mardonius are not *all* printed in proſe. We have, as nearly as poſſible, (that is, allowing for typographical errors) followed the old Editions in metre and lection; and are firmly perſuaded, that our poets intended Mardonius to talk plain proſe, except in two or three paſſages, which his indignation raiſes to the ſublime.—It is ſcarcely poſſible for a good writer, even when he intends the ſimpleſt proſe, to avoid having ſome poetical paſſages; but are we therefore to count off his other words upon our fingers (for the ear, in the preſent caſe, muſt have been out of the queſtion) and range them like heroics?—If this is too great a liberty to take, how then ſhall we venture (with the Critics of 1750) to interpolate or diſcard whatever we think proper; eſpecially if the conſequence ſhould be, that we produce matter infinitely inferior to the original text. It is rather a matter of ſurprize, that, when theſe Gentlemen were about it, they did not arrange the whole of the converſations between Beſſus, the Sword-men, Mardonius, &c. in the ſame manner; for which they undoubtedly had as much reaſon, and equal authority.

Enter

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not uſe this, yet, I know not how, I cannot chooſe but weep to ſee him: His very enemies, I think, whoſe wounds have bred his fame, if they ſhould ſee him now, would find tears i' their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why ſhould I keep
A breaſt to harbour thoughts I dare not ſpeak?
Darkneſs is in my boſom; and there lie
A thouſand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conſcience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, Sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How doſt thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope, thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell elſe! Secret ſcorching flames,
That far tranſcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.
Is it not ſtrange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I miſtake, or there is ſomething hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, Sir. If it be dangerous, I will not ſhrink to do you ſervice: I ſhall not eſteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know 'tis ſubject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better loſe it in my king's cauſe, than with an ague, or a fall, or (ſleeping) to a thief; as all theſe are probable enough. Let me but know what I ſhall do for you.

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Gobrias,
And bad him give my ſiſter all content
The place affords, and give her leave to ſend
And ſpeak to whom ſhe pleaſe?

Mar. Yes, Sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius ſay as much
About Tigranes?

Mar.

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my buſineſs.

Mar. Oh, ſay not ſo; you had an anſwer of this before: Beſides, I think this buſineſs might be utter'd more careleſly.

Arb. Come, thou ſhalt have it out. I do beſeech thee,
By all the love thou haſt profeſs'd to me,
To ſee my ſiſter from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's ſtrange! Shall I ſay nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'ſt me, find ſome ſubtle way
To make her underſtand by ſigns.

Mar. But what ſhall I make her underſtand?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I muſt be pardon'd.

Mar. You may; but I can only ſee her then.

Arb. 'Tis true!
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou ſhalt ſpeak to her: Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! And her the beſt;
Better than any brother loves his ſiſter:
That is all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been deliver'd with ſuch a caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll paſs thro' fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought,
Doſt thou conceive me.

Mar. I hope you do not, Sir.

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And ne'er riſe again, 'till ſhe will love me.

Mar. Why, I think ſhe does.

Arb. But, better than ſhe does; another way;
As wives love huſbands.

Mar.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their huſbands better than ſhe does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not underſtand me! Is it fit
This ſhould be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as 'tis: I would deſire her love
Laſciviouſly, lewdly, inceſtuouſly,
To do a ſin that needs muſt damn us both;
And thee too. Doſt thou underſtand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Diſhoneſtly, in my whole life, name it,
That you ſhould put ſo baſe a buſineſs to me?

Arb. Didſt thou not tell me, thou wouldſt do it?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: But if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd
In ſuch a cauſe to ſave my laſt life.

Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man, that is my ſervant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here,
Having this cauſe; whilſt I, preſs'd down with ſin,
Could not reſiſt him. Hear, Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beſeeming man,
And I am ſorry for it.

Mar. Heav'n grant you may be ſo! You muſt underſtand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and ſervice from my prince; but, otherwiſe, I think, I ſhall not love you more: For you are ſinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injuſtice in you to puniſh any offender, for any crime. For myſelf, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilſt you run theſe forbidden courſes. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I ſhall loſe 'em both together, than keep 'em with ſuch conditions. I ſhall find a dwelling amongſt ſome people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarſer, we ſhall be richer far within, and harbour no ſuch vices in 'em. The gods preſerve and mend you!

Arb.

Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for, though
My preſent ſtate requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, ſuch as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have uſe for honeſt men again?
I hope, I may; I prithee leave me not.

Enter Beſſus.

Beſ. Where is the king?

Mar. There.

Beſ. An't pleaſe your majeſty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Beſ. The ſword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you fool! the king is ſerious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Beſ. Vanities! I'm no honeſt man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Beſſus; 'tis very well. I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

Beſ. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I ſhall be ſomething unmannerly with you!

Arb. No; let him ſtay, Mardonius; let him ſtay; I have occaſion with him very weighty,
And I can ſpare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can ſpare you now.

Beſ. Mardonius, give way to the ſtate-affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his preſent purpoſe.
[*Exit Mar.*

Arb. Beſſus, I ſhould employ thee: Wilt thou do't?

Beſ. Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not ſwear,

Beſ.

Beſ. By this light, but I will; any thing whatſoever.

Arb. But I ſhall name the thing
Thy conſcience will not ſuffer thée to do.

Beſ. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my ſiſter for me:
Thou underſtand'ſt me, in a wicked manner.

Beſ. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou? doſt thou make no more on't?

Beſ. More? No. Why, is there any thing elſe? If there be, truſt me, it ſhall be done too.

Arb. Haſt thou no greater ſenſe of ſuch a ſin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and mayſt yet
Corrupt me further! Prithee, anſwer me,
How do I ſhew to thee after this motion?

Beſ. Why, your majeſty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did ſince you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'ſt to me, after thy grant,
The uglieſt, loathed, deteſtable thing
That I have ever met with. Thou haſt eyes
Like flames of ſulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou haſt a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do ſtand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Beſ. I feel no ſuch thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your buſineſs as well as they that look better. And when this is diſpatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you ſhall ſee I'll ſet it hard.

Arb. My mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!
I am inſpir'd with horror. Now I hate thee
Worſe than my ſin; which, if I could come by,
Should ſuffer death eternal, ne'er to riſe
In any breaſt again. Know, I will die
Languiſhing mad, as I reſolve I ſhall,
Ere I will deal by ſuch an inſtrument:
Thou art too ſinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away!

Beſ.

Beſ. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round with curſes, take thy fearful flight
Into the deſarts; where, 'mongſt all the monſters,
If thou find'ſt one ſo beaſtly as thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be held as innocent!

Beſ. Good Sir——

Arb. If there were no ſuch inſtruments as thou[27],
We kings could never act ſuch wicked deeds!
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And Nature too, and does it without luſt,
Merely becauſe it is a law, and good,
And live with him; for him thou canſt not ſpoil.
Away, I ſay!—I will not do this ſin. [*Exit Beſ.*
I'll preſs it here, 'till it do break my breaſt:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a ſin,
And, ſpite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, and Spaconia.

Gob. HAVE you written, madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.

Gob. And with a kindneſs and ſuch winning words
As may provoke him, at one inſtant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own raſhneſs?

Pan. I have ſent words enough, if words may win him

[27] *If there were no ſuch inſtruments as thou,* &c.] The following paſſage, in Shakeſpeare's King John, conveys the ſame ſentiment, and is ſimilar to this before us.

'It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
'By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
'To break into the bloody houſe of life:
'And, on the winking of authority,
'To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
'Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
'More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.'

From

From his diſpleaſure; and ſuch words, I hope,
As ſhall gain much upon his goodneſs, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, ſince they're many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em, to ſpeak for me,
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em——

Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though he ſhould not
Give you your preſent end in this, believe it,
You ſhall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempeſt (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainſt your patience)
All thoſe contents, your ſpirit will arrive at,
Newer and ſweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he ſhall once collect himſelf, and ſee
How far he has been aſunder from himſelf,
What a mere ſtranger to his golden temper,
Muſt, from thoſe roots of virtue, never dying,
Though ſomewhat ſtopt with humour, ſhoot again
Into a thouſand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, ſtrait as juſtice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to underſtand it.

Pan. I believe it;
But, howſoever, I am ſure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging ſhould beget his anger,
Heav'n be a witneſs with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here.

Gob. You ſhall not feel a worſe ſtroke than your grief;
I am ſorry 'tis ſo ſharp. I kiſs your hand,
And this night will deliver this true ſtory,
With this hand to your brother.

Pan. Peace go with you! You are a good man.
[*Exit Gob.*
My Spaconia, why are you ever ſad thus?

Spa. Oh, dear lady.

Pan.

Pan. Prithee diſcover not a way to ſadneſs,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two ſorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who ſhall get higheſt.
How ſhall I leſſen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is eaſier known than cur'd.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my ſtubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our ſorrows,
That are too much our maſters. Good Spaconia,
How ſhall I do you ſervice?

Spa. Nobleſt lady,
You make me more a ſlave ſtill to your goodneſs,
And only live to purchaſe thanks to pay you;
For that is all the buſineſs of my life now.
I will be bold, ſince you will have it ſo,
To aſk a noble favour of you.

Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from ſo ſweet a virtue,
No ill demand has iſſue.

Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to ſee the prince Tigranes;
With whom I'm equal priſoner, if not more.

Pan. Reſerve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want ſo much good-manners
As to deny your gentle viſitation,
Though you came only with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a ſtranger, and ſo little fam'd,
So utter empty of thoſe excellencies
That tame authority[28]: But in you, ſweet lady,
All theſe are natural; beſide, a power
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,
Whoſe leaſt word in you may command the kingdom.

[28] *So utter empty of thoſe excellencies*
That tame *authority.*] The oldeſt quarto in 1619 reads, that *have*, &c. but the quartos in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in giving us the word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true reading. She means, ſhe is utterly void of thoſe talents that can have any controul over people in office and power. *Mr. Theobald.*

Pan.

Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you ſhall carry,
For fear it fail you.
Spa. Dare you truſt a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, truſt me, lady,
It joys me I ſhall do a good to you,
Though to myſelf I never ſhall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not ſtay you.
So, all your own deſires go with you, lady!
Spa. And ſweet peace to your Grace!
Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes, in priſon.

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myſelf;
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childiſhly
Play'd with my hope ſo long, 'till I have broke it;
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia!
Thou haſt found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didſt thou follow me, like a faint ſhadow,
To wither my deſires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the ſun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her
To the fair princeſs? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a ſlave ſtill!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;
Thou haſt deſerv'd it. Couldſt thou find no lady,
But ſhe that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuſe,
But ſhe that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And ſo much lov'd thee, that, in honeſty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgat the greatneſs of her grief
And miſeries[29], that muſt follow ſuch mad paſſions,
Endleſs

[29] *And miſeries, that muſt follow ſuch mad paſſions,*
Endleſs and wild as *women?*] Why muſt Tigranes, whilſt he is ſpeaking in praiſe of one woman, abuſe all women in general? Beſides,

Endleſs and wild in women! ſhe, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal heav'ns,
And ſent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconſtancy I'll ſuffer;
Lay it on, Juſtice, 'till my ſoul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beaſtly, ſudden doting,
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and ſtrange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So ſtrong and violent, that, ſhould I ſee her
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may paſs;
There is the king.

Spa. I thank your lordſhip for it. [*Exit Bac.*

Tigr. She comes, ſhe comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
Would I were bury'd, or ſo far remov'd
Light might not find me out! I dare not ſee her.

Spa. Nay, never hide yourſelf! Or, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you:
I muſt ſpeak, ere I die. Were all your greatneſs
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in your wickedneſs
Of wronging women! Thou are falſe, falſe, prince!
I live to ſee it; poor Spaconia lives

ſides, had he a mind to abuſe 'em, and apply the epithet *wild* to them, he could with no propriety add the other, *endleſs*. I hope, I have reſtor'd the true particle, which gives a very different and a very good ſenſe to the whole ſentence, *i. e.* when women, ſo weak to defend themſelves, have ſuch ſtrong paſſions as to fly their friends, and follow a priſoner into an enemy's country, they muſt run the hazard of *endleſs* and *wild* miſeries. Or if the epithets *endleſs* and *wild* be apply'd to paſſions, the ſenſe will be much the ſame, and the emendation as neceſſary. *Mr. Seward.*

To

To tell thee thou art falſe[30]; and then no more!
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconſtant
Than all ill women ever were together.
Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; as laſting
As boy's gay bubbles, blown i'th' air and broken.
The wind is fix'd to thee; and ſooner ſhall
The beaten mariner, with his ſhrill whiſtle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And ſtrike it ſmooth again, than thy ſoul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men muſt hate; and if thy ſtory
Shall tell ſucceeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it ſpare me in it, leſt true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curſes ſhake thy ſleeping aſhes!

Tigr. Oh! oh!

Spa. The deſtinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou may'ſt die for love,
Though not for me; for, this aſſure thyſelf,
The princeſs hates thee deadly, and will ſooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and ſafer,
Than ſuch a beaſt as thou art.—I have ſtruck,
I fear, too deep; beſhrew me for it! Sir,
This ſorrow works me, like a cunning friendſhip,
Into the ſame piece with it; 'tis aſham'd!
Alas, I have been too rugged. Dear my lord,
I am ſorry I have ſpoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more reſtraint
To that too much you have. Good Sir, be pleas'd

[30] ——*poor Spaconia lives*
To tell thee thou art falſe; and then no *more.*] Mr Sympſon aſks, Should not Spaconia then have held her tongue? But as ſhe goes on, he thinks the paſſage corrupt, and reads, *and tell thee more.* I by no means admit the change, but think the old text not only unexceptionable, but much preferable to the new one. *To tell thee thou art falſe,* ſignifies, to ſhew thy falſhood in its true colours, which ſhe accordingly afterwards paints pretty ſtrongly. And *then no more,* i. e. this ſhall be the laſt time I will upbraid you with it.
Mr. Seward.

To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.
I do and can forgive the greateſt ſins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.
Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous woman!
Spa. No more; the king, Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble priſoner?
That he want nothing fitting for his greatneſs?
Bac. I hope his Grace will quit me for my care, Sir.
Arb. 'Tis well. Royal Tigranes, health!
Tigr. More than the ſtrictneſs of this place can give, Sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.
Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray excuſe us,
We have not ſeen you ſince your being here.
I hope your noble uſage has been equal
With your own perſon: Your impriſonment,
If it be any, I dare ſay, is eaſy;
And ſhall not out-laſt two days.
Tigr. I thank you.
My uſage here has been the ſame it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my reſtraint,
It came unkindly, becauſe much unlook'd-for;
But I muſt bear it.
Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?
Bac. One of the princeſs' women, Sir.
Arb. I fear'd it. Why comes ſhe hither?
Bac. To ſpeak with the prince Tigranes.
Arb. From whom, Bacurius?
Bac. From the princeſs, Sir.
Arb. I knew I had ſeen her.
Mar. His fit begins to take him now again. 'Tis a ſtrange fever, and 'twill ſhake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they liſt, and held the braveſt fellows; this pelting

pelting prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't.

Arb. I ſee there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Beſides, the princeſs ſent her ring, Sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did ſhe not?
Sir, tell truth.

Bac. I do not uſe to lie, Sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think
This is no token, Sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I ſhall never ſee him handſome again, 'till he have a horſeman's ſtaff yok'd through his ſhoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be falſe.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me ſo, Sir, I dare ſpeak it;
And, durſt a worſe man tell me, though my better—

Mar. 'Tis well ſaid, by my ſoul.

Arb. Sirrah, you anſwer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear, Sir, to loſe nobly.

Arb. I ſay, Sir, once again——

Bac. You may ſay what you pleaſe, Sir:
'Would I might do ſo.

Arb. I will, Sir; and ſay openly, this woman carries letters: By my life, I know ſhe carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. 'Would Beſſus were here, to take her aſide and ſearch her; he would quickly tell you what ſhe carried, Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and poſt-boys. I thank Heav'n, I

have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It ſhall not ſerve your turn, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn, Sir?

Arb. Ay, Sir, it ſhall not ſerve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good Sir.

Arb. This woman ſhall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heav'n, ſhe ſhall not; I ſay ſhe ſhall not.

Mar. This would make a ſaint ſwear like a ſoldier, and a ſoldier like Termagant[31].

Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them priſoners be, ſtrictly and cloſely kept; or, ſirrah, your life ſhall anſwer it; and let nobody ſpeak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am ſubject to you,
And muſt endure theſe paſſions.

Spa. This is th' impriſonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would chooſe.

[*Exeunt Tigr. Spa. Bac.*

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You muſt be croſſing me.

Mar. I have no letters, Sir, to anger you,
But a dry ſonnet of my corporal's,
To an old ſutler's wife; and that I'll burn, Sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

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[31] *And a ſoldier like* Termagant.] *Termagant* was an old ſwearing, ſwaggering character, well known for ſome centuries paſt. It is mentioned by Shakeſpeare in his Hamlet; by Spenſer in his Fairy-Queen; by Chaucer in his Tale of Sir Thopas, and in ſeveral old plays. *Mr. Theobald.*

Termagant was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. *Percy.*

Arb.

Arb. How dar'ſt thou ſo often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'ſt 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miſs it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who ſhall tell you of theſe childiſh follies,
When I am dead? who ſhall put-to his power
To draw thoſe virtues out of a flood of humours,
When they are drown'd, and make 'em ſhine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow worſe,
And have your too-ſelf-glorious temper rock'd
Into a deep ſleep[32], and the kingdom with you;
'Till foreign ſwords be in your throats, and ſlaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me!

Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'ſt I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old ſoldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myſelf! Bear with me!
Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

Enter Gobrias.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temeprate;
You may live to have need of ſuch a virtue:
Rage is not ſtill in faſhion.

Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.

Gob. My ſervice, and this letter, to your Grace.

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and beauty,
Your mournful ſiſter.

Arb. She is in priſon, Gobrias, is ſhe not?

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[32] *And have your too ſelf glorious temper* rot
Into a deep ſleep.] Beſides the impropriety of *rotting* into *ſleep*, the expreſſion is too coarſe for the character of Mardonius; who, though bold and honeſt, is not abuſive. I hope I have reſtored the original word. *Mr. Seward.*

This emendation is finely imagined; and is ſufficiently confirmed by the three verſes that follow. *Mr. Theobald.*

Gob. She is, Sir, 'till your pleaſure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the ſweetneſs of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloiſter'd up! For your love's ſake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.

Arb. Pray thee, ſtand up: 'Tis true, ſhe is too fair,
And all theſe commendations but her own:
'Would thou hadſt never ſo commended her,
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'ſt the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldſt, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myſelf, nor thou, canſt well tell. Oh, my fate!
I think ſhe loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'ſt thou, Gobrias?

Gob. I do beſeech your Grace, believe it not;
For, let me periſh, if it be not falſe!
Good Sir, read her letter.

Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more miſchief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, ſtarv'd, or louſy, than live within the air on't. He, that had ſeen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a taylor may beat him, with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, ſhe would be at liberty;
And there be thouſand reaſons, Gobrias,
Thouſands, that will deny't;
Which, if ſhe knew, ſhe would contentedly
Be where ſhe is, and bleſs her virtues for it,
And me, though ſhe were cloſer: She would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed, ſhe would.

Gob.

Gob. Then, good Sir, for her ſatisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reaſon, make her know
Why ſhe muſt live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beſſus, two Sword-men, and a boy.

Beſ. You're very welcome, both! Some ſtools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o'th' ſword,
Pray ſit, without more compliment. Be gone, child!
I have been curious in the ſearching of you,
Becauſe I underſtand you wiſe and valiant perſons.

1 *Sw.* We underſtand ourſelves, Sir.

Beſ. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' th' ſword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cauſe
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your honour.
But to your cauſe.

Beſ. Be wiſe, and ſpeak truth.
My firſt doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, Sir: Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?

Beſ. Gentlemen o'th' ſword, my prince has beaten me.

2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this caſe?

1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the caſe is clear.

2 *Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the caſe.
But how? we cannot be too ſubtle in this buſineſs,
I ſay, but how?

Beſ. Even with his royal hand.

1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

Beſ. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;
Beſides two blows o' th' face.

2 *Sw.* Thoſe blows o' th' face have made a new cauſe on't;
The reſt were but an honourable rudeneſs.

1 *Sw.*

1 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worſe man, I muſt confeſs, as the ſword-men ſay, had turn'd the buſineſs: Mark me, brother, by a worſe man: But, being by his prince, had they been ten, and thoſe ten drawn ten teeth, beſides the hazard of his noſe for ever; all this had been but favours. This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it; for had he crack'd your ſkull through, like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with toſſing of you, yet you had loſt no honour. This is ſtrange, you may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

Beſ. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen. But how far may he ſtrike me?

1 *Sw.* There is another; a new cauſe riſing from the time and diſtance, in which I will deliver my opinion. He may ſtrike, beat, or cauſe to be beaten; for theſe are natural to man: Your prince, I ſay, may beat you ſo far forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the diſtance; the time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day; His ſtage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Beſ. 'Tis of the longeſt, but we ſubjects muſt—

1 *Sw.* Be ſubject to it: You are wiſe and virtuous.

Beſ. Obedience ever makes that noble uſe on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I muſt trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' ſword.

2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may
Profit your underſtanding: We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly, and diſcretely.

Beſ. My foreſt buſineſs is, I have been kick'd.

2 *Sw.* How far, Sir?

Beſ. Not to flatter myſelf in it, all over[33]: My

[33] *Not to flatter myſelf in it, all over; my ſword* forc'd, *but not* loſt;] This is as abſurd and ridiculous a tranſpoſition (made thro' the error of the copyiſts, or at preſs) as we ſhall meet with in haſte. Tho' Beſſus was by nature and habit a lyar, yet here he meant to repreſent the ſtate of his caſe ſeriouſly to the Sword-men, to have their

ſword loſt, but not forc'd; for diſcretely I render'd it, to ſave that imputation.

1 *Sw.* It ſhew'd diſcretion, the beſt part of valour.

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty caſe; pray ponder on't: Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 *Sw.* He has ſo, brother.

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he ſays. Now, had he ſet down here, Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering His ſword without compulſion; and that man That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one, And his kicks nullities.
He ſhould have kick'd him after the delivery, Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it you miſtake the queſtion; For, ſay, that I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* I muſt not ſay ſo;
Nor I muſt not hear it ſpoke by th' tongue of man. You kick'd, dear brother! You're merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the caſe, I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Let them put it, that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour! Put the caſe, you were kick'd!

1 *Sw.* I do not ſay, I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no ſilly creature that wears his head without a caſe, his ſoul in a ſkin-coat. You kick'd, dear brother!

Beſ. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we ſhall do, Truly and honeſtly. Good Sirs, to the queſtion.

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their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding ſcene, that, upon Bacurius diſcovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his ſword. Beſſus obeys, and does it with a Gaſconade; ſaying, *it is a pretty hilt, and if his lordſhip takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll preſent it to him for a new-years-gift.* How then was his ſword *forc'd* from him? It was not; for he immediately ſubjoins here to the Sword-men; *for I diſcretely* render'd *it to ſave that imputation.* All the editions concur in the blunder; and, I imagine, the moſt accurate readers may have ſlip'd over this abſurdity. Let the two words *forc'd* and *loſt* change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly ſtated. *Mr. Theobald.*

1 *Sw.*

1 *Sw.* Why, then, I ſay, ſuppoſe your boy kick'd, captain.

2 *Sw.* The boy, may be ſuppos'd, is liable. But, kick my brother!

1 *Sw.* A fooliſh forward zeal, Sir, in my friend. But to the boy: Suppoſe, the boy were kick'd.

Bef. I do ſuppoſe it.

1 *Sw.* Has your boy a ſword?

Bef. Surely, no; I pray, ſuppoſe a ſword too.

1 *Sw.* I do ſuppoſe it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be ſuppoſed ſtill; the word 'grant' makes not for us.

1 *Sw.* I ſay, this muſt be granted[34].

2 *Sw.* This *muſt* be granted, brother?

1 *Sw.* Ay, this *muſt* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Still, this *muſt?*

1 *Sw.* I ſay, this *muſt* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Ay! give me the *muſt* again! Brother, you palter.

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, waſp[35].

2 *Sw.*

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34 1 Sw. *I ſay, this* muſt *be granted.*
2 Sw. *This* muſt *be granted, brother?*
1 Sw. *Ay, this* muſt *be granted.*
2 Sw. *Still this* muſt.] The Poets here are flirting (I was almoſt going to ſay, invidiouſly) at a paſſage in Shakeſpeare's Coriolanus.

——————It is a mind
That ſhall *remain a poiſon where it is,*
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall *remain?*
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
His abſolute ſhall?
Com. *'Twas from the Canon.*
Cor. Shall?
——————Have you thus
Giv'n Hydra here to chooſe an officer,
That with his peremptory ſhall ——
——————They chooſe their magiſtrate!
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his ſhall,
His popular ſhall, *&c.* *Mr. Theobald.*

35 1 Sw. *I will not hear you,* waſp.] Here again is a ſneer upon that celebrated quarrelling ſcene betwixt Brutus and Caſſius, in Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar.

Muſt

2 *Sw.* Brother, I ſay you palter; the *muſt* three times together! I wear as ſharp ſteel as another man, and my fox bites as deep[36]. *Muſted*, my dear brother! But to the cauſe again.

Beſ. Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.

1 *Sw.* A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity. Once more, ſuppoſe the boy kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Forward.

1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed.

1 *Sw.* And in this beaten ſcorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Beſ. It lies i' th' beating, Sir: I found it four days ſince.

2 *Sw.* The error, and a ſore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Beſ. I underſtand that well; 'tis ſore indeed, Sir.

1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.

2 *Sw.* There ſprings a new branch: Whoſe was the foot?

Beſ. A lord's.

1 *Sw.* The cauſe is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Beſ. I did laugh;
But how will that help me, gentlemen?

2 *Sw.* Yes, it ſhall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Beſ. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, Sir.

——— *Muſt I budge?*
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty *humour? By the gods,*
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh. *Mr. Theobald.*

[36] *My* fox *bites as deep*, &c.] Our Authors uſe the word *fox*, to ſignify *a ſword*, in Philaſter, as well as here. It is alſo to be found in the ſame ſenſe, in Shakeſpeare. *R.*

1 *Sw.*

1 *Sw.* My reaſon now: The valiant man is known
By ſuffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 *Sw.* If he be ſure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave ſufferance you ſpeak of, brother,
Conſiſts not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgel'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all ſize[17], daggers, ſtools, and bed-ſtaves:
This ſhews a valiant man.

Beſ. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudeſt;
For theſe are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my ſleep, or want of money:
All my whole body's but one bruiſe, with beating.
I think I have been cudgel'd with all nations,
And almoſt all religions.

2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;
I know it by myſelf, he's valiant.

1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Beſ. My equal friends o' th' ſword, I muſt requeſt
Your hands to this.

2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it ſhould be.

Beſ. Boy, get ſome wine, and pen and ink, within.
Am I clear, gentlemen?

1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my ſteel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Beſ. I muſt requeſt you go along, and teſtify to the

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[17] ——— *in a head rebuk'd*, &c.] There is a pleaſant paſſage in Plautus's Perſian about Paraſites, whom he ſtiles *hard-headed* fellows, becauſe they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus.

Caſaubon has this note upon the place. *Olim inter alia inſtrumenta perditi luxûs, & matulæ in triclinia inferri ſolitæ; quas ſæpe, ubi incaluiſſent, in capita ſibi invicem illi ferunt. Hinc dicti propterea Paraſiti,* duri capitones. *Mr. Sympſon.*

lord

lord Bacurius, whoſe foot has ſtruck me, how you find my cauſe.

2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he muſt be rul'd;
Or there be thoſe abroad, will rule his lordſhip.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gobrias and Panthea at another.

Gob. Sir, here's the princeſs.

Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cauſe of her impriſonment
Muſt not be heard by any but herſelf. [*Exit Gob.*
You're welcome, ſiſter; and I would to Heav'n
I could ſo bid you by another name.
If you above love not ſuch ſins as theſe,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as ſnow,
To quench theſe riſing flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it pleaſe you I ſhall ſpeak?

Arb. Pleaſe me?
Ay, more than all the art of muſic can,
Thy ſpeech doth pleaſe me; for it ever ſounds
As thou brought'ſt joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou ſhouldſt be heard;
I pray thee, think ſo.

Pan. Be it ſo; I will.
Am I the firſt that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redreſs,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To priſon, rather than diſquiet you,
And wait 'till it be fit.

Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a ſerious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together ſtrongly, and I am reſolv'd
To hear thee largely: But I do beſeech thee,
Do not come nearer to me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.

Pan. Alas, Sir, am I venom?

Arb. Yes, to me;

Though

Though, of thyſelf, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As Nature can make: Yet, as unſound men
Convert the ſweeteſt and the nouriſhing'ſt meats
Into diſeaſes, ſo ſhall I, diſtemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it ſhould be thus
Is all I wiſh to know.

Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cauſe
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlaſtingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'ſt.

Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe.
If you diſſemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my priſon. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in ſome place where you are;
For in myſelf I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great deſire
To ſee you often.

Arb. Fy, you come in a ſtep; what do you mean?
Dear ſiſter, do not ſo! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cauſe
You are impriſon'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I muſt endure it, Sir. Heav'n keep you!

Arb. Nay, you ſhall hear the cauſe in ſhort, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'ſt it, thou wilt bluſh for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but, 'tis ſuch a one
As puts thee in worſe bondage, and I know
Thou would'ſt encounter fire, and make a proof

Whether

Whether the gods have care of innocents,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've loſt,
The only difference betwixt man and beaſt,
My reaſon.

Pan. Heav'n forbid!

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each ſudden paſſion throws me where it liſts,
And overwhelms all that oppoſe my will.
I have beheld thee with a luſtful eye;
My heart is ſet on wickedneſs, to act
Such ſins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'ſt conſent to this,
Which, I beſeech thee, do not, thou may'ſt gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling muſt be dark and cloſe,
Where I may never ſee thee: For Heav'n knows,
That laid this puniſhment upon my pride,
Thy ſight at ſome time will enforce my madneſs
To make a ſtart e'en to thy raviſhing.
Now ſpit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canſt deviſe together, and at once
Hurl 'em againſt me; for I am a ſickneſs
As killing as the plague, ready to ſeize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I ſhall rather chooſe
To ſearch out death, that elſe would ſearch out me,
And in a grave ſleep with my innocence,
Than welcome ſuch a ſin. It is my fate;
To theſe croſs accidents I was ordain'd,
And muſt have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However ſoon, before my paſſions grow,
That they forget what I deſire is ſin;
For thither they are tending: If that happen,

Then I ſhall force thee, tho' thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and ſhall pull a heap
Of ſtrange, yet uninvented, ſin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you ſhall know
It is a ſullen fate that governs us:
For I could wiſh, as heartily as you,
I were no ſiſter to you; I ſhould then
Embrace your lawful love, ſooner than health.
Arb. Couldſt thou affect me then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er ſhall ſway my heart
To like another.
Arb. Then I curſe my birth!
Muſt this be added to my miſeries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no ſtop
To our full happineſs, but theſe mere ſounds,
Brother and ſiſter?
Pan. There is nothing elſe:
But theſe, alas! will ſeparate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and ſiſter. Where
Have thoſe words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly deſtroy 'em; but they are
Not to be graſp'd: Let them be men or beaſts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be ſeas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breaſt:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the pow'r of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What ſhall we do? Shall we ſtand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. 'Would I could do ſo!
But I ſhall weep out mine.
Arb. Accurſed man,
Thou bought'ſt thy reaſon at too dear a rate;

For

For thou haſt all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when ev'ry beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever ſaw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,
Becauſe they had one dam?

Pan. Sir, I diſturb
You and myſelf too; 'twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be ſo fooliſh as I was;
Stay, we will love juſt as becomes our births,
No otherwiſe: Brothers and ſiſters may
Walk hand in hand together; ſo will we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Pan. No, by Heav'n.

Arb. Why, yet you ſent unto Tigranes, ſiſter.

Pan. True,
But for another: For the truth——

Arb. No more.
I'll credit thee; I know thou canſt not lie,
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing elſe,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and ſiſters lawfully may kiſs.

Arb. And ſo they may, Panthea; ſo will we;
And kiſs again too; we were ſcrupulous
And fooliſh, but we will be ſo no more.

Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To priſon, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a ſin growing upon my blood,
Worſe than all theſe, hotter I fear than yours.

Arb. That is impoſſible; what ſhould we do?

Pan. Fly, Sir, for Heav'n's ſake.

Arb. So we muſt; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt, ſeveral ways.*

ACT V.

Enter Mardonius and Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the king has ſeen your commiſſion, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to viſit prince Tigranes, your noble maſter.

Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiſs his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your buſineſs ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worſe; I am aſham'd! it is a buſineſs——

Mar. You ſerve a worthy perſon; and a ſtranger, I am ſure you are: You may employ me, if you pleaſe, without your purſe; ſuch offices ſhould ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleneſs.

Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courteſy,
If it be any, is not ill beſtow'd.
But may I civilly deſire the reſt[38]?
I ſhall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir, you ſhall know: I have loſt a fooliſh daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.

[38] *But may I civilly deſire the reſt?*] Mardonius may ſeem here at firſt view, to be over inquiſitive into the ſecrets of one, whom he had never ſeen before: But he, firſt, offers him his beſt ſervices without fee, or reward. But the motive of the Poets for this curioſity was to let the audience be informed that Lygones was the father of Spaconia; and that a ſcurvy captain, belonging to Arbaces, had pilfered her away from him. *Mr. Theobald.*

It is certainly the uſual intention, as well as buſineſs, of dramatick poets, to convey the plot to the audience; yet that ought always to be effected by natural and probable means; and we think there is no force uſed in the preſent dialogue.

Mar.

Mar. Stay there, Sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though ſhe were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That ſerves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promiſe him a good man,
My cares were ſo much lighter, and my grave
A ſpan yet from me.

Mar. I confeſs, ſuch fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and muſt be,
To make the ſin of coward more deteſted
In the mean ſoldier, that with ſuch a foil
Sets off much valour. By deſcription,
I ſhould now gueſs him to you; it was Beſſus,
I dare almoſt with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis ſuch a ſcurvy name as Beſſus; and, now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, Sir, you have a miſery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!
For that muſt be the end of all his ſervice.
Your daughter was not mad, Sir?

Lyg. No; 'would ſhe had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do ſomething.

Mar. I would fain counſel you; but to what I know not.
He's ſo below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their diſtaves, and
To hang him were to caſt away a rope.
He's ſuch an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, Sir, and tell you truth; this raſcal
Fears neither God nor man; h'has been ſo beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainſcot; he has had,
Since he was firſt a ſlave, at leaſt three hundred daggers
Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in hot meat.
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conſcience,

That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his ſides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended;
Children will ſhortly take him for a wall,
And ſet their ſtone-bows in his forehead.
He is of ſo baſe a ſenſe, I cannot in a week imagine what ſhall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed ſome great ſin
That this baſe fellow ſhould be made my rod.
I would ſee him; but I ſhall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not: If a laming of him, or ſuch a toy, may do you pleaſure, Sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broke, or a ſhoulder out, with being turn'd o' th' ſtones like a tanſy. Draw not your ſword, if you love it; for, on my conſcience, his head will break it: We uſe him i'th' wars like a ram, to ſhake a wall withal. Here comes the very perſon of him; do as you ſhall find your temper; I muſt leave you: But if you do not break him like a biſket, you're much to blame, Sir,

[*Exit Mar.*

Enter Beſſus and the Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Beſſus?

Beſ. Men call me captain Beſſus.

Lyg. Then, captain Beſſus, you're a rank raſcal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen ſlave! and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray uſe your pleaſure, Sir; you ſeem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. Thus, captain Beſſus, thus! Thus twinge your noſe, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Beſ. I do beſeech you, yield your cauſe, Sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I ſhould have told you that firſt.

Beſ. I take it ſo.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he ſhould, indeed; he is miſtaken.

Lyg. Sir, you ſhall have it quickly, and more beating:

You

You have ſtol'n away a lady, captain Coward,
And ſuch a one—— [*Beats him.*
Beſ. Hold, I beſeech you, hold, Sir;
I never yet ſtole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.
Lyg. I know you dare lye.
Beſ. With none but ſummer-whores upon my life, Sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.
Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is this lady?
Do that you do not uſe to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Waſh 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.
Beſ. There was a lady, Sir, I muſt confeſs,
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her ſafety. How I us'd her
She may herſelf report; ſhe's with the prince now.
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which ſhe will teſtify, I'm ſure: If not,
My brains are at your ſervice, when you pleaſe, Sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.
Lyg. This is moſt likely. Sir, I aſk your pardon,
And am ſorry I was ſo intemperate.
Beſ. Well, I can aſk no more. You would think it ſtrange now, to have me beat you at firſt ſight.
Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodneſs can forget twenty beatings: You muſt forgive me.
Beſ. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I ſhall think you a valiant fellow for all this.
Lyg. My daughter is a whore!
I feel it now too ſenſible; yet I will ſee her;
Diſcharge myſelf from being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.
Farewell, captain. [*Exit Lyg.*
Beſ. Farewell, Sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bef. Gentlemen o'th' ſword, your hands once more; I have been kick'd again; but the fooliſh fellow is penitent, h'as aſk'd me mercy, and my honour's ſafe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the fooliſh fellow had better have kick'd his grandſire.

Bef. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let him come, and ſay he was not ſorry, and he ſleeps for it.

Bef. Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; theſe courſes will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lygones and Bacurius.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is ſo; for my conſent would never hinder you from ſeeing your own king: I am a miniſter, but not a governor of this ſtate. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is, indeed,
And with him my diſloyal child.

Tygr. I do perceive my fault ſo much, that yet,
Methinks, thou ſhouldſt not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your majeſty!

Tygr. What, good Lygones! welcome! what buſineſs
Brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several buſineſſes:
My public buſineſs will appear by this;
I have a meſſage to deliver, which
If it pleaſes you ſo to authorize, is
An embaſſage from th' Armenian ſtate,
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.
The offer's there ſet down; pleaſe you to read it,

Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd ſince
I came thence?

Lyg. None, Sir; all is as it was.

Tygr. And all our friends are well?

Lyg. All very well.

Spa.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not ſee my father: It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lyg. Madam, I ſhould have ſeen you.

Spa. Oh, good Sir, forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin t'you, am I?

Spa. Should it be meaſur'd by my mean deſerts,
Indeed, you are not.

Lyg. Thou couldſt prate, unhappily,
Ere thou couldſt go; 'would thou couldſt do as well!
And how does your cuſtom hold out here?

Spa. Sir?

Lyg. Are you in private ſtill, or how?

Spa. What do you mean?

Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to ſell ſin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king caſt you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whoſe beſt commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had liv'd to ſee this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had ſeen it! Why didſt not make me acquainted when thou wert firſt reſolv'd to be a whore?
I would have ſeen thy hot luſt ſatisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole concert of muſicians,
In my own houſe, only to fiddle thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldſt not ſay ſo much for thyſelf, thou ſhouldſt be carted.

Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You ſhall deliver it.

Lyg. Well, Sir, I will:
But I have private buſineſs with you.

Tigr. Speak; what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deſerv'd ſo ill of you,
That you can pick no ſtrumpets i'the land,
But out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones?

Lyg.

Lyg. Yes; and I wiſh to have you know, I ſcorn
To get a whore for any prince alive:
And yet ſcorn will not help! Methinks, my daughter
Might have been ſpar'd; there were enow beſides.

Tigr. May I not proſper but ſhe's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare ſwear,
For all the world.

Lyg. Why is ſhe with you, then?
Can ſhe wait on you better than your man?
Has ſhe a gift in plucking off your ſtockings?
Can ſhe make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; ſo ſhould I;
And every ſubject elſe think much at it.

Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou ſee'ſt thy queen there,

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I call'd her whore. If I ſhall ſpeak now as her father, I cannot chooſe but greatly rejoice that ſhe ſhall be a queen: But if I ſhould ſpeak to you as a ſtateſman, ſhe were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your buſineſs to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.

Lyg. Yes, Sir, I will go.
And ſhall ſhe be a queen? She had more wit
Than her old father, when ſhe ran away.
Shall ſhe be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine!
I'll dance out of all meaſure at her wedding:
Shall I not, Sir?

Tigr. Yes, marry, ſhalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make theſe wither'd kexes bear my body
Two hours together above ground.

Tigr. Nay, go;
My buſineſs requires haſte.

Lyg. Good Heav'n preſerve you!
You are an excellent king.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, ſweet virtuous daughter.

I never

I never was ſo joyful in my life,
That I remember! Shall ſhe be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lyed that ſaid ſo. [*Exit Lyg.*

Tigr. Come, my dear love.

Spa. But you may ſee another,
May alter that again.

Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new ſtrong conſtancy,
Not to be ſhook with eyes. I know I have
The paſſions of a man; but if I meet
With any ſubject that ſhould hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: Let that ſuffice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacurius and a Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to ſpeak with me?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Beſſus with the two Sword-men.

Serv. They are enter'd, Sir, already.

Bac. Now, fellows, your buſineſs? Are theſe the gentlemen?

Beſ. My lord, I have made bold to bring theſe gentlemen, my friends o'th' ſword, along with me.

Bac. I am afraid you'll fight, then.

Beſ. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordſhip is miſtaken; fear not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am ſorry for't.

Beſ. I aſk no more in honour. Gentlemen, you hear my lord is ſorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you,
But beaten one that will be beaten;
One whoſe dull body will require a laming,
As ſurfeits do the diet, ſpring and fall.
Now, to your ſword-men:
What come they for, good captain Stockfiſh?

Beſ. It ſeems your lordſhip has forgot my name.

Bac.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are things fitter, I muſt confeſs, for any thing than my remembrance, or any honeſt man's: What ſhall theſe billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

Beſ. Your lordſhip holds your mirth ſtill, Heav'n continue it! But, for theſe gentlemen, they come——

Bac. To ſwear you are a coward: Spare your book; I do believe it.

Beſ. Your lordſhip ſtill draws wide; they come to vouch, under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

Bac. That would be a ſhow, indeed, worth ſeeing. Sirs, be wiſe and take money for this motion, travel with it; and where the name of Beſſus has been known, or a good coward ſtirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainſhip, and more natural. Men of moſt valiant hands, is this true?

2 *Sw.* It is ſo, moſt renowned.

Bac. 'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange.

1 *Sw.* Lord, it is ſtrange, yet true. We have examined, from your lordſhip's foot there to this man's head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean and ſufficient: This, as our ſwords ſhall help us.

Bac. You are much bound to your *bilbo* men; I'm glad you're ſtraight again, captain. 'Twere good you would think ſome way how to gratify them; they have undergone a labour for you, Beſſus, would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2 *Sw.* Your lordſhip muſt underſtand we are no men o'th' law, that take pay for our opinions; it is ſufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is ſomething due, which I, as touch'd in conſcience, will diſcharge. Captain, I'll pay this rent for you.

Beſ. Spare yourſelf, my good lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold diſcharge, Sir, for the pains.

2 *Sw.* Oh, lord! my good lord!

Bac.

Bac. Be not ſo modeſt; I will give you ſomething.

Beſ. They ſhall dine with your lordſhip; that's ſufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-ſquires, do you come hither, with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Sw.* I do beſeech your lordſhip.

2 *Sw.* Oh, good lord!

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten ſlaves are here! Get me a cudgel, ſirrah, and a tough one.

2 *Sw.* More of your foot, I do beſeech your lordſhip.

Bac. You ſhall, you ſhall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1 *Sw.* O' this ſide, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your ſwords; for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead, you raſcals.

1 *Sw.* Mine's off, my lord.

2 *Sw.* I beſeech your lordſhip, ſtay a little; my ſtrap's tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you pleaſe.

Bac. Captain, theſe are your valiant friends; you long for a little too?

Beſ. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordſhip.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel? Thy buttocks cannot be ſo hard; out with it quickly.

2 *Sw.* Here 'tis, Sir; a ſmall piece of artillery, that a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordſhip's, ſent me with, to get it mended, Sir; for, if you mark, the noſe is ſomewhat looſe.

Bac. A friend of mine, you raſcal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, than kicking theſe two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a good cudgel, Sir.

Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; prithee, do thou beat them.

2 *Sw.*

2 *Sw.* My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put a freſh man upon us: Men are but men, Sir.

Bac. That jeſt ſhall ſave your bones. Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone. I had rather threſh than be bound to kick theſe raſcals, 'till they cry'd, 'ho!' Beſſus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell! as you like this, pray viſit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [*Exit.*

2 *Sw.* H'as a deviliſh hard foot; I never felt the like.

1 *Sw.* Nor I; and yet, I am ſure, I have felt a hundred.

2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i' th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred. What cure now, captain, beſides oil of bays?

Beſ. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?

2 *Sw.* Yes, Heav'n be thank'd! but I feel a ſhrewd ache; ſure, he's ſprang my huckle-bone.

1 *Sw.* I ha' loſt a haunch.

Beſ. A little butter, friend, a little butter; butter and parſley is a ſovereign matter: *Probatum eſt.*

2 *Sw.* Captain, we muſt requeſt your hand now to our honours.

Beſ. Yes, marry, ſhall ye; and then let all the world come, we are valiant to ourſelves, and there's an end.

1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we muſt be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

2 *Sw.* Oh, my ſmall guts! a plague upon theſe ſharp-toed ſhoes; they are murderers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces, with his ſword drawn.

Arb. It is reſolv'd: I bore it whilſt I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be ſhut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the moſt damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongſt them all they ſhall not have a ſin,
But I may call it mine; I muſt begin

Wi'th'

Wi' th' murder of my friend, and ſo go on
To that inceſtuous raviſhing, and end
My life and ſins with a forbidden blow
Upon myſelf!

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a ſword,
But it cry'd 'dead' to ſomething.
Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?
Mar. How do you, Sir?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, Sir, are you thus?
Why do your hands proclaim a lawleſs war
Againſt yourſelf?
Arb. Thou anſwer'ſt me one queſtion with another;
Is Gobrias coming?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your queſtions then. Be gone!
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd——
Arb. Mark leſs! it troubles you
And me.
Mar. You are more variable than you were.
Arb. It may be ſo.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confeſs it; will that ſatisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will ſpeak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourſelf: I am a ſubject,
And you ſhall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cauſe,
And I may ſpeak.

Arb.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in ſin,
It ſeems, Mardonius: Kill myſelf! by Heav'n,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I ſhall be ſuch a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedneſs;
It grows up by degrees [39]: I am not come
So high as killing of myſelf; there are
A hundred thouſand ſins 'twixt me and it,
Which I muſt do; I ſhall come to't at laſt,
But, take my oath, not now. Be ſatisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I'm ſorry 'tis ſo ill.

Arb. Be ſorry, then [40]:
True ſorrow is alone; grieve by thyſelf.

Mar. I pray you let me ſee your ſword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. Why, ſo. What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to miſchief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'ſt thou? Theſe are toys
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.
Now I am ſafe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here; my ſword is not ſo ſure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the deſtinies ſhould quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haſte to make us new,
Far other fortunes; mine could not be worſe.
Wilt thou now leave me?

---

39 *There is a method in man's wickedneſs,*
It grows up by degrees.] This thought is plainly borrow'd from Juvenal's Satires; (as I had mark'd in the margin of my book, and as Mr. Sympſon likewiſe hinted to me).
Nemo repentè *fuit* turpiſſimus. *Mr. Theobald.*

40 *Be ſorry then; true ſorrow is* alone;
Grieve by thyſelf.] This reflection is as evidently ſhadow'd out from one of Martial's Epigrams.
Ille dolet verè *qui* ſine teſte *dolet.*
This, if I remember right, was thus rendered by our facetious Tom Brown.
That man grieves with a witneſs *who grieves* without one.
Mr. Theobald.

Mar.

Mar. Heav'n put into your boſom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit Mar.*
Arb. Go; thou art honeſt.
Why ſhould the haſty errors of my youth
Be ſo unpardonable to draw a ſin,
Helpleſs, upon me?

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the king; now it is ripe.
Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man [41],
That art the author of the loathed'ſt crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me ſpeak!
Curſes incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his ſpirit can receive,
Be with thee!
Gob. Why, Sir, do you curſe me thus?
Arb. Why do I curſe thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curſes, that exceeds the reſt,
His worſt wiſh on thee! Thou haſt broke my heart.
Gob. How, Sir! Have I preſerv'd you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could ſhoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didſt preſerve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hard'ned murderers
Of infants and their mothers? Thou didſt ſave me,

[41] *Draw near, thou guilty man.*] The ſubſequent ſcenes, to the end of the play, have been, through the whole courſe of the impreſſions, delivered down to us as proſe; but I have reſtor'd them to their ſtrict metre and verſification: And, through my whole edition (where the interpolations, or caſtrations, by the ſtage do not obſtruct me in it, I ſhall endeavour to do our authors the ſame juſtice.
Mr. Theobald.

This is only a continuation of the daring falſhood mentioned in p. 248; for, in the old copies, we find the lines run exactly the ſame as in Mr. Theobald's edition, except in two or three very trifling inſtances. It is remarkable, too, that that gentleman has introduced fewer of his arbitrary variations in this ſcene, than in almoſt any other part of the work.

Only till thou hadſt ſtudied out a way
How to deſtroy me cunningly thyſelf:
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'ſt the evils thou haſt done to me!
Doſt thou remember all thoſe witching letters
Thou ſent'ſt unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praiſe of my beloved ſiſter,
Where thou extol'dſt her beauty? What had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didſt write how well ſhe lov'd me!
Doſt thou remember this? ſo that I doted
Something before I ſaw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'ſt,
Thou didſt purſue it, 'till thou wound'ſt me in
To ſuch a ſtrange and unbeliev'd affection,
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the cauſe.
Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'ſt it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:
As I love Heav'n and honeſty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own ſad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyſelf to die.
Gob. Why, Sir, to die?
Arb. Why ſhouldſt thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confeſſion of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'dſt me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the ſweetneſs
Left for me.
Gob. Now's the time. Hear me but ſpeak.
Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didſt ſteal into me,

And

And never gav'ſt me warning: So much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithſtanding all thy ſins,
If thou haſt hope that there is yet a prayer
To ſave thee, turn and ſpeak it to thyſelf.

Gob. Sir, you ſhall know your ſins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me——

Arb. I will not ſtay then.

Gob. Know—you kill your father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your father.

Arb. My father? Though I know it for a lye,
Made out of fear, to ſave thy ſtained life,
The very rev'rence of the word comes croſs me;
And ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that ſhall heighten you again;
I am thy father; I charge thee hear me.

Arb. If it ſhould be ſo,
As 'tis moſt falſe, and that I ſhould be found
A baſtard iſſue, the deſpiſed fruit
Of lawleſs luſt, I ſhould no more admire
All my wild paſſions! But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The ſpirit of pain, it ſhould be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'ſt thyſelf more full of lyes
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to ſpeak to thee; thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!

Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou ſtrumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou haſt thy ſhame.

Ara. My ſhame! Thou haſt leſs ſhame than any thing!
Why doſt thou keep my daughter in a priſon?
Why doſt thou call her ſiſter, and do this?

Arb. Ceaſe, thou ſtrange impudence, and anſwer quickly!
If thou contemn'ſt me, this will aſk an anſwer,
And have it.
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt; though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the puniſhment
They ſever; and each flies the noiſe of other.
Think not of help; anſwer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To ſuch a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou haſt made thyſelf,
That didſt not ſhame to do what I muſt bluſh
Only to aſk thee. Tell me who I am,
Whoſe ſon I am, without all circumſtance;
Be thou as haſty as my ſword will be,
If thou refuſeſt.
Ara. Why, you are his ſon.
Arb. His ſon? Swear, ſwear, thou worſe than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are.
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cauſe
Of all my ſtrange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'ſt thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou haſt offended Heav'n,
Thy huſband, and the land? Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldſt have poiſon'd me:
I was thy luſt, which thou wouldſt have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my ſins, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a ſpacious world
Of impious acts, that I may ſoon poſſeſs it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'ſt, and ſuch diſeaſes
As uſe to pay luſt, recompence thy deed!
Gob. You do not know why you curſe thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold

The

The ſerpent you have got! There is no beaſt,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more deſcents;
And I am every way as beaſtly got,
As far without the compaſs of a law,
As they.

Ara. You ſpend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a gueſs; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.

Gob. Why, but you are no baſtard.

Arb. How's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine.

Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.

Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.

Arb. I will kneel,
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, ſpeak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.

Gob. Firſt know, our laſt king, your ſuppoſed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almoſt all the land, as ſhe, paſt hope
Of iſſue from him.

Arb. Therefore ſhe took leave
To play the whore, becauſe the king was old:
Is this the comfort?

Ara. What will you find out
To give me ſatisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me? Let fire conſume me
If ever I were whore!

Gob. Forbear theſe ſtarts,
Or I will leave you wedded to deſpair,
As you are now: If you can find a temper,
My breath ſhall be a pleaſant weſtern wind
That cools and blaſts not.

Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and liſten here as reverently
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,

Tell me; for I would be as ſtill as night.
Gob. Our king, I ſay, was old, and this our queen
Deſir'd to bring an heir, but yet her huſband,
She thought, was paſt it; and to be diſhoneſt,
I think, ſhe would not: If ſhe would have been,
The truth is, ſhe was watch'd ſo narrowly,
And had ſo ſlender opportunities,
She hardly could have been: But yet her cunning
Found out this way; ſhe feign'd herſelf with-child,
And poſts were ſent in haſte throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry church,
That ſo had bleſs'd the queen; and prayers were made
For her ſafe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceiv'd
This hope of iſſue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large reſpect from every man,
And ſaw her pow'r encreaſe, and was reſolv'd,
Since ſhe believ'd ſhe could not have't indeed,
At leaſt ſhe would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No noiſe at all; but pray you to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She ſhould be brought to bed, I had a ſon
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of,
Mov'd me to let her have you; and ſuch reaſons
She ſhewed me, as ſhe knew well would tie
My ſecrecy: She ſwore you ſhould be king;
And, to be ſhort, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own houſe kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night this queen feign'd haſtily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which ſhe had charm'd, ſhe made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up,
As the king's ſon, till you were ſix years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection

Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with-child, indeed, of the fair princeſs
Panthea. Then ſhe could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durſt not ſpeak
In publick, for ſhe knew ſhe ſhould be found
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought
Madneſs, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cauſe why ſhe did ſeek
To poiſon you, and I to keep you ſafe;
And this the reaſon why I ſought to kindle
Some ſparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That ſhe might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now! Is this all?
If not, I will be ſtill till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be ſilver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true, ſay you too, madam?

Ara. Yes, Heaven knows, it is moſt true.

Arb. Panthea, then, is not my ſiſter.

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you'll give conſent,
Elſe who dares go about it?

Arb. Give conſent?
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em. All that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy! Oh, you are welcome!

Enter Beſſus, gentlemen, Mardonius, and other attendants.

Mardonius, the beſt news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all ſhall hear it: I am found No King.

Mar. Is that ſo good news?

Arb. Yes, the happieſt news
That e'er was heard.

Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little leſs obey'd.

Arb. One call the queen.

Mar. Why, ſhe is there.

Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces. Go, ſome one!
She is in Gobrias' houſe. Since I ſaw you,
There are a thouſand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of. [*Exit a gentleman.*

Mar. So it ſhould ſeem. My lord,
What fury's this?

Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he ſays is truth.

Mar. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me? I ſwear, it muſt not be;
Nay, truſt me, in good faith, it muſt not be!
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the reſpect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my deſire.

Mar. We will. You are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?

Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In preſence.

Mar. Where?

Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole ſtory
Would be a wilderneſs, to loſe thyſelf
For ever. Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have ſpoke in idle moods to you!
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-ſubjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my ſiſter.

Bef. Why, if you remember, fellow-ſubject Arbaces, I told you once ſhe was not your ſiſter: Ay, and ſhe look'd nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good captain Beſſus.

Bef.

Bef. Here will ariſe another queſtion now amongſt the ſword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is prov'd No King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian ſtate.

Arb. Where is he? I know your buſineſs, good Lygones.

Lyg. We muſt have our king again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your buſineſs: You ſhall have
Your king again; and have him ſo again,
As never king was had. Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, ſent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' miſtreſs. [*Exe. two gentlemen.*

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.

Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. She is ſo. I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king ſhall go ſo home,
As never man went.

Mar. Shall he go on's head?

Arb. He ſhall have chariots eaſier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He ſhall pay any ranſom! And thyſelf,
That art the meſſenger, ſhall ride before him
On a horſe cut out of an entire diamond,
That ſhall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why, I ſhall be made
For ever! They bely'd this king with us,
And ſaid he was unkind.

Arb. And then, thy daughter;
She ſhall have ſome ſtrange thing; we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly, and put into a toy,

Which

Which ſhe ſhall wear about her careleſly,
Somewhere or other. See, the virtuous queen!
Behold the humbleſt ſubject that you have,
Kneel here before you.

Enter Panthea and 1 *gentleman.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vaſſal?
Arb. Grant me one requeſt.
Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? what I can
I will.
Arb. That you will pleaſe to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. I'll kiſs this hand, in earneſt.
2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it ſtrange, at firſt,
To ſee the princeſs any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'ſt. Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'ſt ſo given, take revenge,
For I have injur'd thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance,
Than I my liberty.
Arb. May'ſt thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ranſom to the ſtate! Know, that
I have a thouſand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, 'till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.

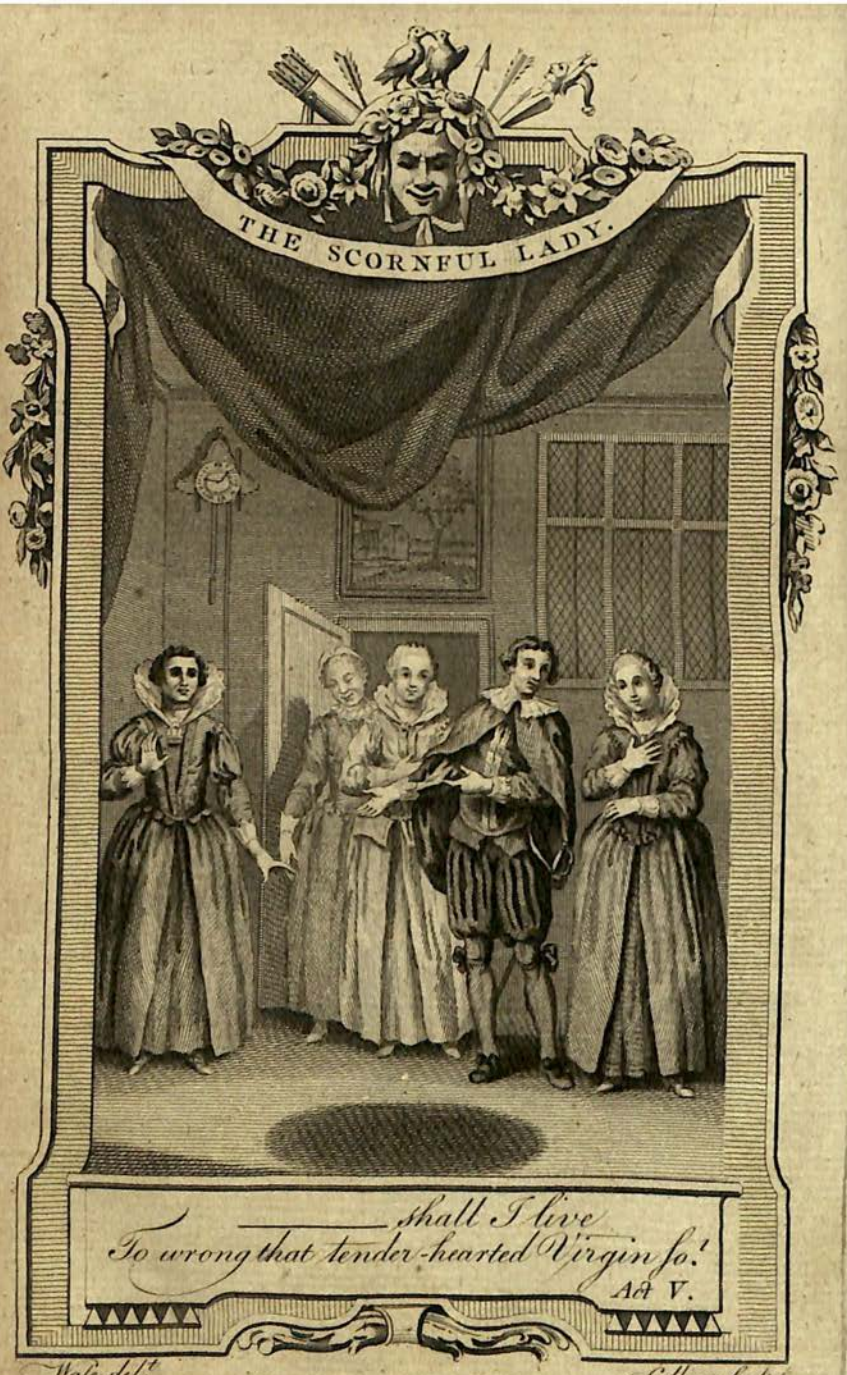
Arb.

Arb. Take then your fair one with you: And you, queen
Of goodneſs and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine! Come, every one
That takes delight in goodneſs, help to ſing
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd No King!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE following obſervations are made by Mr. Seward, reſpecting this play.

'Mr. Rhymer flings the moſt virulent of all his invectives againſt 'Othello and Arbaces, falſly deeming all the faults of thoſe characters to be ſo many charges againſt the Poets; whereas their intent 'was not to paint *perfection* but *human nature*, to blend the *virtues* and *vices* together, ſo that both may ſpring from the ſame *temper*, 'and, like *handſome* and *ill favour'd children*, both ſtill bear a *reſemblance* to their *ſire*.' To do this well is one of the higheſt efforts of poetry. Arbaces, like his great pattern Achilles, has *virtues* and *vices* in the extreme. His *violence* makes us expect ſome dreadful effect, and it therefore ſoon hurries him into an attempt to commit *inceſt*. He is to raiſe *terror* and *anger*, not *pity* and *love*; and Mr. Rhymer having the ſame *choler* in his *temper*, ridiculouſly took fire, and furiouſly attack'd his *own ſhadow*.'

The ſavage jealouſy of the Moor is ſo finely delineated, that the tragedy of Othello, notwithſtanding ſome ſlight defects in the conſtruction of the fable, muſt for ever excite the admiration of all true lovers of dramatic poetry. The ſpleen of Rhymer is almoſt as ineffectually vented on this tragedy of our Authors: Yet Candor and Juſtice oblige us to confeſs, that the ſudden tranſition of paſſions in the character of Arbaces ſometimes borders on the ridiculous. The picture is, however, in the main, faithfully copied from nature, with many touches of peculiar excellence, particularly the agitations of Arbaces, during his conflict with a ſuppoſed inceſtuous paſſion. His reverential fear of Mardonius, and his contempt of Beſſus, while he is ſeverally ſoliciting them, are finely imagined, and as finely executed. The Arbaces of our Authors is evidently the model on which Lee formed his Alexander, as well as his Clytus on Mardonius. It would, perhaps, require a nice hand to make this play thoroughly reliſhed by a modern audience; yet it moſt certainly abounds with the higheſt dramatic excellencies, and deſerves an eminent rank in the liſt of theatrical productions.


THE SCORNFUL LADY.
shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted Virgin so!
Act V.
Wale del.t
Collyer sculp.t

THE

SCORNFUL LADY.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Waller and Stanley ſpeak of Fletcher as the Author of this Comedy; in the titles of the old copies we find the names of both our Authors, and it is ſuppoſed to have been their joint production. We do not find that it was ever altered; nor has it been performed in the courſe of many years paſt; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the Lady, it uſed to be frequently repreſented.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Elder Loveleſs, *a ſuitor to the Lady.*
Young Loveleſs, *a prodigal.*
Savil, *ſteward to Elder Loveleſs.*
Welford, *a ſuitor to the Lady.*
Sir Roger, *curate to the Lady.*
A Captain,
A Traveller,
A Poet,
A Tobacco-man,
} *hangers-on to Young Loveleſs.*
Morecraft, *an uſurer.*

WOMEN.

Lady,
Martha,
} *two ſiſters.*
Younglove, *or* Abigail, *a waiting gentlewoman.*
A rich Widow.

Wenches, fidlers, and attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

ACT I.

Enter Elder Loveleſs, Young Loveleſs, Savil, and a page.

Elder Loveleſs. BROTHER, is your laſt hope paſt, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Young Loveleſs. Hopeleſly paſt. I have preſented the uſurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra ſwallow'd; he hath ſuck'd in ten thouſand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets[1].

El. Lo. I have as hard a taſk to perform in this houſe.

Yo. Lo. Faith, mine was to make an uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſuade a paſſionate woman, or to leave the land.

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[1] *At a gulp, without trumpets.*] The alluſion is here either to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments; or elſe to a paſſage in the Acharnenſes of Ariſtophanes, upon which the old Scholiaſt informs us, that it was a cuſtom in Athens, at certain of their feaſts, to challenge one another to drink by ſound of trumpet.

Mr. Theobald.

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat ſtay[2].

El. Lo. I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night; though the darkneſs of the night, and the roughneſs of the waters, might eaſily diſſuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate, to ſtay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel and die without iſſue.

El. Lo. Savil, you ſhall gain the opinion of a better ſervant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter, my will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's miſtreſs Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your miſtreſs's toes.

Enter Younglove, or Abigail.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs Younglove——

Abig. Maſter Loveleſs, truly we thought your ſails had been hoiſt: My miſtreſs is perſuaded you are ſea-ſick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves ſhe her ill-taken-up reſolution ſo dearly? Didſt thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that ſhines, there's no removing her, if ſhe get a ſtiff opinion by the end. I attempted

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[2] *And mine is to perſuade*, &c.] The majority of the old quartos thus divide this ſpeech:

——— *or to leave the land.*

Yo. Lo. *Make the boat ſtay; I fear I ſhall*, &c.

which is certainly erroneous. The modern editions make no diviſion, but give the whole to the Elder Loveleſs; which ſeems equally improper. We apprehend the original reading to have been,

——— *or to leave the land.*

Yo. Lo. *Make the boat ſtay.*

El. Lo. *I fear I ſhall begin*, &c.

i. e. After the Elder Loveleſs declares, that, if he cannot perſuade the Lady to remit the duty ſhe had impoſed on him in her paſſion, he muſt undergo the diſagreeable taſk of quitting the land; the Younger jocularly replies, 'Make the boat ſtay;' *be not haſty, poſtpone your departure.* The Elder then rejoins, 'I fear I ſhall begin my journey this night.'

her

her to-day, when, they ſay, a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her ſmock was over her ears; but ſhe was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

El. Lo. I prithee deliver my ſervice, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the dear cauſe of my baniſhment; and then for France.

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither, is that your brother?

El. Lo. Yes; have you loſt your memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Oh, this is a ſweet brach[3].

El. Lo. Why, ſhe knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but ſhe offer'd me once to know her. To this day ſhe loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid ſtruck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never ſaw her; yet ſhe in kindneſs would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She lov'd all the players in the laſt queen's time once over; ſhe was ſtruck when they acted lovers, and forſook ſome when they play'd murderers. She has nine ſpur-royals[4], and the ſervants ſay ſhe hoards old gold; and ſhe herſelf pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldeſt ſon (or her miſtreſs's huſband's clerk ſhall be) that marries her, ſhall make her a jointure of fourſcore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the ſerving-men——

El. Lo. Enough, I know her. Brother, I ſhall entreat you only to ſalute my miſtreſs and take leave; we'll part at the ſtairs.

Enter Lady and waiting-woman.

Lady. Now, Sir, this firſt part of your will is perform'd: What's the reſt?

[3] O, *this is a ſweet* brache!] A ſort of hound, or any little ſlinking, houſehold cur. *Mr. Theobald.*

Brach is uſed by Shakeſpeare to ſignify a bitch-hound.

[4] *She has nine* ſpur-ryals.] This was a piece of gold coin, very current in the reign of king James I. *Mr. Theobald.*

El. Lo. Firſt, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

Lady. I ſhall take it as a favour done to me. Tho' the gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable diſpoſition would have been ready to have done him freer courteſies as a ſtranger, than upon thoſe cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my ſalutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the maſter of your own occaſions. [*Ex. Yo. Lo. and Savil.*

El. Lo. 'Would I were ſo. Miſtreſs, for me to praiſe over again that worth, which all the world, and you yourſelf can ſee——

Lady. It's a cold room this, ſervant.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Miſtreſs, another in my place, that were not ty'd to believe all your actions juſt, would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I, whoſe virtues are conſtancy and obedience——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my ſervant's exordiums.

El. Lo. I have heard and ſeen your affability to be ſuch, that the ſervants you give wages to may ſpeak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' purpoſe.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs, your will leads my ſpeeches from the purpoſe. But, as a man——

Lady. A ſimile, ſervant! This room was built for honeſt meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and ſimilies, and metaphors? If you have aught to ſay, break into it: My anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you.

El. Lo. Miſtreſs, I came to ſee you.

Lady. That's happily diſpatch'd; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

Lady.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

Lady. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it?

Lady. I? never apter. Faſt, good ſervant, faſt!

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reaſon.

Lady. Moſt willingly; have you brought one can ſpeak it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveneſs.

Lady. You would ſtay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your miſtreſs, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with paſſions: But the thing by her commanded is, to ſee Dover's dreadful Cliff, paſſing in a poor water houſe; the dangers of the mercileſs Channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' ſail, with three poor weeks' victuals [5].

El. Lo. You wrong me.

Lady. Then, to land dumb, unable to enquire for an Engliſh hoſt, to remove from city to city, by moſt chargeable poſt-horſe, like one that rode in queſt of his mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all theſe (almoſt invincible) labours

[5] *Five long hours' ſail, with three poor weeks' victuals.*] This ſpeech is all through ſarcaſtical. She is bantering her gallant on the ſuppoſed danger of his voyage; and the great care he is taking of himſelf, in laying in three weeks' proviſions only to croſs from Dover to Calais. *Mr. Theobald.*

Where the apprehenſive Mr. Theobald acquired information of Loveleſs having laid in three weeks' proviſion is unknown to us. Had he not informed us this was the caſe, we ſhould have ſuppoſed the ſarcaſm levelled at the generality of *puny* travellers, not ſingly at Loveleſs.

perform'd for your miſtreſs, to be in danger to forſake her, and to put on new allegiance to ſome French lady, who is content to change language with your laughter; and, after your whole year ſpent in tennis and broken ſpeech, to ſtand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chambermaids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Lo. You know your leaſt word is of force to make me ſeek out dangers; move me not with toys. But in this baniſhment, I muſt take leave to ſay, you are unjuſt: Was one kiſs forc'd from you in public by me ſo unpardonable? Why, all the hours of day and night have ſeen us kiſs.

Lady. 'Tis true, and ſo you told the company that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And ſo you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did; yet no ſign of diſgrace need to have ſtain'd your cheek: You yourſelf knew your pure and ſimple heart to be moſt unſpotted, and free from the leaſt baſeneſs.

Lady. I did: But if a maid's heart doth but once think that ſhe is ſuſpected, her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this diſgrace? the world, that knew us, knew our reſolutions well: And could it be hop'd, that I ſhould give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kiſs'd? or could I in ſtrict wiſdom take too much love upon me, from her that choſe me for her huſband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-ſmock were on;
Were the gloves bought and giv'n, the licence come;
Were the roſemary-branches dipp'd, and all
The hippocras[6] and cakes eat and drank of;

Were

[6] *Hippocras.*] This was a wine ſpiced and ſtrain'd thro' a flannel bag, formerly in much requeſt at weddings, wakes, &c. The ſtrainer,

Were theſe two arms encompaſs'd with the hands
Of batchelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were 'I John' ſaid;
If John ſhould boaſt a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have ſpent this year commodiouſly,
In atchieving languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Than ſuch a friend. More talk I hold not now.
If you dare go——

El. Lo. I dare, you know. Firſt, let me kiſs.

Lady. Farewell, ſweet ſervant. Your taſk perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning ſuitor,
I ſhall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewell, cruel miſtreſs! [*Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveleſs and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the loſing your tide to Graveſend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

El. Lo. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of courſe to live doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Yo. Lo. Courſe? why horſe-courſing, I think. Conſume no time in this; I have no eſtate to be mended by meditation: He that buſies himſelf about my fortunes, may properly be ſaid to buſy himſelf about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet ſome courſe you muſt take, which, for my ſatisfaction, reſolve and open. If you will ſhape none, I muſt inform you, that that man but perſuades himſelf he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: You have fed others,

ſtrainer, we are told, was call'd Hippocrates's ſleeve. I know, there is a woollen bag, ſo call'd, uſed by the apothecaries to ſtrain ſyrups and decoctions for clarification. *Mr. Theobald.*

and conſequently diſpos'd of 'em; and the ſame meaſure muſt you expect from your maintainers; which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll purſe; if that raiſe me not, I'll bett at bowling-alleys, or man whores[7]: I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilſt I am unhang'd, and, after, the thought's taken.

El. Lo. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular employment, then?

Yo. Lo. Faith, I may chuſe my courſe: They ſay, nature brings forth none but ſhe provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of baſe and dangerous paths, I have reſolv'd you ſhall live as maſter of my houſe. It ſhall be your care, Savil, to ſee him fed and cloath'd, not according to his preſent eſtate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in carnation Jerſey ſtockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i' th' ſleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wis, it is than thoſe dangling ſlops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all ſervice

7 *Why, I'll* purſe; *if that raiſe me not, I'll* bett *at bowling-alleys, or* man whores] *i. e.* I'll take a purſe upon the road, or turn bully and ſtallion to a bawdy-houſe. *Mr. Theobald.*

The Authors here allude to three of the moſt deſpicable modes of acquiring ſubſiſtence to which mankind can be reduced: To be *a robber, a gambler*, and *an attendant of ſtrumpets*; for ſuch is the meaning of *man whores*, and not to be a ſtallion, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes.

This expreſſion is uſed by Oſborn, in his Advice to his Son, in the following manner.

'Carry no dogs to court, or any public place, to avoid conteſts 'with ſuch as may ſpurn, or endeavour to take them up: The ſame 'may be ſaid of boys not wiſe or ſtrong enough to decline or re'venge affronts, whoſe complaints do not ſeldom engage their maſters; 'as I knew one of quality killed in the defence of his page: The 'like danger attends ſuch as are ſo indiſcrete, as to *man whores* in 'the ſtreet, in which every one pretends to have an intereſt for his 'money, and therefore unwilling to ſee them monopolized, eſpecially 'when they have got a pot in their pate.'

peaceably,

peaceably, and him to command you reaſonably, I leave theſe further directions in writing; which, at your beſt leiſure, together open and read.

Enter Abigail to them, with a jewel.

Abig. Sir, my miſtreſs commends her love to you in this token, and theſe words: It is a jewel, ſhe ſays, which, as a favour from her, ſhe would requeſt you to wear till your year's travel be perform'd; which, once expir'd, ſhe will haſtily expect your happy return [8].

El. Lo. Return my ſervice, with ſuch thanks as ſhe may imagine the heart of a ſuddenly-over-joy'd man would willingly utter: And you, I hope, I ſhall with ſlender arguments perſuade to wear this diamond; that when my miſtreſs ſhall, through my long abſence, and the approach of new ſuitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and ſpeak of me: She will hear thee better than thoſe allied by birth to her; as we ſee many men much ſway'd by the grooms of their chambers; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion of them, than on others, but for they know their ſecrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I ſwear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other ſuitors.

El. Lo. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning: You know how to take exception at their ſhirts at waſhing; or to make the maids ſwear they found plaiſters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do you not fear the ſuitors.

El. Lo. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me. [*Exeunt omnes præter Abig.*

[8] *She will* haſtily *expect your happy return.*] All the editions, from that of 1635, downwards, erroneouſly read *happily* for *haſtily*; notwithſtanding the great difference in the ſenſe. The one word implying, ſhe will be *quite eaſy* and *contented* about your return; the other, ſhe will be *impatient* for it; in which way we are to underſtand the paſſage, as appears by ſeveral of the Lady's own ſpeeches.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, Sir! A conſtant and liberal lover thou art; more ſuch God ſend us!

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we have rid hard[9].

Abig. A ſuitor, I know, by his riding hard; I'll not be ſeen.

Wel. A pretty hall this: No ſervant in't? I would look freſhly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your errand to me, then. There's no danger in a handſome young fellow: I'll ſhew myſelf.

Wel. Lady, may it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a ſtranger the ordinary grace of ſalutation? Are you the lady of this houſe?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a ſervant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a ſervant of yours, did not my ſo-late acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atchieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no ſtraggler, Sir.

Wel. May her occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a ſuitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be mov'd to perſuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and ſtray'd, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this meſſage to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. [10] Other women

[9] *Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.*] Mr. Seward preſcribes the inſertion of the word *hard*, which, probably has been dropp'd at the preſs, and ſeems neceſſary to the ſenſe.

[10] *Other women of the houſeholds, of as good carriage and government.*] Mr. Sympſon reads, There are *other women of the* houſhold *of*

women of the houſholds', of good carriage and government; upon any of which if you can caſt your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not ſo coy. [*Exit Abig.*

Wel. What a ſkinfull of luſt is this? I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-faſhion; men, women, and all woo; catch that catch may. If this ſoft-hearted woman have infus'd any of her tenderneſs into her lady, there is hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger.

Rog. God ſave you, Sir! My lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your name, before ſhe confer with you?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. I'll try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my anceſtors had this two hundred years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worſhipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the biſhopric of Durham: Call you him couſin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modeſtly ſaid. I ſhould carry the badge of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a croſs? There's a teſter.

Rog. I mean, the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechiſm; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

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of as *good carriage*, &c. We have not ventured to deviate from the old copies, thinking the ſenſe not imperfect. She means, 'Tho' you 'cannot have my miſtreſs's *perſon*, you may find *other* women of the 'houſhold, upon any of which, &c.' It may be urged, that, without Mr. Sympſon's words, *there are*, the expreſſion is quaint; but that is, perhaps, rather an argument for than againſt its having been uſed by our Poets.

Rog.

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this houſe?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldneſs know, why your lady hath ſent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were theſe: To know whether you were a formerly-deny'd ſuitor, diſguis'd in this meſſage; for I can aſſure you, ſhe delights not *in Thalamô* [11]; Hymen and ſhe are at variance. I ſhall return with much haſte. [*Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much ſpeed, Sir, I hope. Certainly, I am arrived amongſt a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreſeen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glaſſes, to trade with women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I ſhould have betray'd myſelf to needleſs charge, then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleaſure is to ſee you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her ſorrow, that you muſt take the pains to come up for ſo bad entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's maſter.

Rog. I am but a batchelor of arts, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the peaſe-ſtraw.

Wel. A cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir; I inculcate divine ſervice within theſe walls [12].

Wel.

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[11] *She delights not in* Thalame:] It muſt be, as I had long ago obſerv'd, and as Mr. Sympſon likewiſe hinted to me, *in Thalamô*: She has no taſte for wedlock, for the marriage bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

[12] *No Sir, I inculcate divine* ſervice *within theſe walls.*] Several of the old quartos have it, *homilies*; either word is equally to the purpoſe,

Wel. But the inhabitants of this houſe do often employ you on errands, without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horſe a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do ſo then; and, whilſt, I will attend your lady. You direct all this houſe in the true way?

Rog. I do, Sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your underſtanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Young Loveleſs and Savil, with a writing.

Sav. By your favour, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall beat your favour, Sir[13]! Croſs me no more! I ſay, they ſhall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget, then, who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my brother's ſteward, his caſt-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope, you will not make ſo little of me?

---

purpoſe, but the latter being the ſtiffer and more preciſe term, ſeems moſt ſuitable to Sir Roger's formal character. So Abigail, at the beginning of the fourth act, ſpeaking of him, ſays;

To this good homiliſt *I've been ever ſtubborn*;

Sir Roger is a very good picture of a dull, pedantic country-chaplain, of thoſe times, in a private family. *Mr. Theobald.*

The oldeſt editions, however, reading *ſervice*, we have choſe to inſert that word.

[13] *I ſhall* bear *your favour, Sir, croſs me no more.*] There is neither ſenſe nor humour, in Young Loveleſs's reply, as it ſtands in all the copies. My correction retrieves both: *i. e.* If you continue to croſs me, I ſhall correct you for your ſtubbornneſs. *Mr. Theobald.*

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art; for, indeed, there goes no more to the making of a ſteward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you ſtir my duty, and I muſt tell you——

Yo. Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me? how hops grow? or hold ſome rotten diſcourſe of ſheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithee, farewell, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books; and, my dear ſpark of velvet[14], thou and I——

Sav. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a fooliſh fellow, one that did put his truſt in almanacks, and horſe-fairs, and roſe by honey, and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I muſt unfold your brother's pleaſure: Theſe be the leſſons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prithee, expound the firſt.

Sav. 'I leave to keep my houſe three hundred pounds a-year; and my brother to diſpoſe of it——'

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked ſteward; and I diſpoſe of it!

Sav. 'Whilſt he bears himſelf like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.' Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I ſhall fulfil it; while my legs will carry me I'll bear myſelf gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear ſteward.

Sav. 'Next, it is my will, that he be furniſh'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people——'

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wiſdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, of——You underſtand me, Sir. Proceed.

---

[14] *My dear ſpark of* velvet.] Mr. Seward propoſes changing *velvet* to *vellum*.

Sav.

Sav. 'Yet that my ſteward keep his place, and power, and bound my brother's wildneſs with his care.'

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more! This is Apocrypha; bind it by itſelf, ſteward.

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch company as you would draw unto you: Captains of gallyfoiſts [15]; ſuch as in a clear day have ſeen Calais, fellows that have no more of God, than their oaths come to; they wear ſwords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oil'd end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that ſet up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all theſe look like Carthuſians, things without linnen: Are theſe fit company for my maſter's brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee (oh, thou Pagan ſteward) or preſently confound thee and thy reckonings. Who's there? Call in the gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir!

Yo. Lo. Nay, you ſhall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my maſter's brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the ſage maſter ſteward, with a face like an old Ephemeris?

Enter his comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.

Sav. Then God help all [16], I ſay!

Yo. Lo. Ay, and 'tis well ſaid, my old peer of France. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen,

[15] *Captains of* gallyfoiſts.] See p. 181, of this volume.

[16] Sav. *Then God help all, I ſay!*] Savil has been eſteem'd by all good judges of comedy, an excellent character of a preciſe, dogmatical, ſelf-conceited Steward: Always pretending to obtrude his advice, and as deſirous of controuling with his opinions. The ingenious Mr. Addiſon, I remember, told me, that he ſketch'd out his character of Vellum, in the comedy call'd the Drummer, purely from this model. *Mr. Theobald.*

mine

mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purſe.

Capt. And ſtudy to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and maſter's brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and ſo we hug you, Sir.

Sav. H'has given himſelf into the hands of varlets, to be carv'd out [17]. Sir, are theſe the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of war, and cries, 'go on,' and wears his colours——

Sav. In's noſe.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the ſea ſo far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has ſeen the ſun take coach, and can diſtinguiſh the colour of his horſes, and their kinds; and had a Flanders-mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have ſeen more, Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' conſcience. Sit down, and reſt you; you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a living, Sir, as this fellow could lye you out of; he has a notable gift in't!

Yo. Lo. This miniſters the ſmoke, and this the muſes.

Sav. And you the cloaths, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them

[17] *H'has given himſelf into the hands of varlets*, not *to be carv'd out.*] We cannot underſtand this paſſage as here printed; but think the word *not* an interpolation. Savil, we ſuppoſe, means, that Young Loveleſs has given himſelf into the hands of fellows who will conſume him, eat him up; and accordingly afterwards ſays, 'You miniſter the cloaths, and meat, and money.'

multiply;

multiply; your brother's houſe is big enough; and to ſay truth, h'as too much land; hang it, dirt!

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art a loving ſtinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou haſt a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a-year! We will be freely merry; ſhall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveleſs.

Poet. A ſerious look ſhall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will not talk wiſely neither?

Yo. Lo. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry 'till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry 'amen' to this, let him live ſober; ſeem wiſe, and die o' th' quorum.

Yo. Lo. It ſhall be ſo; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are tranſitory, and ſhew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a freſh one; we'll keep no powder'd fleſh. All theſe we have by warrant, under the title of 'things neceſſary:' Here, upon this place I ground it; 'the obedience of my people, and all neceſſaries.' Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident, that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as ſound men as yourſelf, Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word 'neceſſary' is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by theſe words, 'the obedience of my people,' you, ſteward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for inſtructions.

Sav. But will you keep no houſe, Sir?

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Nothing but drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. Oh, miſerable houſe; and miſerable I that live to ſee it! Good Sir, keep ſome meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good whores; and, for your part, I'll board you in an alehouſe; you ſhall have cheeſe and onions.

Sav. What ſhall become of me? no chimney ſmoaking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. Oh, brave Loveleſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady, Welford, and Sir Roger.

Lady. SIR, now you ſee your bad lodging, I muſt bid you good night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little ſleep will eaſe that compliment. Once more, good night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady; and then, all ſweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be ſhort and ſweet, then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me? ſhall I hope my ſuit happier by this night's reſt?

Lady. Is your ſuit ſo ſickly, that reſt will help it? Pray ye let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a ſtranger you have had all my welcome: But, had I known your errand ere you came, your paſſage had been ſtraiter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair, and cruel! dear unkind, good night. [*Exit Lady.*

Nay,

Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſtay with me; I'll preſs your zeal ſo far.

Rog. Oh, Lord, Sir!

Wel. Do you love tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.

Wel. Pray, light it, Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promiſe you it is notable ſtinging geer indeed. It is wet, Sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!

Wel. Handle it again, Sir; you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever premis'd for it[18]: I promiſe you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, ſpiritual; for, certainly, it moves in ſundry places.

Wel. Ay, it does ſo, Sir; and me, eſpecially, to aſk, Sir, why you wear a night-cap?

Rog. Aſſuredly, I will ſpeak the truth unto you. You ſhall underſtand, Sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? even by that viſible beaſt[19], the butler.

Wel. The butler! Certainly, he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave caſſock! The offence, Sir?

---

[18] *Thanks ever* premiſed *for it. I* promiſe *you.*] But why thanks *promiſed?* He certainly meant to render them for the favour. I dare ſay, a ſlight corruption has crept in, from the word *promiſe* immediately following. I make no doubt, but the Authors wrote *premiſed*; *i. e.* his thanks given by way of preface, or introduction. And, as it is a term in *logic* too, it has the greater analogy to Sir Roger's character. *Mr. Theobald.*

[19] *And by whom? even by that* viſible *beaſt, the butler.*] An *inviſible* butler would certainly be a rare curioſity. Every man, *quoad homo*, is equally *viſible* at ſome times. I am perſuaded, *riſible* was the original word; *i. e.* that boiſterous, noiſy, *laughing* varlet. Or, perhaps, Sir Roger may uſe the word in a more quaint acceptation; to ſignify a man *riſu dignus*, worthy to be laugh'd at. *Mr. Sympſon.*

'*Viſible beaſt*, ſays Mr. Seward, ſignifies, one that appears to every one to be a beaſt.' That this was our Authors' meaning will not admit of a doubt; any more than that Mr. Sympſon's alteration is arbitrary and injudicious.

Rog. Reproving him at tra-trip, Sir, for ſwearing. You have the total, ſurely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was ſet a-tilt, and ſo he crack'd your canons: I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But ſhall we ſee theſe gentlewomen to-night?

Rog. Have patience, Sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, aſleep; for ſo the word is taken: 'To ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep[20];' a very figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you caſt another for the gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed: The very ſame again, Sir. Our comic poet gives the reaſon ſweetly; *Plenus rimarum eſt*[21]; he is full of loop-holes, and will diſcover to our patroneſs.

Wel. Your comment, Sir, hath made me underſtand you.

Enter Martha, and Abigail to them, with a poſſet.

Rog. Sir, be addreſs'd; the graces do ſalute you with a full bowl of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's ſafe.

Rog. And does he ſnore out ſupinely, with the poet?

---

[20] *To ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep;*
Not till the man be in his bed, *his* grave; *his* grave, *his* bed;] Theſe two figures, as Sir Roger calls them, are a manifeſt flirt at the Hamlet of Shakeſpeare, in that fine ſoliloquy, which begins, *To be, or not to be,* &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

Though we ſhould ſuppoſe every perſon who reads this paſſage would conſider it in the ſame light as Mr. Theobald has done, yet Mr. Seward thinks our Authors had no intention to flirt at Shakeſpeare, but meant this ſpeech as a ridicule upon *bad imitations of real beauties*; 'Sir Roger's whole character being, ſays he, a burleſque upon '*ſcholarſhip.*'

[21] Plenus rimarum eſt, *he is full of loop-holes.*] The comic poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is Terence, in his Eunuch.

Parm. *Plenus rimarum ſum, hâc atque illâc perfluo.*
Mr. Theobald.

Mar.

Mar. No, he out-ſnores the poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courteſy ſhall bind a ſtranger to you; ever your ſervant.

Mar. Sir, my ſiſter's ſtrictneſs makes not us forget you are a ſtranger and a gentleman.

Abig. In ſooth, Sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman, ſo well endued with parts, ſhould not be loſt.

Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and reſt bound to you.—See, how this foul familiar chews the cud! From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me!

Mar. Will you ſit down, Sir, and take a ſpoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, lady.

Mar. It is our beſt banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the gentlewoman already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' poſſet; you may chance have a ſcalding zeal elſe; an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourſelf. 'Would you could like this, Sir!

Wel. I would your ſiſter would like me as well, lady!

Mar. Sure, Sir, ſhe would not eat you. But baniſh that imagination; ſhe's only wedded to herſelf, lies with herſelf, and loves herſelf; and for another huſband than herſelf, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wiſe, Sir; ſhe's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults; the leaſt of which is, ſhe cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, ſhe'll do worſe! 'Would I were worthy his leaſt grief, miſtreſs Martha.

Wel. Now I muſt over-hear her.

Mar. Faith, 'would thou hadſt them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper; 'tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid, old ſayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed. Gentlewoman,

you keep your word; your ſweet ſelf has made the bottom ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: Dare you change, Sir?

Wel. Myſelf for you, ſo pleaſe you. That ſmile has turn'd my ſtomach: This is right the old emblem of the moyle cropping of thiſtles. Lord, what a hunting head ſhe carries! ſure ſhe has been ridden with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me!

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? ſurely, I know not. Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but graſs, and woman as a flower! Did I for this conſume my quarters [22] in meditation, vows, and woo'd her in heroical epiſtles? Did I expound the Owl [23], and undertook, with labour and expence, the recollection of thoſe thouſand pieces, conſum'd in cellars, and tobacco-ſhops, of that our honour'd Engliſhman Nic. Broughton [24]? Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wiſe man, and ſay, 'He that holds a woman, has an eel by the tail.'

Mar. Sir, 'tis ſo late, and our entertainment (meaning our poſſet) by this is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your reſt. Let what the houſe has be at your command, Sir.

---

[22] *Did I for this conſume my* quarters.] If Sir Roger means his body, as Mr. Sympſon obſerv'd to me, one ſhould conjecture, that *carcaſs* was more ſignificant, if not more obvious to be underſtood. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have retained the old word, *quarters*, becauſe it may refer to *time*, as well as to Sir Roger's *perſon*.

[23] *Did I expound the* Owl.] The *Owl* is evidently ſome piece of Nich. Broughton's, or *ſome ſuch doughty writers.* *Mr. Seward.*

[24] *Of that our honour'd Engliſhman*, Ni. Br.] The Poets, I do not apprehend, had any intention of ſinking, or making a ſecret, of this author's name. He was ſo well known at that time of day, that the copyiſts thought they might ſafely give us his name abbreviated. He was a voluminous writer, who, among other things, compiled an elaborate tract about Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben Jonſon, in his Alchemiſt, has made Dol Common, in her ecſtatick fit to Sir Epicure Mammon, talk very largely out of the works of this Nich. Broughton. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wel.

Wel. Sweet reſt be with you, lady. And to you what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like yourſelf then. [*Ex. Mar. and Abig.*

Wel. Heav'n keep me from that curſe, and all my iſſue! Good-night, antiquity.

Rog. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris: But I alone——

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requeſting a greater meaſure of your learning, good-night, good maſter Roger.

Rog. Good Sir, peace be with you! [*Exit Roger.*

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine!* Half a dozen ſuch in a kingdom would make a man forſwear confeſſion: For who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counſel of a ſerious ſin to ſuch a[25] crewel night-cap? Why, how now, ſhall we have an antick?

Enter ſervant.

Whoſe head do you carry upon your ſhoulders, that you joll it ſo againſt the poſt; is it for your eaſe? or have you ſeen the cellar? Where are my ſlippers, Sir?

Ser. Here, Sir.

Wel. Where, Sir? Have you got the pot-vertigo[26]? Have you ſeen the horſes, Sir?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith, Sir, they have a kind of wholeſome ruſhes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

---

[25] *To ſuch a* cruel *night-cap?*] The poets, as Mr. Sympſon obſerv'd with me, certainly wrote, *crewel*; *i. e.* made of the ends of coarſe *worſted.* *Mr. Theobald.*

[26] *Have you got the pot* verdugo?] *Verdugo* is a word of Spaniſh extraction; but, amongſt all the ſignifications in which it is taken, it has no one conſonant to the idea and meaning here required. The poets muſt certainly have wrote *vertigo*, a dizzineſs, or ſwimming in the head, with drink. *Mr. Theobald.*

Ser. Sir, ſo I take it.

Wel. You are merry, Sir; and why ſo?

Ser. Faith, Sir, here are no oats to be got, unleſs you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are ſo mainly given to ſpoon-meat. Yonder's a caſt of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the ſtrangeſt cattle.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are tranſparent, Sir; you may ſee through them: And ſuch a houſe!

Wel. Come, Sir, the truth of your diſcovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jews: The kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themſelves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love loſt; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is ſomewhat higher than my knowledge. But this I am ſure, between theſe copulations, a ſtranger is kept virtuous, that is, faſting. But, of all this, the drink, Sir——

Wel. What of that, Sir?

Ser. Faith, Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three ſpoonfulls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palſy——

Wel. Sir, you belye the houſe.

Ser. I would I did, Sir. But, as I am a true man, if it were but one degree colder, nothing but an aſs's hoof would hold it[27].

---

[27] ——— *if it were but one degree Colder, nothing but an* aſs's hoof *would hold it.*] It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be ſure, ought every where to ſhew their learning, ſo it be done without pedantry;) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters, who cannot well be ſuppoſed to know any thing of the matter. The alluſion here is to thoſe extreme cold waters which flow'd down from the mountain Nonacris in Arcadia, and which would penetrate thro' every vehicle but that of an horſe's hoof; as Juſtin tells us in the xiith Book of his Hiſtory. Plutarch and Ælian ſay, it was an aſs's hoof. Arrian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's: And Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little conſequence. They were of ſo very cold a quality, as to be mortal to thoſe who drank of them. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wel.

Wel. I am glad on't, Sir; for, if it had prov'd ſtronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of theſe commendations. Light me the candle, Sir; I'll hear no more.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs, and his comrades, with wenches, and two fiddlers.

Yo. Lo. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learned council, ſet and turn, boys;
Kiſs till the cow come home; kiſs cloſe, kiſs cloſe, knaves.
My modern poet, thou ſhalt kiſs in couplets.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no pay for fiddlers.

Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his ſolace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in ſhamois!
Let there be deducted out of our main potation
Five marks, in hatchments to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this reſt of peace[28], and I will fight
Thy battles.

Y. Lo. Thou ſhalt have't, boy, and fly in feather;
Lead on a march, you michers[29].

---

[28] *Five marks in* hatchments *to adorn this thigh,*
Crampt with this reſt *of peace.*] The *reſt of peace* is a little tautological, and I believe the original was,

Cramp'd with the ruſt *of peace.*

i. e. Cramp'd with wearing ſuch a ruſty ſword as a long peace had reduc'd him to. He wanted to have a new ſword, or at leaſt to have his old one new *hatch'd:* The *hatch* of the ſword is the gilded wire of the handle, or the *gilt* of it in general. *Mr. Seward.*

We have no doubt of *reſt* being the proper word, becauſe the Captain complains of his thigh being *cramp'd*; which it might be by a want of exerciſe, but hardly by having a ruſty, any more than a bright, ſword hanging near it.

[29] *You* michers.] *i. e.* Idlers, loiterers.

Enter Savil.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart, what a noiſe and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have liv'd to ſee this diſſolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good ſleep in the perpetual noiſe of an iron-mill. There's a dead ſea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly veſſels lie wreck'd; and in the middle of this deluge, appear the tops of flagons and black-jacks, like churches drown'd i' th' marſhes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come, my ſweet Sir Amias? Welcome to Troy! Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my Helen, And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good Sir, conſider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we conſider, gentlemen? how ſay you?

Capt. Conſider! That were a ſimple toy, i' faith. Conſider! Whoſe moral's that? The man that cries 'Conſider,' is our foe: Let my ſteel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he muſt not die yet:
Prithee be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peaſant ſlave!
Thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live and thank This gentleman; thou hadſt ſeen Pluto elſe!
The next 'conſider' kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of ſack.

Poet. 'Tis but a ſnuff; make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me; there's but a lay-man loſt. Good Captain, do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou ſhalt drink, ſteward; drink and dance, my ſteward. Strike him a hornpipe, ſqueakers! Take thy ſtiver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew [30].

Sav.

[30] *Take thy ſtiver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew.*] Here is both obſcurity and nonſenſe, from the caſual interpoſition of one unneceſſary letter. *Stive* was the old and obſolete term for the *ſtews*; and conſequently,

Sav. Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

Capt. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

Yo. Lo. He ſhall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and ſhall ſee no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſs diſguis'd.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God ſave you all! My buſineſs is to one maſter Loveleſs.

Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promiſes no leſs, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your buſineſs?

El. Lo. Sir, I ſhould let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am ſworn to't! 'Would ſome other tongue would ſpeak it for me!

Yo. Lo. Out with it, i'God's name!

El. Lo. All I deſire, Sir, is the patience and ſuff'rance of a man; and, good Sir, be not mov'd more——

Yo. Lo. Than a pottle of ſack will do. Here is my hand; prithee, thy buſineſs?

El. Lo. Good Sir, excuſe me; and whatſoever you hear, think muſt have been known unto you; and be yourſelf, diſcreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Prithee diſpatch me.

El. Lo. Your brother's dead, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou doſt not mean—dead drunk?

ſequently, a *ſtiver*, as it ſhould be reſtored in the text, was a girl, a ſtrumpet, who ply'd there. Hence, perhaps, might come the word *ſtiver* too, to ſignify that inconſiderable coin (the fifth part of an Engliſh Penny) the pay of theſe mean proſtitutes, theſe *meretrices diobolares*, as Plautus ſtyles them. *Mr. Theobald.*

El. Lo.

El. Lo. No, no; dead and drown'd at ſea, Sir,

Yo. Lo. Art ſure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too ſure, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Ay, but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El. Lo. As ſure, Sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou ſure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art ſure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want; I lov'd him better. Here, I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain; how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wiſely, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him ſome wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd; theſe tranſitory toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better place, my friend, I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee, and fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother; but all this helps not: He was too good for us, and let God keep him! There's the right uſe on't, friend. Off with thy drink; thou haſt a ſpice of ſorrow makes thee dry: Fill him another. Savil, your maſter's dead; and who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear it well. Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away. We ſhall have wenches now; ſhall we not, Savil?

Sav. Yes, Sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forſooth.

Yo. Lo. And you'll ſtrain court'ſy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I would be glad, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Sav. In time the ſturdy oak, Sir——

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. I ſhall be drunk anon for my good news: But I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, Sir; this is the worſt I wiſh you for your news: And if I had another elder brother, and ſay, it were his chance to feed haddocks, I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee me now, a poor contented gentleman. More wine for my friend there; he's dry again.

El. Lo. I ſhall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear brother, if I 'ſcape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to ſink; you ſhall duck twice before I help you.—Sir, I cannot drink more; pray let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. Oh, Lord, Sir, it is your modeſty! More wine; give him a bigger glaſs. Hug him, my Captain! Thou ſhalt be my chief mourner.

Capt. And this my pennon. Sir, a full carouſe to you, and to my lord of land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God they bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them ſo far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear ſteward. Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan! be drunk, and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a bawd; I'll have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I muſt take my leave of you, my buſineſs is ſo urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling caſt, before you go. Fill's a new ſtoop.

El. Lo. I dare not, Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratify you for the pains you took, Sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the other.

Yo. Lo. If you find any ſtirring, do but ſay ſo.

El. Lo. Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel that itching, you ſhall aſſuage it, Sir, before another. This only, and farewell, Sir: Your brother, when the ſtorm was moſt extreme, told all about him, he left

left a will, which lies close behind the chimney in the matted chamber. And so, as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all! If you grow dry before you end your business, pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

Sav. You shall neither will, nor choose, Sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state, a very fine state, Sir; I am his steward, Sir, and his man.

El. Lo. Would you were your own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!

El. Lo. What would you with me, Sir?

Sav. Farewell, gentleman!

El. Lo. Oh, sleep, Sir, sleep. [*Ex. El. Lo.*

Yo. Lo. Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Capt. Let's give thanks for it,

Yo. Lo. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight. I will be knighted, for my state will bear it; 'tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your husks; I'll skin you all in sattin.

Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless!

Sav. All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble compeers! And this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft and Widow.

Mor. And, Widow, as I say, be your own friend: Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; continue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very light'ning, that with a flash or two will melt your money,

money, and never ſinge your purſe-ſtrings; they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds. Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter of moment, girl, matter of moment: You may meet with a worſe back; I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far, by your favour, Widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: You know my ſtate; I ſell no perſpectives, ſcarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my truſt in ſhoeties; and where your huſband in an age was riſing by burnt figs, dredg'd with meal and powdered ſugar, ſaunders and grains, wormſeed and rotten raiſins, and ſuch vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy; I, in a year, have put up hundreds; inclos'd, my Widow, thoſe pleaſant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; for which the poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hoſteſs. Nay, more——

Wid. Good Sir, no more. Whate'er my huſband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you muſt bear it bravely off, Sir.

Mor. Not with the head, ſweet Widow.

Wid. No, ſweet Sir, but with your ſhoulders. I muſt have you dubb'd; for under that I will not ſtoop a feather. My huſband was a fellow lov'd to toil, fed ill, made gain his exerciſe, and ſo grew coſtive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and ſpun mine own ſmocks coarſe, and, Sir, ſo little ——But let that paſs: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this huſband; who, in penitence of ſuch fruitleſs five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy goſſip to, be knighted, Sir.

Enter

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, Sir, from whom come you? whoſe man are you, Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young maſter Loveleſs.

Mor. Be ſilent, Sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's ſunk; your maſter's ſunk; a periſh'd man, Sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's ſunk, Sir; God be with him! A periſh'd man, indeed, and drown'd at ſea.

Mor. How ſaidſt thou, good my friend? his brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, Sir, at ſea.

Mor. And thy young maſter left ſole heir?

Sav. Yes, Sir.

Mor. And he wants money?

Sav. Yes; and ſent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wiſe; there's more land coming, Widow; be very wiſe, and give thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very wiſe, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, Sir.

Sav. What ſays your worſhip to this money?

Mor. I ſay, he may have money, if he pleaſe.

Sav. A thouſand, Sir?

Mor. A thouſand, Sir, provided, any wiſe, Sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwiſe——

Enter Young Loveleſs and comrades, to them.

Sav. He's here himſelf, Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy maſter Loveleſs, and now right worſhipful, all joy and welcome!

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear incloſer, maſter Morecraft. Prithee, old angel-gold, ſalute my family; I'll do as much for yours. This, and your own deſires, fair gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours, Sir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handſome gentleman.

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Dead; and by this time ſous'd for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at ſea, man. By the next freſh conger that comes we ſhall hear more.

Mor. Now, by the faith of my body, it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an aſs, and weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee. Prithee, be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

Mor. Oh, has he ſo?

Yo. Lo. Yes, faith, I thank him for't: I've all, boy. Haſt any ready money?

Mor. Will you ſell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not outright, good Gripe. Marry, a mortgage, or ſuch a ſlight ſecurity.

Mor. I have no money, Sir, for mortgage: If you'll ſell, and all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir, look before you; he'll work you out of all elſe. If you ſell all your land, you have ſold your country; and then you muſt to ſea, to ſeek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biſcuits and hard beef, that muſt have watering, Sir: And where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a cannon, nor no ſcoring but on your ſhip's ſides; and then, if you 'ſcape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of uſquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames-ſtreet, ſtinking of pitch and poor-john. I cannot tell, Sir; I would be loth to ſee it.

Capt. Steward, you are an aſs, a meazel'd mungrel; and, were it not againſt the peace of my ſovereign friend here, I would break your forecaſting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy ſtaff of office there, thy pen

pen and inkhorn. Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well[31]; take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe; thou art cold of conſtitution, thy ſeat unhealthful; ſell and be wiſe: We are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child; mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours ſhall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the nobleſt courſe: Then you may live without the charge of people; only we four will make a family; ay, and an age that will beget new annals, in which I'll write thy life, my ſon of pleaſure, equal with Nero and Caligula.

Yo. Lo. What men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all ſplit.

Yo. Lo. Come, Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not ſell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you ſo, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof. What money? ſpeak.

Mor. Six thouſand pounds, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden, by the ſun; bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come, ſtrike me luck with earneſt, and draw the writings.

Mor. There's a god's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old maſter's ſake, let my farm be excepted: If I become his tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what. Conſider me, dear Sir.

---

[31] *The god of gold here has fed thee well.*] Mr. Seward imagines, 'that the laſt ſyllable of the true word only remained in the copy, '*ſed*, which the editors altered to *fed*;' and therefore propoſes reading *adviſed*. Though we think his ſuggeſtion ingenious, the variation from the old authorities is too great, for us to admit *adviſed* into the text. It is very probable the Captain means, 'Morecraft has 'hitherto *fed*, *ſupplied*, you well with money; and do not break off 'with him now.'

Mor.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in. Diſpatch the writings.
[*Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded fellow! 'Would, thou wert wiſer.

Sav. Now do I ſenſibly begin to feel
Myſelf a raſcal! 'Would I could teach a ſchool,
Or beg, or lye well: I am utterly undone.
Now he, that taught thee to deceive and cozen,
Take thee to his mercy! So be it. [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, Widow, come, never ſtand upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper honour, and not proof enough for a ſerjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this, Sir. No knight, no Widow: If you make me any thing, it muſt be a lady; and ſo I take my leave.

Mor. Farewell, ſweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, Sir. [*Exit Wid.*

Mor. She's rich and ſober, if this itch were from her: And ſay, I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and the horſemen too, and be a knight, and ſhe refuſe me then:
Then am I hoiſt into the ſubſidy,
And ſo by conſequence ſhould prove a coxcomb:
I'll have a care of that. Six thouſand pound,
And then the land is mine: There's ſome refreſhing yet. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Abigail, and drops her glove.

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes
Tell me he's man enough, up goes my reſt,
And, I know, I ſhall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd piece of fleſh towards fifty, that ever frailty cop'd withal. What a trim *l'envoy* here ſhe has put upon me [32]: Theſe women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very ſkins bawds to their fleſh. Here's dogſkin and ſtorax ſufficient to kill a hawk: What to do with it, beſide nailing it up [33] amongſt Iriſh heads of *teer*, to ſhew the mightineſs of her palm, I know not. There ſhe is: I muſt enter into dialogue.
Lady, you have loſt your glove.

Abig. Not, Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A favour fortune hath ſo well beſtow'd, Sir.
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a hell.—But, hark you, miſtreſs,
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good

[32] *What a trim* l'envoy *here ſhe has put upon me*] *L'envoy* ſignifies an ambaſſador, emiſſary, *go-between*. It is a term ſtill in uſe to ſignify a *miniſter*. Welford ſpeaks with reference to Abigail's glove, which ſhe drops when ſhe enters.

[33] *Amongſt* Iriſh *heads of* teer, *to ſhew the mightineſs of her* palm.] *Teer* is the Iriſh pronunciation of *deer*; the *palm*, or *palmer*, is call'd the crown of a ſtag's head. *Mr. Theobald.*

Againſt

Againſt ſore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ach?
Or theſe red tops, being ſteep'd in white wine ſoluble,
Will't kill the itch? or has it ſo conceal'd
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of theſe, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courteſy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleaſure.

Abig. The tenderneſs of's years keeps him as yet
In ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow,
And I wonder his blood ſhould ſtir no higher;
But 'tis his want of company: I muſt
Grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveleſs diſguis'd.

El. Lo. God ſave you both!

Abig. And pardon you, Sir! This is ſomewhat rude:
How came you hither?

El. Lo. Why, through the doors; they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what buſineſs have you here?

El. Lo. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow ſpeak with? Art thou ſober?

El. Lo. Yes; I come not here to ſleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou?

El. Lo. As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'ſt be; a ſoldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with women. I come here to ſpeak
With a gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but new come over;
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,

And then I ſhall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there be
A better of your ſex within this houſe,
Say I would ſee her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good. Pray, end my buſineſs.
This is another ſuitor: Oh, frail woman!

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntneſs, hopes to do
More than the long ſuits of a thouſand could [34]:
Tho' he be ſour, he's quick; I muſt not truſt him.
Sir, this lady is not to ſpeak with you; ſhe is more ſerious. You ſmell as if you were new calk'd; go, and be handſome, and then you may ſit with the ſervingmen.

El. Lo. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Troth, gueſs by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then, I take you, Sir, for ſome new ſilken thing, wean'd from the country, that ſhall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray, good proud gentlewoman, help me to your miſtreſs.

Wel. How many lives haſt thou, that thou talk'ſt thus rudely [35]?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life, Sir, maintain you ever in ſuch bold ſaucineſs?

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[34] *This fellow, with his bluntneſs,* &c.] So Shakeſpeare, in his King Lear, Act II.

This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

[35] Abig. *How many lives,* &c.] All the copies place this ſpeech to Abigail. We have ventured to transfer it to Welford; which his next ſpeech, we think, fully warrants us to do.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Yes, 'mongſt a nation of ſuch men as you are,
And be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak
With this lady?
Abig. No, by my troth, ſhall you not.
El. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.
Wel. That you ſhall not, neither.
El. Lo. Good fine thing, tell me why?
Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions;
Such louſy gentlemen ſhall find their buſineſs
Better i'th' ſuburbs; there your ſtrong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, ſhall reek in faſhion:
This is no Thames-Street, Sir.
Abig. This gentleman informs you truly.
Prithee be ſatisfied, and ſeek the ſuburbs,
Good captain, or whatever title elſe
The warlike eel-boats have beſtow'd upon thee.
Go and reform thyſelf; prithee be ſweeter;
And know, my lady ſpeaks with no ſuch ſwabbers.
El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye,
And for you, tender Sir, whoſe gentle blood
Runs in your noſe, and makes you ſnuff at all
But three-pil'd people [36], I do let you know,
He that begot your worſhip's ſattin ſuit,
Can make no men, Sir. I will ſee this lady,
And, with the reverence of your ſilkenſhip,
In theſe old ornaments.
Wel. You will not, ſure?
El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I ſhall.
Abig. You would be beaten out?
El. Lo. Indeed I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who ſhall beat me? This good gentleman
Looks as he were o'th' peace.

[36] *But* three-pil'd *people.*] *i. e.* Wearers of velvet; the pile is the ſoft ſhag or pluff of it. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that. Will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes; that that ſhall correct your boy's tongue.

Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. [*They draw.*

Abig. Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for God's ſake!

Madam! Jeſus! they foin at one another.

Madam! Why, who is within there?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeneſs?

Wel. This uncivil fellow.

He ſays he comes from ſea; where, I believe,

H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady. Why, what of him?

Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once 'God bleſs you,'

Preſs to your privacies, and no denial

Muſt ſtand betwixt your perſon and his buſineſs.

I let go his ill language.

Lady. Sir, have you

Buſineſs with me?

El. Lo. Madam, ſome, I have;

But not ſo ſerious to pawn my life for't,

If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you

Such knights o'th' ſun as this is, to defy

Men of employment to you, you may live;

But in what fame?

Lady. Pray ſtay, Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly

He flung his wild words at me: But to you,

I think, he did no honour, to deny

The haſte I come withal a paſſage to you,

Though I ſeem coarſe.

Lady. Excuſe me, gentle Sir; 'twas from my knowledge,

And ſhall have no protection. And to you, Sir,

You have ſhew'd more heat than wit, and from yourſelf

Have

Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here,
To do theſe vile unmanly things. My houſe
Is no blind ſtreet to ſwagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deſerts
So far, that I ſhould make you maſter of my buſineſs.
My credit yet ſtands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with ſwords; and they that come
To do me ſervice, muſt not think to win me
With hazard of a murder. If your love
Conſiſt in fury, carry it to the camp;
And there, in honour of ſome common miſtreſs,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd;
And give me leave awhile, Sir.

Wel. You muſt have it. [*Exit Welford.*

Lady. Now, Sir, your buſineſs?

El. Lo. Firſt, I thank you for ſchooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I ſhould rail at you; but you are a woman,
And anger's loſt upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I muſt confeſs, I have the leaſt curſe in,
Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliver,
(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame
Blaſt your black memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir?

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that, if you have a ſoul, will choke it:
You've kill'd a gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a gentleman!

El. Lo. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman!

And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't)
Whoſe leaſt worth weigh'd above all womens' virtues
That are; I ſpare you all to come too: Gueſs him now.
Lady. I am ſo innocent, I cannot, Sir.
El. Lo. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the firſt was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miſs'd your way; I am not ſhe.
El. Lo. Would he had miſs'd his way too, though he had wander'd
Farther than women are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſs'd this miſery. You, lady——
Lady. How do you do, Sir?
El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myſelf out from temptations.
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you?
El. Lo. You had a ſervant, that your peeviſhneſs
Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and ſhould be grieved it were otherwiſe.
El. Lo. Then have your aſking, and be griev'd; he's dead!
How you will anſwer for his worth I know not;
But this I am ſure, either he, or you, or both,
Were ſtark mad; elſe he might have liv'd
To've given a ſtronger teſtimony to th' world,
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten ſuns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant ſtorm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us; in which ſad parting blow
He call'd upon his ſaint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilſt all
Sought to preſerve their ſouls, he deſp'rately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that ſaw it,
'If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
'To this untimely end, and make her happy.'
His name was Loveleſs; and I 'ſcap'd the ſtorm,
And now you have my buſineſs.

Lady.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
'Would I had been that ſtorm; he had not periſh'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir;
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his ruin, I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay: I do confeſs myſelf
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd[37].

El. Lo. I like this well: Theſe women are ſtrange things. [*Aſide.*
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weep;
You ſhould have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with thoſe tears at home.

Lady. 'Would you had told me then ſo; theſe two arms
Had been his ſea.

El. Lo. Truſt me, you move me much:
But, ſay he liv'd; theſe were forgotten things again.

Lady. Ay, ſay you ſo?
Sure, I ſhould know that voice: This is knavery.
I'll fit you for it.—Were he living, Sir,
I would perſuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confeſs we are not all ſo ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
What penance ſhall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my moſt unworthy ſelf for this?

El. Lo. Leave to love others; 'twas ſome jealouſy
That turn'd him deſperate.

Lady. I'll be with you ſtraight:
Are you wrung there? [*Aſide.*

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

Lady. I do confeſs there is a gentleman,
Has borne me long good will.

El. Lo. I do not like that. [*Aſide.*

Lady. And vow'd a thouſand ſervices to me;
To me, regardleſs of him:

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[37] ——— *I would ſay more,*
But grief *is grown* too great to be deliver'd.]
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent. *Mr. Theobald.*

But

But ſince Fate, that no power can withſtand,
Has taken from me my firſt, and beſt love,
And to weep away my youth is a mere folly,
I will ſhew you what I determine, Sir;
You ſhall know all.
Call Mr. Welford, there: That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And, in his chaſte embraces, keep alive
The memory of my loſt lovely Loveleſs.
He is ſomewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

Lady. Yes, certainly, Sir:
Though it pleaſe you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I ſhall perſuade you otherwiſe.

El. Lo. I have made myſelf a fine fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have ſpoken with me, madam?

Lady. Yes, Mr. Welford; and I aſk your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward:
This kiſs, and henceforth more affection,

El. Lo. So; it is better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a ſudden paſſion; God hold it!
This fellow, out of his fear, ſure, has
Perſuaded her. I'll give him a new ſuit on't.

Lady. A parting kiſs; and, good Sir, let me pray you
To wait me in the gallery.

Wel. I'm in another world!
Madam, where you pleaſe. [*Exit Wel.*

El. Lo. I will to ſea,
And 't ſhall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now, Sir, you ſee I am no ſuch hard-hearted creature,
But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your loſt love.

Lady. Alas, Sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with ſorrow:
I'll love this man as dearly; and, beſhrew me,

I'll

I'll keep him far enough from ſea.
And 'twas told me, now I remember me,
By an old wiſe woman, that my firſt love
Should be drowned; and ſee, 'tis come about.
El. Lo. I would ſhe had told you your ſecond
Should be hang'd too, and let that come about:
But this is very ſtrange.
Lady. Faith, Sir, conſider all,
And then I know you will be of my mind:
If weeping could redeem him, I would weep ſtill.
El. Lo. But, ſay, that I were Loveleſs,
And ſcap'd the ſtorm; how would you anſwer this?
Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all the world,
El. Lo. This young thing too?
Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing elſe. Why, I would loſe my ſtate.
El. Lo. Why, then, he lives ſtill: I am he, your Loveleſs!
Lady. Alas, I knew it, Sir, and for that purpoſe
Prepar'd this pageant. Get you to your taſk,
And leave theſe players' tricks, or I ſhall leave you;
Indeed, I ſhall. Travel, or know me not.
El. Lo. Will you then marry?
Lady. I will not promiſe; take your choice. Farewell.
El. Lo. There is no other purgatory but a woman!
I muſt do ſomething. [*Exit Loveleſs.*

Enter Welford.

Wel. Miſtreſs, I am bold.
Lady. You are, indeed.
Wel. You ſo o'erjoy'd me, Lady!
Lady. Take heed, you ſurfeit not; pray faſt, and welcome.
Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.
Lady. By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not for you.
Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.
Lady. Indeed I can, where you ſhall never find it.

Wel.

Wel. I like this mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You ſhall have more on't.

Wel. I muſt kiſs you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed, I muſt.

Lady. What muſt be, muſt be. I will take my leave: You have your parting blow. I pray commend me To thoſe few friends you have, that ſent you hither, And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit You brought leſs brav'ry with you, and more wit; You'll never get a wife elſe.

Wel. Are you in earneſt?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, Sir? Your horſes will be ready ſtraight; you ſhall have A napkin laid in the buttery for you.

Wel. Do not you love me, then?

Lady. Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if 'twere not warpt; The fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the beſt, Lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, Sir; yet, o' my conſcience, You would make ſhift with it.

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.

Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho! who's within there? Bring out the gentleman's horſes; he's in haſte; And ſet ſome cold meat on the table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, Lady: Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes A black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewell, young man! [*Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curſe of a great houſe fall upon thee; I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in theſe women. 'Would all of my ſex were of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that fleſh might be in more rev'rence with them.

Enter

Enter Abigail to him.

Abig. I am ſorry, Mr. Welford——

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my lady uſe you?

Wel. As I would uſe you, ſcurvily.

Abig. I ſhould have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I ſhould have been undone then. Pray, leave me,
And look t' your ſweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I ſhall borrow ſo much time, without offence.

Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis ſtrange, my lady ſhould be ſuch a tyrant.

Wel. To ſend you to me. 'Pray, go ſtitch; good, do! You are more trouble to me than a term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I ſaid love I lied not, ſhould any ways deſerve this.

Wel. A thouſand ways, a thouſand ways!
Sweet creature, let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, Sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noiſe.

Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I'm bold to tell you
That I'm a woman, and a rib.

Wel. Of a roaſted horſe.

Abig. Conſtrue me that.

Wel. A dog can do it better[38]. Farewell, Counteſs; and commend me to your lady; tell her ſhe's proud, and ſcurvy: And ſo I commit you both to your tempter.

Abig. Sweet Mr. Welford!

Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins,
Your face looks fouler than a ſtorm:

[38] *A dog can do it better; farewell,* Counteſs.] This is not complimental, but ſarcaſtically ſpoken. In a pack of hounds, an old ſtaunch hunting-bitch is often call'd *Ducheſs, Counteſs, Beauty,* &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

The

The footman ſtays you in the lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a gentleman, I ſhould know it by your gentle conditions. Are theſe fit words to give a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for you.
Sirrah, my horſes! Farewell, old adage!
Keep your noſe warm; the rheum will make it horn elſe. [*Exit Wel.*

Abig. The bleſſings of a prodigal young heir
Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman,
Are your gums grown ſo tender they can't bite?
A ſkittiſh filly will be your fortune,
Welford, and fair enough for ſuch a packſaddle.
And I doubt not (if my aim hold)
To ſee her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit Abig.*

Enter Young Loveleſs, and comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, and the reſt.

Capt. Save thy brave ſhoulder, my young puiſſant knight!
And may my back-ſword bite them to the bone
That love thee not: Thou art an errant man[39];
Go on: The circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee.
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;
Thy ſword muſt be thy plough; and Jove it ſpeed!
Mecha ſhall ſweat, and Mahomet ſhall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.

Yo. Lo. It ſhall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little; thou ſhalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your love too.

Capt. Thou ſhalt have heart and hand too, noble Morecraft,
If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garriſon; be rul'd,
And open to me thoſe infernal gates,

39 ——— *thou art an* errant man,
Go on. The circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee.] *i. e.* A knight-errant; one fit to go on the holy wars; to fight againſt the Turks and Jews. *Mr. Theobald.* —

Whence

Whence none of thy evil angels paſs again,
And I will ſtyle thee noble, nay, Don Diego;
I'll wooe thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feaſt her with high meats, and make her apt.
Mor. Pardon me, Captain, you're beſide my meaning.
Yo. Lo. No, Mr. Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I ſhould prepare her for ye.
Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern man, I ſay 'provoke her.'
Poet. Captain, I ſay ſo too; or ſtir her to it.
So ſay the critics.
Yo. Lo. But howſoever you expound it, Sir,
She's very welcome; and this ſhall ſerve for witneſs.
And, Widow, ſince you're come ſo happily,
You ſhall deliver up the keys, and free
Poſſeſſion of this houſe, while I ſtand by to ratify.
Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me;
It is a miſery to ſay, you had it. Take heed.
Yo. Lo. 'Tis paſt that, Widow. Come, ſit down.
Some wine there!
There is a ſcurvy banquet, if we had it[40].
Mr. Morecraft, all this fair houſe is yours, Sir. Savil!
Sav. Yes, Sir.
Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready? I muſt eaſe your burden.
Sav. I'm ready, Sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to't.
Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou ſhalt live better.
Sav. I ſhall have leſs to do, that's all:
There's half a dozen of my friends i' th' fields,
Sunning againſt a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em; I ſhall be with 'em ſhortly.
The care and continual vexation

[40] *There is a ſcurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair houſe is yours,* Sir Savil?] Thus the modern editions moſt nonſenſically exhibit this paſſage; omitting 'Mr. Morecraft,' whom Young Loveleſs muſt be addreſſing. Some of the old editions alſo omit theſe words, but yet read ſenſibly, '*All this fair houſe is yours,* Sir. Savil?'

Of

Of being rich, eat up this raſcal!
What ſhall become of my poor family?
They are no ſheep, yet they muſt keep themſelves.
Yo. Lo. Drink, maſter Morecraft! Pray be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no ſociety.
Captain, ſpeak loud, and drink! Widow, a word.
Capt. Expound her throughly, knight.
Here, God o' gold, here's to thy fair poſſeſſions!
Be a baron, and a bold one.
Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,
And let thy chimnies ſmoke. Feed men of war,
Live, and be honeſt, and be ſaved yet.
Mor. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counſel.
You keep your chimnies ſmoaking there, your noſtrils;
And, when you can, you feed a man of war,
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;
And how or when you ſhall be ſaved, let
The clerk o' th' company (you have commanded)
Have a juſt care of.
Poet. The man is much mov'd [41]. Be not angry, Sir.
But, as the poet ſings [42], let your diſpleaſure
Be a ſhort fury, and go out. You have ſpoke home,
And bitterly to me, Sir. Captain, take truce;
The miſer is a tart and a witty whorſon!
Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie! the wit of this man
Lies in his fingers ends; he muſt tell all.
His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only ſerves to lick his hungry chaps
After a purchaſe: His brains and brimſtone are
The Devil's diet to a fat uſurer's head.
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and ſtow her.

[41] *The man is much mov'd*, &c.] We are inclined to believe, this one ſpeech was intended for three; and that the Captain ſhould have the words, *You have ſpoke home and bitterly to me, Sir.* Mr. Seward would read, *And bitterly* too, Miſer. We have not ventured to depart from our authorities, in favour of either ſuggeſtion.

[42] *But, as the poet ſings, let your* diſpleaſure *be a* ſhort fury.] The Poet, alluded to here, is Horace.

Ira furor brevis eſt. —— *Mr. Theobald.*

Where's

Where's the brave ſteward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and ſervant, Savil, Sir [43].

Capt. Away, thou'rt rich in tenements of nature:
Firſt, in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face,
A betting, bargaining, and ſaving face,
A rich face; pawn it to the uſurer;
A face to kindle the compaſſion
Of the moſt ignorant and frozen juſtice.

Sav. 'Tis ſuch, I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly, Sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Maſter Morecraft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The devil guide it downward! 'Would there were in't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To ſweep your dirty conſcience, or to choke you!
'Tis all one to me, uſurer.

Yo. Lo. Conſider what I told you; you are young,
Unapt for worldly buſineſs: Is it fit
One of ſuch tenderneſs, ſo delicate,
So contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtir
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels?
Or a new kirtel, though it be of ſattin?
Eat by the hope of ſurfeits, and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo ſome eaſy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curſes; let out money,
Whoſe uſe returns the principal? and get,
Out of theſe troubles, a conſuming heir;
For ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſarily.
You ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable;
And that poſſeſs'd wealth, that you got with pining,

[43] *Here's your poor friend* and Savil, *Sir*.] Mr. Seward recommends inſerting the word *ſervant* in this paſſage.

Live to ſee tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you, than you
To his coz'nage!

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak well: 'Would God,
That charity had firſt begun here.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry!
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th' houſe.
Captain, where reſts the health?

Capt. It ſhall go round, boy!

Yo. Lo. Say, can you ſuffer this, becauſe the end
Points at much profit? Can you ſo far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diſeaſes? If you can,
I will not preſs you further. Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound uſurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd [44], but akes,
For you to love, unleſs his periſh'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his ſcurvy. This is truth,
And ſo far I dare ſpeak it: He has yet,
Paſt cure of phyſic, ſpaw, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge,
He has been ten times rowell'd: You may love him.
He had a baſtard, his own toward iſſue,
Whipp'd, and then crop'd, for waſhing out the roſes
In three-farthings, to make 'em pence.

Wid. I do not like theſe morals.

Yo. Lo. You muſt not like him, then.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. By your leave, gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth, Sir, you're welcome; welcome, faith.
Lord, what a ſtranger you are grown! Pray, know
This gentlewoman; and, if you pleaſe, theſe friends here.

44 *That* all decay'd.] I read, ſays Mr. Seward, *that all decay.*

We

We are merry; you ſee the worſt on's;
Your houſe has been kept warm, Sir [45].
El. Lo. I am glad
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wiſe too!
Yo. Lo. Pray, Mr. Morecraft, know my elder brother;
And, Captain, do your compliment. Savil,
I dare ſwear, is glad at heart to ſee you.
Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at ſea,
And ſee how luckily things come about!
Mor. This money muſt be paid back again, Sir.
Yo. Lo. No, Sir;
Pray keep the ſale; 'twill make good tailors' meaſures.
I am well, I thank you.
Wid. By my troth, the gentleman
Has ſtew'd him in his own ſauce; I ſhall love him for't.
Sav. I know not where I am, I am ſo glad.
Your worſhip is the welcom'ſt man alive:
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
Here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din,
Such diſmal drinking, ſwearing, and whoring,
'T has almoſt made me mad:
We've liv'd in a continual Turnbal-Street [46].

Sir,

---

[45] *Your houſe has been kept* warm, *Sir.*
El. Lo. I'm glad to hear it, brother; pray God, you are wiſe *too?*] This would be a very odd reply, did it not depend on a proverbial expreſſion, 'If you are *wiſe*, keep you ſelf *warm*.' So in Shakeſpeare's Much Ado about Nothing,

So that if he has wit *enough to keep himſelf* warm, *&c.*

And, again, in his Taming of the Shrew:

Pet. *Am I not* wiſe?
Kath. *Yes; keep you* warm. *Mr. Theobald.*

[46] *We've liv'd in a continual* Turnbal-Street] *Turnbal*, or rather *Turnbull Street*, is mentioned in Shakeſpeare's Henry IV. part ii. It appears to have been a place of very ill repute at the period in which our Authors wrote. In an old comedy, called Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, it is mentioned again:

——*Sir, get you gone,*
You ſwaggering, cheating, Turnbull-Street *rogue.*

Sir, bleſt be Heav'n, that ſent you ſafe again;
Now ſhall I eat, and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother, diſmiſs theſe people.

Yo. Lo. Captain, begone a-while; meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening; take your ſmall poet with you. Mr. Morecraft, you were beſt go prattle with your learned counſel; I ſhall preſerve your money: I was cozen'd when time was; we are quit, Sir.

Wid. Better and better ſtill.

El. Lo. What is this fellow, brother?

Yo. Lo. The thirſty uſurer that ſup'd my land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be landlord of your houſe and ſtate: I was bold to make a little ſale, Sir.

Mor. Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prithee, be gone, and rave at home; thou art
So baſe a fool I cannot laugh at thee.
Sirrah, this comes of coz'ning! home, and ſpare;
Eat raddiſh 'till you raiſe your ſums again.
If you ſtir far in this, I'll have you whip'd,
Your ears nail'd, for intelligencing, o' th' pillory,
And your goods forfeit! You're a ſtale cozener?
Leave my houſe. No more!

Mor. A pox upon your houſe!
Come, Widow, I ſhall yet hamper this young gameſter.

Naſh, in Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication, commends the ſiſters of *Turnbull Street* to the patronage of the Devil. In the Inner Temple Maſque, by Middleton, 1619,

'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houſes,
——— cauſe ſpoil in Shoreditch,
And deface Turnbull.

Again, in Middleton's comedy called Any Thing for a Quiet Life, a French bawd ſays, '*J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François elle converſera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys en* Turnbull-Street.' Again, in the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, by our Authors,

———This, my lady dear,
I ſtole her from her friends in Turnbull Street.

Turnbull, or *Turnmill-Street*, is near Cow-Croſs, Weſt-Smithfield.

Mr. Steevens.

Wid.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your way;
I am not for your diet: Marry in your own tribe,
Jew, and get a broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well ſaid, Widow. Will you jog on, Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hoſpitals! [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Nay, good Sir, make all even:
Here's a widow wants your good word for me;
She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I'm glad you look before you. Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor diſtreſſed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong, Sir; he's a knight.

El. Lo. I aſk you mercy: Yet, it is no matter;
His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it.
Whatſoever he is, he is your ſervant,
Or would be, lady.
Faith, be not mercileſs, but make a man;
He's young and handſome, though he be my brother,
And his obſervance may deſerve your love:
He ſhall not fall for means.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak like a worthy brother:
And ſo much do I credit your fair language,
That I ſhall love your brother; and ſo love him——
But I ſhall bluſh to ſay more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth.
I hope you ſhall not live to know that hour,
When this ſhall be repented. Now, brother, I ſhould chide;
But I'll give no diſtaſte to your fair miſtreſs.
I will inſtruct her in't, and ſhe ſhall do't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray, mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day, now ſpring comes on.

El. Lo. To you, good Mr. Savil, and your office,
Thus much I have to ſay: You're from my ſteward
Become, firſt, your own drunkard, then his bawd:
They ſay, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect.
Give me your keys, Sir Savil.

Sav. Good Sir, conſider whom you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the beſt drink, now?
Come tell me, Savil; where's the ſoundeſt whores?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame ſtallion!
Muſt you be leaping in my houſe? Your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear
Either of king or conſtable, within my walls.
Are all my hangings ſafe? my ſheep unfold yet?
I hope my plate is current; I have too much on't.
What ſay you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear me ſpeak.

El. Lo. Methinks, thou ſhouldſt be drunk ſtill, and not ſpeak;
'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, Sir, if you will have it ſo.

El. Lo. I thank you: Yes, e'en purſue it, Sir. Do you hear?
Get you a whore ſoon for your recreation;
Go look out captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I ſhall deliver
Theſe keys to one ſhall have more honeſty,
Though not ſo much fine wit, Sir. You may walk
And gather creſſes, Sir, to cool your liver;
There's ſomething for you to begin a diet,
You'll have the pox elſe. Speed you well, Sir Savil!
You may eat at my houſe to preſerve life;
But keep no fornication in the ſtables.

[*Ex. omnes pr. Savil.*

Sav. Now muſt I hang myſelf [47]; my friends will look for't.
Eating and ſleeping, I do deſpiſe you both now:
I will run mad firſt, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myſelf, to a moſt diſmal ditty. [*Exit Savil.*

[47] *Now muſt I hang myſelf, &c.*] This Play, more than any other of our Authors, abounds with ſatirical ſneers againſt our great dramatic Poet, Shakeſpeare. Theſe concluding lines very plainly were intended to ridicule the cataſtrophe of Ophelia, in the tragedy of Hamlet. *R.*

ACT IV.

Enter Abigail, ſola.

Abig. ALAS, poor gentlewoman, to what a miſery hath age brought thee, to what a ſcurvy fortune! Thou that haſt been companion for noblemen, and at the worſt of thoſe times for gentlemen; now, like a broken ſerving-man, muſt beg for favour to thoſe, that would have crawl'd like pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and ſo till five-and-twenty: Uſe your time with reverence, that your profits may ariſe: It will not tarry with you; *ecce ſignum.* Here was a face:
But Time, that, like a ſurfeit, eats our youth
(Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome;
And now, to ſay the truth, I am fit for no man.
Old men i'th' houſe, of fifty, call me Granum;
And when they are drunk, e'en then, when Joan and my lady
Are all one, not one will do me reaſon.
My little Levite hath forſaken me;
His ſilver ſound of[48] cithern quite aboliſh'd;
His doleful hymns under my chamber-window,
Digeſted into tedious learning.
Well, fool, you leap'd a haddock when you left him;
He's a clean man, and a good edifier,
And twenty nobles is his ſtate *de claro*,
Beſides his pigs *in poſſe*.
To this good homilift I have been ever ſtubborn,

[48] *Cithern.*] A kind of harp.

Which God forgive me for, and mend my manners:
And, Love, if ever thou hadſt care of forty [48],
Of ſuch a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r,
And fire his zeal ſo far forth, that my faults,
In this renew'd impreſſion of my love,
May ſhew corrected to our gentle reader.

Enter Roger.

See, how negligently he paſſes by me;
With what an equipage canonical,
As tho' he had broken the heart of Bellarmine,
Or added ſomething to the ſinging brethren.
'Tis ſcorn, I know it, and deſerve it. Maſter Roger!

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger——

Rog. Ungentle Abigail!

Abig. Why, maſter Roger, will you ſet your wit
To a weak woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed:
For ſo the poet ſings.

Abig. I do confeſs
My weakneſs, ſweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my lady's
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is loſt to you now) leave your prating.
You have a ſeaſon of your firſt mother in you:
And, ſurely, had the Devil been in love,
He had been abuſed too. Go, Dalilah;
You make men fools, and wear big-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, you may dilate
Upon the weak infirmities of women:
Theſe are fit texts: But once, there was a time——
'Would I had never ſeen thoſe eyes, thoſe eyes,
Thoſe orient eyes!

[48] *And, Love, if ever thou hadſt care of forty,*
Of ſuch a piece of lape *ground, hear my prayer.*] I believe there is no ſuch term in the Engliſh tongue, as *lape* ground. The word muſt have been *lay*, or *ley: i. e. terra inculta, novale:* unplowed, uncultivated, land. *Mr. Sympſon.*

Rog.

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.
Abig. Saving your reverence, Sir, ſo they are ſtill.
Rog. Nay, nay, I do beſeech you, leave your cogging!
What they are, they are:
They ſerve me without ſpectacles, I thank 'em.
Abig. Oh, will you kill me?
Rog. I do not think I can;
You're like a copy-hold, with nine lives in't.
Abig. You were wont to bear a Chriſtian fear about you:
For your own worſhip's ſake——
Rog. I was a Chriſtian fool then!
Do you remember what a dance you led me?
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce?
Could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too:
And then, out of the ſtinking ſtir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal iſſue. You do
Remember all this?
Abig. Oh, be as then you were.
Rog. I thank you for it:
Surely, I will be wiſer, Abigail;
And, as the Ethnick poet ſings,
I will not loſe my oil and labour too [49].
You're for the worſhipful, I take it, Abigail?
Abig. Oh, take it ſo, and then I am for thee.
Rog. I like theſe tears well, and this humbling alſo;
They are ſymptoms of contrition, as a Father ſaith.
If I ſhould fall into my fit again,
Would you not ſhake me into a quotidian coxcomb?
Would you not uſe me ſcurvily again,
And give me poſſets with purging comfits in 'em?
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me,
Than a long chapter with a pedigree.
Abig. Oh, curate, cure me!

49 *I will not loſe my* oil *and* labour *too.*] The Ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in his *Pœnulus*;

Tum pol ego & oleum & operam perdidi. *Mr. Theobald.*

I will

I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
I will do any thing; betray the ſecrets
Of the main houſhold to thy reformation.
My lady ſhall look lovingly on thy learning;
And when due time ſhall point thee for a parſon,
I will convert thy eggs to penny cuſtards,
And thy tithe gooſe ſhall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified,
As well ſhall teſtify this faithful kiſs.
But have a great care, miſtreſs Abigail,
How you depreſs the ſpirit any more
With your rebukes and mocks; for, certainly,
The edge of ſuch a folly cuts itſelf.

Abig. Oh, Sir, you've pierc'd me thorough. Here I vow
A recantation to thoſe malicious faults
I ever did againſt you. Never more
Will I deſpiſe your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your caſſock;
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap,
And call it by the mangy name of Murrion;
Never your reverend perſon, more, and ſay,
You look like one of Baal's prieſts i' th' hanging;
Never again, when you ſay grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you more
With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,
Get ſope and thiſtles for you. No, my Roger,
Theſe faults ſhall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I ſhould be hang'd;
I muſt cry too. Come to thine own beloved,
Abigail; and do e'en what thou wilt with me,
Sweet, ſweet Abigail! I am thine own for ever:
Here's my hand. When Roger proves a recreant,
Hang him i' th' bell-ropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

Lady. Why, how now, maſter Roger, no pray'rs down with you to-night? Did you hear the bell ring?

ring? You are courting; your flock ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly aſk your pardon.—I'll chop up pray'rs,
But ſtay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

Lady. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a fellow,
Preſume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. What ails the fellow?

El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, Lady, I would not, for your land,
Be ſuch a coxcomb, ſuch a whining aſs,
As you decreed me for when I was laſt here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wiſe; 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: Pray, be wiſer yet.

El. Lo. Methinks, I'm very wiſe: I do not come a-wooing.
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyſhip.

Lady. What makes you here, then?

El. Lo. Only to ſee you, and be merry, Lady:
That's all my buſineſs. Faith, let's be very merry.
Where's little Roger? He is a good fellow.
An hour or two, well ſpent in wholeſome mirth,
Is worth a thouſand of theſe puling paſſions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank God, there is one leſs for me, Lady.

Lady. You were never any, Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now
I am the prettieſt fellow!

Lady. You talk like a taylor, Sir.

El. Lo. Methinks, your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wiſe?
Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will
You mend theſe faces?

El. Lo. A hog's face, ſous'd, is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady.

Lady. Sure, you had a ſow to your mother.

El. Lo. She brought ſuch fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parſons, Lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not ſave you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wiſh!

Lady. By this light, you are a ſcurvy fellow! Pray, be gone.

El. Lo. You know, I am a clean-ſkin'd man.

Lady. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good:

But not a ſnap, ne'er long for't, not a ſnap, dear Lady.

Lady. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye, get you to the ſuburbs; There's horſe-fleſh for ſuch hounds. Will you go, Sir?

El. Lo. Lord, how I lov'd this woman! how I worſhip'd
This pretty calf with a white face here! As I live,
You were the prettieſt fool to play withal,
The wittieſt little varlet! It would talk;
Lord, how it talk'd! And when I angred it,
It would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no meat,
And it would ſay, go hang.

Lady. It will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I aſk'd it, if it would be married,
It ſent me of an errand into France,
And would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

Lady. Sir, this is moſt unmanly, pray, be gone.

El. Lo. And ſwear (even when it ſwitter'd to be at me) I was unhandſome.

Lady. Have you no manners in you?

El. Lo. And ſay my back was melted, when Heaven knows,
I kept it at a charge, four Flanders mares
Would have been eaſier to me, and a fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now?

El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, it is too good for you.
But, ſo much for our mirth: Now have at you in earneſt.

Lady.

Lady. There is enough, Sir; I deſire no more.

El. Lo. Yes, faith, we'll have a caſt at your beſt parts now; and then the devil take the worſt!

Lady. Pray, Sir, no more; I am not ſo much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almoſt dinner; I know they ſtay for you at the ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a ſhort grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman!
And the proudeſt that ever lov'd a coach:
The ſcornful'ſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſeleſs woman!
The greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd,
Though it be groſs and open; the moſt envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it: Of ſuch a ſelf-opinion,
That you think no one can deſerve your glove:
And, for your malice, you're ſo excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.

Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me:
I cry for you!

El. Lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

Lady. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.

Lady. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are——let me ſee——

Lady. One that has us'd you with too much reſpect.

El. Lo. One that hath us'd me, ſince you will have it ſo,
The baſeſt, the moſt foot-boy-like, without reſpect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me.
You have us'd me as I would uſe a jade,
Ride him off's legs, then turn him to the commons;
You have us'd me with diſcretion, and I thank you;
If you have many more ſuch pretty ſervants,
Pray build an hoſpital, and, when they are old,
Pray keep 'em, for ſhame.

Lady. I cannot think yet this is ſerious.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?
Lady. No, faith, there's enough,
If it be true: Too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?
El. Lo. No, I had rather be a carrier.
Lady. Why, the Gods amend all!
El. Lo. Neither do I think
There can be ſuch a fellow found i'th' world,
To be in love with ſuch a froward woman:
If there be ſuch, they're mad; Jove comfort 'em!
Now have you all, and I as new a man,
As light, and ſpirited, that I feel myſelf
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave
To be one's own man! I can ſee you now
As I would ſee a picture; ſit all day
By you, and never kiſs your hand: Hear you ſing,
And never fall backward; but, with as ſet a temper
As I would hear a fidler, riſe and thank you.
I can now keep my money in my purſe,
That ſtill was gadding out for ſcarfs and waiſtcoats:
And keep my hand from mercers' ſheep-ſkins finely.
I can eat mutton now, and feaſt myſelf
With my two ſhillings, and can ſee a play
For eighteen-pence again: I can, my lady, I can.
Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir,
Pray let me ſpeak a little private with you.
I muſt not ſuffer this.
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet ſpeech.
Lady. Thou perjur'd man!
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine *exordium.*
And why, I pray you, perjur'd?
Lady. Did you not ſwear
A thouſand thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt
Of all things?
El. Lo. I do confeſs it: Make your beſt of that.
Lady. Why do you ſay you do not, then?
El. Lo. Nay, I'll ſwear it.
And give ſufficient reaſon; your own uſage.

Lady.

Lady. Do you not love me now, then?
El. Lo. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?
El. Lo. Yes; but I ſee but rotten fruits on't.
Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I muſt kiſs it,
And take my laſt farewell: Now let me die,
So you be happy.
El. Lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeak, dear lady!
Lady. No, let me die. [*She ſwoons.*
Mar. Oh, my ſiſter!
Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!
Mar. Run for ſome *roſa ſolis!*
El. Lo. I have play'd the fine aſs! Bend her body! Lady!
Beſt, deareſt, worthieſt lady, hear your ſervant!
I am not as I ſhew'd! Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!
Give her more air. See, ſhe begins to ſtir.
Sweet miſtreſs, hear me.
Lady. Is my ſervant well?
El. Lo. In being yours, I am ſo.
Lady. Then I care not.
El. Lo. How do you? Reach a chair there. I confeſs
My fault not pardonable, in purſuing thus,
Upon ſuch tenderneſs, my wilful error:
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus ſtrangely, not the world had won me to it.
And let not, my beſt Lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, diſturb your quiet peace;
For ſooner ſhall you know a general ruin,
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, miſtreſs;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you ſhall not grieve; rather be angry,
And heap infliction on me; I will ſuffer.
Oh, I could curſe myſelf! Pray, ſmile upon me.
Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely,

That

That you would never ſhew it, though my means
Was all humility [50].

All. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your moſt fine plot:
This was a ſubtle one, a ſtiff device
To have caught dottrels with. Good ſenſeleſs Sir,
Could you imagine I ſhould ſwoon for you,
And know yourſelf to be an arrant aſs;
Ay, a diſcover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, Sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Take heed, Sir; ſhe may chance to ſwoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Step to her, Sir; ſee, how ſhe changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to hell firſt, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confeſs it; finely fool'd,
Lady'd, fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!

Lady. Faith, 'tis not ſo much worth, Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. I am glad to ſee you merry: Pray laugh on.

Mar. H'had a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, Sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pray, ſiſter, do not laugh; you'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude coſtermonger,
That ſchool-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and ſenſeleſs.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, ſiſter.

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[50] *Tho' my means was all* humanity.] This is the reading of the modern editions; the old ones ſay, *humility*. Mr. Seward (who mentions it in his Poſtſcript) not comprehending the paſſage, propoſes two or three variations, which ſeem to us totally unneceſſary, as the meaning obviouſly is, 'I knew you loved me, though you would 'never ſhew it, notwithſtanding I uſed the *humbleſt* means to induce 'you to do it.'

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Yes, you ſhall hear me.
Lady. Shall we be the better by it, then?
El. Lo. No; he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'll have him ſainted: Blows will not do it.
Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.
El. Lo. You do deſerve it richly,
And may live to have a beadle do it.
Lady. Now he rails.
El. Lo. Come, ſcornful Folly,
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me rail.
Lady. Pray put it in good words, then.
El. Lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.
Lady. You bite, Sir.
El. Lo. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will.
Mar. We had beſt muzzle him; he grows mad.
El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful, in the next great ſickneſs,
To have the dogs ſpar'd, thoſe harmleſs creatures,
And knock o' th' head thoſe hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious. I hope
The ſtate will think on't.
Lady. Are you well, Sir?
Mar. He looks
As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholic.
El. Lo. Green-ginger will cure me.
Abig. I'll heat a trencher for him.
El. Lo. Dirty December, do;
Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;
Such a prognoſticating noſe: Thou thing,
That ten years ſince has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords or ninepins[51], pray go fetch a trencher, go.

[51] *But* gords] *i. e.* inſtruments of game then in common uſe. We meet with the ſame term again in Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor: *If* gord *and fullam holds.* *Mr. Seward.*

Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.
Abig. I'll ſee him hang'd firſt; he's a beaſtly fellow,
To uſe a woman of my breeding thus;
Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words.
El. Lo. Tie your ſhe-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She ſtinks worſe than a bear-baiting.
Lady. Why will you be angry now?
El. Lo. Go paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a Lady?
Abig. Sirrah, look to't againſt the quarter-ſeſſions:
If there be good behaviour in the world,
I'll have thee bound to it.
El. Lo. You muſt not ſeek it in your lady's houſe, then.
Pray ſend this ferret home; and ſpin, good Abigail.
And, madam, that your ladyſhip may know,
In what baſe manner you have us'd my ſervice,
I do from this hour hate you heartily;
And, tho' your folly ſhould whip you to repentance,
And waken you at length to ſee my wrongs,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life ſhall win me;
Not all the friends you have, nor interceſſion,
Nor your ſubmiſſive letters; though they ſpoke
As many tears as words; not your knees grown
To th' ground in penitence, nor all your ſtate,
To kiſs you; nor my pardon, nor my will
To give you Chriſtian burial, if you die thus;
So, farewell.——
When I am married and made ſure, I'll come
And viſit you again, and vex you, Lady.
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
Worſe than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and ſue to me; but ſave that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirſt,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and rather
Dote upon quarrels[52],

[52] *Rather contract my youth to drink*, and ſacerdote *upon quarrels.*] In this unintelligible manner all the editions exhibit this paſſage, till that

Or take a drawn whore from an hoſpital,
That time, diſeaſes, and Mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, falſe dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy ſummers[51];
Good Lord, deliver me! [*Exit.*

Lady. But hark you, ſervant, hark ye! Is he gone?
Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, paddock!

Lady. Art thou here ſtill? Fly, fly,
And call my ſervant; fly, or never ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than ſee that raſcal,
But I muſt do it. [*Exit Abigail.*

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,
To uſe thoſe men moſt frowardly they love moſt?
If I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerv'd.
I hope he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it
To th' heart. How now! Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he ſweats, while he can hear men ſay
There's any woman living: He ſwore he would
Have me firſt.

Lady. Didſt thou entreat him, wench?

---

that of 1750; when Mr. Sympſon thought he ſupplied the chaſm, both in the ſenſe and the verſe, by the following reading:

Rather contract my youth to drink and ſwagger,
Doat *upon quarrels, or take a drawn whore from*
An hoſpital, that time, diſeaſes, and
Mercury had eaten, than, &c.

We do not think his conjecture by any means happy. As the words we have inſerted come ſo near thoſe of the old books, we hope we have reſtored the original reading. It is true, an hemiſtich is left: but hemiſtichs are common with our Authors. Probably, ſome words have been quite loſt.

51 *And* plaguy ſummers.] 'I read, ſays Mr. Seward, *plague-ſummers*; *i. e.* Summers in which the plague rages.' *Plaguy* clearly conveying the ſame idea, we have followed the old books.

Abig. As well as I could, madam.
But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuſe him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou ſay'ſt true; get me paper, pen, and ink;
I'll write to him: I'd be loth he ſhould ſleep in's anger.
Women are moſt fools when they think they're wiſeſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs and Widow (going to be married); with them his comrades.

Wid. Pray, Sir, caſt off theſe fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your company.
Is't fit ſuch ragamuffins as theſe are,
Should bear the name of friends, and furniſh out
A civil houſe? You're to be married now;
And men, that love you, muſt expect a courſe
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the ſtable, and there make 'em grooms;
And yet, now I conſider it, ſuch beggars
Once ſet o' horſe-back, you have heard, will ride,
How far you had beſt to look to.

Capt. Hear you,
You that muſt be lady, pray content yourſelf,
And think upon your carriage ſoon at night,
What dreſſing will beſt take your knight, what waiſt-coat,
What cordial will do well i' th' morning for him.
What triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, Sir?

Capt. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up: If he ſtart well,
Fear not, but cry, 'Saint George,' and bear him hard.
When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe fellows?

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid.

Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good Sir, not to you: You ſhall be civil,
And ſlip off theſe baſe trappings.

Capt. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet lady Grocer!
If he be civil, not your powder'd ſugar,
Nor your raiſins, ſhall perſuade the Captain
To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil,
And eat i' th' Arches, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way!
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him.
Be civil! There's a trim perſuaſion.

Capt. If thou be'ſt civil, knight (as Jove defend it!)
Get thee another noſe; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys for thy converſion.
The children thou ſhalt get on this civilian
Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks,
And all thy ſport mere mortal lechery.
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdaſhers, or groſs grocers,
Like their dear dam there! Prithee be civil, knight;
In time thou may'ſt read to thy houſhold,
And be drunk once a-year: This would ſhew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder, ſweetheart, you will offer this;
You do not underſtand theſe gentlemen.
I will be ſhort and pithy; I had rather
Caſt you off, by the way of charge. Theſe are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of,
But corn and water. I will keep theſe fellows
Juſt in the competency of two hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo, Sir, you've my liking:
If they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended.
But how theſe, Sir, can live upon ſo little
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why, prithee, ſweetheart, what's your ale? Is not
That corn and water, my ſweet widow?

Wid. Ay;

But, my ſweet knight, where is the meat to this,
And cloaths, that they muſt look for?

Yo. Lo. In this ſhort ſentence 'ale,' is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. Theſe are no rav'ning foot-men,
No fellows, that at ordinaries dare
Eat their eighteen-pence thrice out before they riſe,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would ſuffice a dozen ſquirrels;
Beſides the din, which is moſt damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a boat-maker,
Than live among ſuch raſcals. Theſe are people
Of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their diet,
Of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat
If they but ſmell hot meat. Porridge is poiſon;
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,
And, ſhew them but a feather-bed, they ſwoon.
Ale is their eating and their drinking ſolely[54].
Which keeps their bodies clear, and ſoluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſh'd,
Even in their ale, whoſe loſt room fills an apple,
Which is more airy, and of ſubtler nature.
The reſt they take is little, and that little
Is little eaſy; for, like ſtrict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench,
Or a poor ſtubborn table; if a chimney
Offer itſelf, with ſome few broken ruſhes,
They are in down. When they are ſick, that's drunk,
They may have freſh ſtraw; elſe they do deſpiſe
Theſe worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet; new they ſeek none;
And if a man ſhould offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him:
You ſhall not hear 'em aſk one a caſt doublet
Once in a year, which is a modeſty

54 *Ale is their eating and their drinking,* ſurely.] *Surely* ſeems a mere exp'etive here; but, I believe the true word was *ſolely, i. e.* Ale is the only thing they deſire to eat as well as drink.
Mr. Seward.

Befitting

Befitting my poor friends: You ſee their wardrobe,
Though ſlender, competent. For ſhirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance.
Louſy they will be when they liſt, and mangy,
Which ſhews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's limepit, which is little charge:
Two dogs, and theſe two, may be cur'd for three-pence.

Wid. You have half perſuaded me; pray, uſe your pleaſure:
And, my good friends, ſince I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat ſhall not offend you;
You ſhall have ale.

Capt. We aſk no more, let it be mighty, Lady;
And, if we periſh, then our own ſins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come, forward, gentlemen; to church, my boys!
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. THIS ſenſeleſs woman vexes me to th' heart;
She will not from my memory! 'Would ſhe were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her.
If I had been unhandſome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay ſhe might have ſcorn'd me;
But, to be young, and, by this light, I think,
As proper as the proudeſt; made as clean,
As ſtraight, and ſtrong-back'd; means and manners equal
With the beſt cloth-of-ſilver Sir i' th' kingdom:
But theſe are things, at ſome time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvas. Sure, ſhe has

Some meeching raſcal in her houſe[55], ſome hind,
That ſhe hath ſeen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and ſing with 't;
Threſh all day, and i' th' evening, in his ſtockings,
Strike up a hornpipe; and there ſtink two hours,
And ne'er a whit the worſe man. Theſe are they,
Theſe ſteel-chin'd raſcals, that undo us all.
Would I had been a carter, or a coachman,
I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Sir, there's a gentleman without would ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave, Sir.

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[55] *Sure ſhe has ſome* meeching *raſcal in her houſe.*] This word is generally ſpelt *miching*; it means, *ſecret, covered, lying hid.* In this ſenſe Chapman, a cotemporary writer, uſes it in the Widow's Tears, *Dodſley's Old Plays*, vol. IV. p. 291. Lyſander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her. His friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him. His wife, to ſhew exceſſive ſorrow for the loſs of her huſband, ſhuts herſelf up in his monument; to which he comes in diſguiſe, and obtains her love, notwithſtanding he had aſſured her, in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her huſband; on which he exclaims,

——— Out upon thee, monſter!
Go, tell the governor; let me be brought
To die for that moſt famous villainy,
Not for this miching *baſe tranſgreſſion*
Of truant negligence.

And again, p. 301,

——— My truant
Was micht, *Sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.*

In this ſenſe it occurs in Philaſter (p. 156) *A raſcal* miching *in a meadow.* A paſſage in an old Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London in 1493, illuſtrates the meaning of the word: 'Commonly in ſuch feyrs and markets ther ben many theyves, 'mychers, and cutpurſe.' *Mychers*, that is, *lurking vagabonds.* Shakeſpeare ſays of Prince Henry, *Shall the bleſſed ſun of Heaven prove a* micher? *Mr. Warton.*

El. Lo.

El. Lo. You are welcome. What's your will, Sir?
Wel. Have you forgotten me?
El. Lo. I do not much remember you.
Wel. You muſt, Sir.
I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong,
In your diſguiſe; I have enquir'd you out.
El. Lo. I was diſguis'd, indeed, Sir, if I wrong'd you.
Pray, where and when?
Wel. In ſuch a lady's houſe,
I need not name her,
El. Lo. I do remember you:
You ſeem'd to be a ſuitor to that lady.
Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How ſcurvily you uſed me: That was
No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:
If you be honeſt, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging; elſe I muſt provoke you.
El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;
I will not have her in my cauſe; ſhe's mortal,
And ſo is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler ſubject for our ſwords, I am for you;
In this I would be loth to prick my finger.
And where you ſay, I wrong'd you, 'tis ſo far
From my profeſſion, that, amongſt my fears,
To do wrong is the greateſt. Credit me,
We have been both abus'd, not by ourſelves
(For that I hold a ſpleen, no ſin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)
But by that wilful, ſcornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful lady; For whoſe ſake,
If we ſhould leave our reaſon, and run on
Upon our ſenſe, like rams, the little world
Of good men would laugh at us, and deſpiſe us,
Fixing upon our deſperate memories
The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reaſon, makes me tell you;
In this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you.

And,

And, you ſhall find it, though you throw yourſelf
Into as many dangers as ſhe offers,
Though you redeem her loſt name every day,
And find her out new honours with your ſword,
You ſhall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I aſk you mercy, Sir; you have ta'en my edge off;
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper. We are two,
And they are two; two ſiſters, rich alike,
Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
In troth, I pity this diſgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am ſenſeleſs: Do but
Follow my counſel, and I'll pawn my ſpirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this——

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs ſpeak with you:
I cannot keep her out; ſhe's enter'd, Sir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting-woman: Pray be not ſeen.
Sirrah, hold her in diſcourſe a while. Hark in your ear,
Go and diſpatch it quickly. When I come in,
I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. [*Exit Wel.*

El. Lo. Away; 'tis done; ſhe muſt not ſee you.
Now, lady Guiniver, what news with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray, leave theſe frumps, Sir, and receive this letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my lady, Sir: Alas, good ſoul,
She cries and takes on?

El. Lo. Does ſhe ſo, good ſoul?
Would ſhe not have a caudle? Does ſhe ſend you
With your fine oratory, good Tully,
To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-hounds!
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my tiller
Bring

Bring down your gibſhip[56]; and then have you cas'd,
And hung up in the warren.

Abig. I am no beaſt, Sir; 'would you knew it.

El. Lo. 'Would I did, for I am yet very doubtful.
What will you ſay now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and ſay nothing?

Abig. Unleſs you'll hear me with more moderation.
I can ſpeak wiſe enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough? Will your lady love me?

Abig. It ſeems ſo by her letter, and her lamentations;
But you are ſuch another man.

El. Lo. Not ſuch another as I was, mumps;
Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epiſtle:
Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy miſtreſs mad?

Abig. For you ſhe will be; 'tis a ſhame you ſhould
Uſe a poor gentlewoman ſo untowardly:
She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart,
Becauſe ſhe jeſted with you, mean to kill her.
'Tis a fine conqueſt, as they ſay.

El. Lo. Haſt thou ſo much moiſture in thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canſt cry? I would have ſworn thou hadſt been touchwood five years ſince. Nay, let it rain; thy face chaps for a ſhower, like a dry dunghill.

Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry. Farewell, i'th' Devil's name! If my lady die, I'll be ſworn before a jury, thou art the cauſe on't.

El. Lo. Do, maukin, do. Deliver to your lady from me this: I mean to ſee her, if I have no other

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[56] *Then with my* tiller *bring down your* gibſhip, *and then have you caſt*, &c.] I have already explained the word *tiller* in the 14th note upon Philaſter. *Caſt*, Mr. Sympſon has ingeniouſly reform'd to *caſed*; i. e. *ſtea'd*, and hung up. *Mr. Theobald.*

We know not how old Mr. Sympſon was when he made this *ingenious reformation*—which we find in ſome of the old quarto's, conſiderably more than an hundred years before that gentleman's *ingenuity* was diſcovered.

buſineſs;

buſineſs; which before I will want, to come to her, I
mean to go ſeek birds' neſts. Yet I may come too:
But if I come,
From this door till I ſee her, will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry ſo much, that the phyſician,
If ſhe fall ſick upon it, ſhall want urine
To find the cauſe by, and ſhe remedileſs
Die in her hereſy. Farewell, old adage!
I hope to ſee the boys make potguns of thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile man. God bleſs my iſſue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble ſo. You muſt be ground
I' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er ſpin well elſe.
Farewell, fytchock! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not ſtrange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to diſturb herſelf?
If I ſhould call my reaſon to account
It cannot anſwer why I keep myſelf
From mine own wiſh, and ſtop the man I love
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet ſtill go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural ſleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours reſt; yet, through his frowardneſs,
Will rather chuſe to watch another man,
Drowſy as he, than take his own repoſe.
All this I know; yet a ſtrange peeviſhneſs
And anger, not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin!
I'd rather die, ſometimes, than not diſgrace
In public, him whom people think I love,
And do't with oaths, and am in earneſt then.
Oh, what are we? Men, you muſt anſwer this,
That

That dare obey ſuch things as we command.
How now? what news?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourſelf.

Lady. Why, but what ſays he?

Abig. Faith, he talks ſtrangely.

Lady. How ſtrangely?

Abig. Firſt, at your letter he laugh'd extremely.

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monſtrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, 'Alas for her,' and violently laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why?
Why wert thou angry? He did do but well;
I did deſerve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry!
That ſhew'd your folly; I ſhall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But ſaid he nothing elſe?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He ſaid, though you had mock'd him, becauſe you were a woman, he could wiſh to do you ſo much favour as to ſee you: Yet, he ſaid, he knew you raſh, and was loth to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the ſervants, as I paſt by

by ſome, whiſper ſuch a thing: And as I came back thro' the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haſte, which, they ſaid, were for their miſtreſs's jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it ſhould be ſo;
For he does think, and reaſonably think,
That I ſhould keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he be married.

Abig. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould go hard but he would ſee you, for your ſatisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are grac'd, and give reſpect
There, where we are reſpected: Yet we practiſe
A wilder courſe, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleaſure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loſs of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Siſter, yonder's your ſervant, with a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Cloſe at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear, he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill-favoured one, with her maſk on;
And how her face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind was of a milder ſtuff
Than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveleſs, and Welford in woman's apparel.

Now I ſee him, if my heart
Swell not again (away, thou woman's pride!)
So that I cannot ſpeak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

Lady. How now! what new trick invites you hither?

Have

Have you a fine device again?
El. Lo. Faith, this is the fineſt device I have now.
How doſt thou, ſweetheart?
Wel. Why, very well,
So long as I may pleaſe you, my dear lover.
I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well,
Well when you are ill.
El. Lo. Oh, thy ſweet temper! What would I have giv'n,
That lady had been like thee? See'ſt thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed!
Wel. Alas, my love,
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I uſe no paint, nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will ſhew it.
Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to ſhew us there?
Do you take money for it?
El. Lo. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my miſtreſs,
In whom there is no paſſion, nor no ſcorn;
What I will is her law. Pray you, ſalute her.
Lady. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kiſs her
For half my wealth.
El. Lo. Why, why, pray you?
You ſhall ſee me do't afore you: Look you.
Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beaſt would not have don't.
I would not kiſs thee of a month, to gain a kingdom.
El. Lo. Marry, you ſhall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever ſuch a Meg as this?
Sure thou art mad.
El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures;
For what are ſhape and colours elſe, but pictures?
In that tawny hide there lies an endleſs maſs
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.
Lady. And this is ſhe you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Yes, indeed, is't.
Lady. God give you joy!
El. Lo. Amen.
Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wiſh.
The like to you whenever you ſhall wed.
El. Lo. Oh, gentle ſpirit!
Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.
Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much leſs a lady of your worthy parts.
El. Lo. Sweet, ſweet!
Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus, ugly: Sure, ſhe's ſome common ſtrumpet,
Deform'd with exerciſe of ſin.
Wel. Oh, Sir,
Believe not this; for Heav'n ſo comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man; my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.
El. Lo. Ariſe, my deareſt ſoul;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach!
Fie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter, ſweet;
Let her ſay what ſhe will, thou art not worſe
To me, and therefore not at all; be careleſs.
Wel. For all things elſe I would; but for mine honour,
Methinks——
El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not ſtain'd.
Is this the buſineſs that you ſent for me
About?
Mar. Faith, ſiſter, you are much to blame,
To uſe a woman, whatſoe'er ſhe be,
Thus. I'll ſalute her: You are welcome hither.
Wel. I humbly thank you.
El. Lo. Mild yet as the dove,
For all theſe injuries. Come, ſhall we go?

I love

I love thee not ſo ill to keep thee here,
A jeſting ſtock. Adieu. To the world's end!

Lady. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you ſhall never know,
Becauſe you ſhall not find me.

Lady. I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well. Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

Lady. By Heav'n, I have no mocks. Good Sir, a word.

El. Lo. Tho' you deſerve not ſo much at my hands, yet, if you be in ſuch earneſt, I'll ſpeak a word with you; but, I beſeech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parſon and a licence ſtay for us i' th' church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatſo'er I've heretofore ſpoke jeſtingly, forget:
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I ſhall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your miſtreſs, and you my ſervant?

El. Lo. Oh, 'tis about the old matter.

Lady. Nay, good Sir, ſtay me out: I would but hear you excuſe yourſelf, why you ſhould take this woman, and leave me.

El. Lo. Prithee, why not? deſerves ſhe not as much as you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if judicially we ſhall caſt our eyes upon your minds, you are a thouſand women off of her in worth [57]. She cannot ſwoon in jeſt, nor ſet her lover taſks, to ſhew her

[57] *You are a thouſand women* of *her in worth.*] From the ſimilarity of the words *off* and *of*, the copyiſts, we apprehend, have loſt one of them; which we have reſtored.

peeviſhneſs and his affection; nor croſs what he ſays, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty boys, to throw the ſledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, ſhe's far beyond you: What can you do in a houſhold to provide for your iſſue, but lie in bed and get 'em? Your buſineſs is to dreſs you, and at idle hours to eat; when ſhe can do a thouſand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the paſtry, and knows how pullen ſhould be cramm'd; ſhe cuts cambrick at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all reſpects, does that give you a licence to forſwear yourſelf?

El. Lo. Forſwear myſelf, how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in diſclaiming all for wives but me: I'll not remember you. God give you joy!

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever underſtood. Admit, I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a friend, to ſee him at his lodgings to-morrow; divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were ſtruck blind, or he hid where my diligent ſearch could not find him; ſo there were no croſs act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas, you need not: I make already tender of myſelf, and then you are forſworn.

El. Lo. Some ſin, I ſee, indeed, muſt neceſſarily fall upon me; as whoſoever deals with women ſhall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would chooſe the leaſt ill; which is to forſake you, that have done me all the abuſes of a malignant woman, contemn'd my ſervice, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been paſt getting of children,

Rather than her that hath forſook her family,
And put her tender body in my hand.
Upon my word——

Lady.

Lady. Which of us ſwore you firſt to?
El. Lo. Why, to you.
Lady. Which oath is to be kept then?
El. Lo. I prithee do not urge my ſins unto me;
Without I could amend 'em.
Lady. Why, you may, by wedding me.
El. Lo. How will that ſatisfy my word to her?
Lady. It is not to be kept,
And needs no ſatisfaction: It is an error,
Fit for repentance only.
El. Lo. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin ſo?
It may not be!
Lady. Why may it not be?
El. Lo. I ſwear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honeſty——
Lady. What honeſty?
'Tis more preſerv'd this way. Come, by this light,
Servant, thou ſhalt! I'll kiſs thee on't.
El. Lo. This kiſs,
Indeed, is ſweet: Pray God, no ſin lie under it!
Lady. There is no ſin at all; try but another.
Wel. Oh, my heart!
Mar. Help, ſiſter; this lady ſwoons!
El. Lo. How do you?
Wel. Why, very well, if you be ſo.
El. Lo. Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I ſhall do a moſt ungodly thing. Hear me one word more; which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me ſo, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, ſuddenly, as late as it is, With your own miniſter, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to-bed.
Lady. A match, dear ſervant.
El. Lo. For if you ſhould forſake me now, I care not:
She would not though, for all her injuries;
Such is her ſpirit. If I be not aſham'd
To kiſs her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I ſee you go, as ſlily as you think
To ſteal away; yet I will pray for you:
All bleſſings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged pair!
All curſes on me, if I do not ſpeak
What I do wiſh, indeed!

El. Lo. If I can ſpeak
To purpoſe to her, I'm a villain.

Lady. Servant, away!

Mar. Siſter, will you marry that inconſtant man?
Think you, he will not caſt you off tomorrow?
To wrong a lady thus! Look'd ſhe like dirt,
'Twas baſely done. May you ne'er proſper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid!
Alas, I was unworthy; ſo I told him.

Mar. That was your modeſty: Too good for him!
I would not ſee your wedding, for a world.

Lady. Chooſe, chooſe! Come, Younglove.
[*Exeunt Lady, El. Love. and Abig.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes, forſooth; you ſhall not think
We are all uncivil, all ſuch beaſts as theſe.
Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

Wel. So would not I: No, let me ſuffer truly;
That I deſire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me;
'Tis very late, and you ſhall ſtay all night:
Your bed ſhall be no worſe than mine. I wiſh
I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Did your maſter ſend for me, Savil?

Sav. Yes, he did ſend for your worſhip, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the buſineſs?

Sav. Alas, Sir, I know nothing;
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, Sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now, then?

Sav.

Sav. If you conſider me in little, I am, with your worſhip's reverence, Sir, a raſcal: One, that upon the next anger of your brother, muſt raiſe a ſconce by the highway, and ſell ſwitches. My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave inkle.

Yo. Lo. What doſt thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?

Sav. My eldeſt boy is half a rogue already:
He was born burſten; and, your worſhip knows,
That is a pretty ſtep to mens' compaſſions.
My youngeſt boy I purpoſe, Sir, to bind
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may ſhew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your family is quarter'd with diſcretion.
You are reſolv'd to cant, then? Where, Savil,
Shall your ſcene lie?

Sav. Beggars muſt be no chooſers:
In every place, I take it, but the ſtocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it, indeed.
I do remember yet in tears, you told me,
You would have whores; and in that paſſion, Sir,
You broke out thus: Thou miſerable man,
Repent, and brew three ſtrikes more in a hogſhead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man.

Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I ſee,
Miſery can clear your head better than muſtard.
I'll be a ſuitor for your keys again, Sir.

Sav. Will you but be ſo gracious to me, Sir?
I ſhall be bound——

Yo. Lo. You ſhall, Sir,
To your bunch again; or I'll miſs foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you, gentleman, ſave you!

Yo. Lo. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's neſt have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, knight.

Yo. Lo. Away, fox! I'll ſend for terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee company.

Yo. Lo. I am about ſome buſineſs, Indentures!
If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed!
As I live I'll cancel your coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no uſurer.
What poor fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor indeed, Sir.

Mor. Give him money, knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

Mor. There, poor fellow; here's an angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earneſt, Morecraft?

Mor. Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example:
Thou hadſt land and thouſands [58], which thou ſpent'ſt,
And flung'ſt away, and yet it flows in double.
I purchas'd, wrung, and wiredraw'd, for my wealth,
Loſt, and was cozen'd: For which I make a vow,
To try all ways above ground, but I'll find
A conſtant means to riches without curſes.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your converſion, maſter Morecraft:
You're in a fair courſe; pray purſue it ſtill.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company. Here, honeſt fellow, for this gentleman's ſake, there's two angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, Sir, and keep you long in this mind!

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a penny.
I have brave cloaths a-making, and two horſes;
Canſt thou not help me to a match, knight?
I'll lay a thouſand pound upon my Crop-ear.

[58] *Thou hadſt land and thouſands, thou ſpent'ſt*, &c.] We have added the word *which* here, it being requiſite to both ſenſe and verſe.

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is ſtranger than an Africk monſter!
There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars
While this laſts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beſeech, you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, Sir; the whilſt, I'll pray for both your worſhips.

Yo. Lo. He ſhall, Sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your ſervant, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Loveleſs and Lady.

El. Lo. 'Faith, my ſweet Lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your ſubtilties, and fine devices.
Be coy again now.

Lady. Prithee, ſweetheart, tell true.

El. Lo. By this light,
By all the pleaſures I have had this night,
By your loſt maidenhead, you are cozen'd merely;
I have caſt beyond your wit: That gentlewoman
Is your retainer Welford[59].

Lady. It cannot be ſo.

El. Lo. Your ſiſter has found it ſo, or I miſtake.
Mark how ſhe bluſhes when you ſee her next.
Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall not travel now. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Prithee, ſweetheart,
Be quiet; thou haſt angred me at heart.

El. Lo. I'll pleaſe you ſoon again.

Lady. Welford?

El. Lo. Ay, Welford. He's a young handſome

[59] *That* gentleman *is your retainer Welford.*] I think the Poets certainly wrote *gentlewoman, i. e.* that ſeeming gentlewoman; for Welford was now in woman's habit. And ſo, again, in the ſubſequent page, *Now you may ſee the* gentlewoman: *Stand cloſe.* *Mr. Theobald.*

fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your ſiſter can inſtruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.

Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

El. Lo. Yes, i'faith;
And over ſhall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I muſt be patient, though it torture me!
You have got the ſun, Sir.

El. Lo. And the moon too; in which I'll be the man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but ſurmis'd it,
You ſhould have hunted three trains more, before
You had come to th' courſe;
You ſhould have hank'd o'th' bridle, Sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and ſo blew you up.
Now you may ſee the gentlewoman: Stand cloſe.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For God's ſake, Sir, be private in this buſineſs;
You have undone me elſe. Oh, God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How ſhall I look upon my friends again?
With what face?

Wel. Why, e'en with that; 'tis a good one, thou canſt not find a better. Look upon all the faces thou ſhalt ſee there, and you ſhall find 'em ſmooth ſtill, fair ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and, to your thinking, honeſt; thoſe have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, miſtreſs; and yet they keep no ſtir.

Mar. Good Sir, go in, and put your woman's cloaths on:
If you be ſeen thus, I am loſt for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that, miſtreſs: I am no fool.
Here will I tarry till the houſe be up,
And witneſs with me.

Mar. Good dear friend, go in.

Wel. To-bed again, if you pleaſe; elſe I am fix'd here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have

I have done. If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your company, all this would be forſworn, and I again an aſinego, as your ſiſter left me. No; I'll have it known and publiſh'd; Then, if you'll be a whore, forſake me, and be aſham'd: and, when you can hold out no longer, marry ſome caſt Cleve captain, and ſell bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not ſtay, Sir; uſe me modeſtly; I am your wife.

Wel. Go in; I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witneſs of your naked truth, Sir. This is the gentlewoman; prithee look upon him: This is he that made me break my faith, ſweet: But thank your ſiſter, ſhe hath ſolder'd it.

Lady. What a dull aſs was I, I could not ſee This wencher from a wench! Twenty to one, If I had been but tender, like my ſiſter, He had ſerv'd me ſuch a ſlippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watch'd you, Sir, by your good patience, For ferreting in my ground.

Lady. You have been with my ſiſter?

Wel. Yes; to bring——

El. Lo. An heir into the world, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the leaſt; I am reaſonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry roaſtmeat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſs the founders, Is either ſurfeited, or ill taught, Lady. For mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El. Lo. How like you this diſh, Welford? I made a ſupper on't, And fed ſo heartily I could not ſleep.

Lady.

Lady. By this light, had I but ſcented out your train, you had ſlept with a bare pillow in your arms; and kiſs'd that, or elſe the bed-poſt, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have vex'd you more than a tir'd poſt-horſe; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at Iriſh was. Lord, that I were unmarried again!

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a haggard [60], for the beſt caſt of ladies i' th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truſs round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt?

El. Lo. She was all night lock'd here, boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her, without fear of loſing [61]: Take off her creyance. You have a delicate gentlewoman to your ſiſter: Lord, what a pretty fury ſhe was in, when ſhe perceiv'd I was a man! But, I thank God, I ſatisfied her ſcruple, without the parſon o' th' town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a ſhrewd gueſs at it; I ſee it by her.

Lady. Well, you may mock us: But, my large gentlewoman,
My Mary Ambrée [62], had I but ſeen into you,
You

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[60] *Haggard.*] This is a term relative to a diverſion, in our Authors' time much attended to, but now loſt; *viz.* hawking. A *haggard* hawk is a *wild hawk*, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. *R.*

[61] *Then you may* lure *her without fear of loſing*: *Take off her* cranes.] A lure, in *falconry*, is a machine compoſed of feathers and leather; which by being caſt up into the air, ſeems in its motion to look like a fowl: Upon this, a young hawk is train'd up to be fed, has a live dove given her; and therefore forſakes not the *lure*. The *creyance* is a fine ſmall long line of ſtrong, and even twined packthread, which is faſtened to the hawk's leaſh before ſhe is *reclaim'd*, or fully tamed. *Mr. Theobald.*

[62] *My* Mary Ambrée.] This was a virago who went a volunteering in mens' cloaths in the reign of queen Elizabeth. She was celebrated in a ballad which Dr. Percy has printed at large in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. II. The time when ſhe perform'd this exploit

You ſhould have had another bedfellow,
Fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you, lady; methought it was well. You are ſo curious!

Enter Young Loveleſs, his lady, Morecraft, Savil, and two ſervingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good-morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!

Mor God ſave you, and good-morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good-morrow. Here's a poor brother of yours.

Lady. Fie, how this ſhames me.

Mor. Prithee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.

Ser. I will, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do?
Will ſhe? Is ſhe not nettled ſtill?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her.
Mr. Welford, pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall not be your debtor, Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, man: I am married. Your new acquaintance hath her ſiſter; and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now, my pretty lady ſiſter, How do you find my brother.

Lady. Almoſt as wild as you are.

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ploit appears to have been about the year 1584; when the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farneſe, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many ſtrong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, 711. Ben Jonſon often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicœne*, act iv. ſcene ii. his Tale of a Tub, act i. ſcene iv. and his maſque entitled the Fortunate Iſles. *R.*

Yo. Lo.

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better huſband: You have tried him?

Lady. Againſt my will, Sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make your will amends ſoon, do not doubt it.

But, Sir, I muſt entreat you to be better known
To this converted Jew here.

Ser. Here's beer for you, Sir.

Mor. And here's for you an angel.
Pray buy no land; 'twill never proſper, Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bleſs you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. Lo. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting Morecraft:
The reaſon I'll inform you at more leiſure.

Wel. Oh, good Sir, let me know him preſently.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I muſt keep you company.

El. Lo. And reaſon.

Yo. Lo. Cutting Morecraft, faces about[63]; I muſt preſent another.

Mor. As many as you will, Sir; I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you ſervice.

Mor. I ſhall look for't, in good faith, Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee, good ſweetheart, kiſs him.

Lady. Who? that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me? My keys, good Sir!

Yo. Lo. I'll do it preſently.

El. Lo. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our ſport ſake.

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[63] *Cutting Morecraft* faces about.] Theſe words are of the ſame import with our modern phraſe, which, by dropping of a letter, is corrupted to *face about*. We meet with the ſame expreſſion again in the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, where Ralph is exerciſing his men; *Double your files as you were*; faces about; act v. So in Ben Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour, Wellbred ſays, *Good captain*, faces about—*to ſome other diſcourſe*; act iii. ſcene 1. *R.*

Lady.

Lady. Let him come on then; and, do you hear, do not inſtruct me in theſe tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril. Luſty Mr. Morecraft, Here is a lady would ſalute you.

Mor. She ſhall not loſe her longing, Sir. What is ſhe?

El. Lo. My wife, Sir.

Mor. She muſt be, then, my miſtreſs.

Lady. Muſt I, Sir?

El. Lo. Oh, yes, you muſt.

Mor. And you muſt take this ring, a poor pawn Of ſome fifty pound.

El. Lo. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.

Lady. Sir, I ſhall call you ſervant.

Mor. I ſhall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My lady's coachman.

Mor. There's ſomething, my friend, for you to buy whips;
And for you, Sir; and you, Sir.

El. Lo. Under a miracle, this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

Mor. What, ſhall we play, or drink? What ſhall we do?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and ſtranger!
Sir, you ſhall find ſport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a ſuit unto you,
Concerning your old ſervant Savil.

El. Lo. Oh, for his keys, I know it.

Sav. Now, Sir, ſtrike in.

Mor. Sir, I muſt have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done, Sir. Take your keys again:
But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions
Of the fleſh, and be honeſt, or elſe you ſhall graze again:
I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggeſt key i'th' bunch, and open

My

My head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your worſhips.

El. Lo. Nay, then, I ſee we muſt keep holiday.

Enter Roger and Abigail.

Here's the laſt couple in hell.

Rog. Joy be among you all!

Lady. Why, how now, Sir, what's the meaning of this emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your worſhip.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As well as the next prieſt could do it, madam.

El. Lo. I think the ſign's in Gemini, here's ſuch coupling.

Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your ſweetheart to-night?

Rog. Not the beſt benefice in your worſhip's gift, Sir!

Wel. A whorſon, how he ſwells!

Yo. Lo. How many times to-night, Sir Roger?

Roger. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.
What I ſhall do, I ſhall do: I ſhall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For horſe-fleſh, Roger.

El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry; 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

Lady. It ſhall be ſo, Sir. Sir Roger and his bride,
We ſhall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welford, get you to the church: By this light,
You ſhall not lie with her again, till y' are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every bride I dedicate, this day,
Six healths a-piece; and, it ſhall go hard,
But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!

El. Lo. Thou'rt in a good beginning. Come, who leads?
Sir Roger, you ſhall have the van, and lead the way.
Would every dogged wench had ſuch a day!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

'THE ſudden converſion of Morecraft, ſays Mr. Theobald, 'from a griping uſurer to a downright gallant, is quite extravagant 'and out of the rules and practice of the ſtage: Eſpecially, as there 'is no ſhadow of reaſon for it; unleſs he may be ſaid to look upon 'the loſs he had ſuſtained from Young Loveleſs to be a ſcourge and 'judgment upon him for his former rapaciouſneſs.'

If Mr. Theobald, by 'out of the rules and practice of the ſtage' means, that there is no ſimilar circumſtance to be met with, his objection is trifling, his aſſertion erroneous. *Trifling*, becauſe, on ſuch principle, the moſt pleaſing ingredient in dramatic entertainment, Originality, muſt be precluded the theatre; *erroneous*, becauſe Terence exhibits the ſame change in the character of Demea, in his Adelphi. Mr. Theobald aſſerts too, 'that there is no ſhadow of *reaſon* for the 'alteration, unleſs it be the loſs he had ſuſtained by Young Loveleſs.' Morecraft himſelf aſſigns a much better; one, indeed, which may go far in perſuading us, that his diſpoſition is *not altered*, and that he only affects profuſion, in hope of gaining more by that than by over-reaching and ſcraping: 'Thou, ſays he to Young Loveleſs, waſt 'rich; thou flung'ſt away; and yet wealth flows in double: I wrung 'and wire-draw'd; loſt, and was cozen'd: On which account, I 'mean to follow thy example.' Goodnature, by laying much ſtreſs on this paſſage, may think the character conſiſtent: But, after all that can be urged for or againſt, the plain queſtion being aſk'd, 'Whether 'ſuch an alteration, either in ſentiment or policy, is conſonant to 'Nature, the grand arbitreſs of propriety?' the reply muſt certainly be in the negative. And it is pity a Comedy, ſo replete with wit, character, and conduct, ſhould have ſo ſtriking a blemiſh.

Donatus remarks, that Terence 'ſhews, how aukwardly a man of 'an oppoſite diſpoſition endeavours to be complaiſant; and, that a 'miſer, meaning to be generous, runs into profuſion.' We think our Author do not fall ſhort of Terence in this picture; ſince what Mr. Colman ſays of Demea may, with equal propriety, be applied to Morecraft; 'That his complaiſance, gaiety, and liberality, are 'aſſumed; and that this aukwardneſs, in affecting thoſe qualities, is 'truly comic.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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